

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.

Vol. IV, No. 1. "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. Jan. 1890

With the newspapers and syndicates bringing everything down to the basis of the literary tradesman, the old-time man of letters is nearly beside himself with disgust of the situation. One of these stalwarts, writing in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, thus literally scolds the producers of recent fiction: "These writers who have rushed into literature like 'a horde of young barbarians all at play,' have little reverence for temple or shrine. They invade dark corners with insolent curiosity, tear the flowers from the altar, blow out the lights, and snatch down the veil from the holy of holies. They announce that there shall be no more mysteries, and their noisy footsteps and unhushed voices echo through that precinct upon which it has been decreed that a great silence must rest. Boorish horse-play is not humor, nor is coarseness vigor, nor blasphemy forcefulness; yet the average reader is apt to be impressed by violent phrasing and highly colored metaphors—not realizing that it is all 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.' The popularity of such literature cannot be denied. To some, whose vitiated tastes would find purity insufferably devoid of flavor, it is welcome because it speaks a familiar language. Others are attracted to it by an ignorant curiosity regarding the powers that work for evil—as one might hang over the edge of an abyss and peer into the awful depths below. There are some problems no more proper to be broached in fiction than in a drawing-room. If they are discussed by scientific men, it is because some ultimate good to humanity, some beneficent knowledge is to be reached—not for the idle pleasure in the subject."

Magnificently said, but does it occur to the always captious critic that possibly he has as little right to object to literary fashions as giddy promoters have to exploit them? These fault-finding opinions are getting to be almost as ridiculous and tiresome as the trashy material complained of. Who shall presume to say what shall or shall not be written? The query is pertinent, and has been most happily considered by Geo. Cary Eggleston in his *Ten Minutes With Books* department in the *World*. "I spent an hour last evening," he writes, "over Leigh Hunt's *Wishing Cap Papers* and other essays. The impression left upon my mind by this fresh reading of old literature is that if anybody wrote that kind of stuff nowadays he would find the magazine editors wholly unappreciative of its merits. And yet these papers were once famous in their way and somewhat eagerly read by people as

highly cultivated as anybody is in our time. The difficulty is, I suppose, that there are fashions in literature as well marked and as radically different from each other as fashions in clothes or house furnishings, and these things of Leigh Hunt's are out of fashion. But in this reflection there is no aspersion cast upon the sincerity of anybody's enthusiasms. The people who once rejoiced to read Leigh Hunt really enjoyed that form of diversion, just as we now enjoy reading Stockton or Robert Louis Stevenson. We who relish Stockton and Stevenson cannot enjoy Hunt or even Coleridge and De Quincey as our grandfathers did, and for the same reason that we could not feel comfortable in the knee-breeches and long vests of Ben Franklin's time. Our minds have other habits, and habits have much of the quality of instincts. Nevertheless, I think we are much fitter to form correct estimates of the quality of a former generation's books than any critic of that generation was, and I think we are absurdly wrong in our practice of reviewing new books. We ought to review old books instead. Then we should perhaps contribute something of value to that criticism which helps the judgment. In reviewing new books we merely help the publishers to sell their merchandise, and in the case of some periodicals which are held to be literary authorities there is reason to believe that book reviewing is done with that object in view, the publishers' paid advertisements being the inducement.

"My reason for saying that we are fitter than our grandfathers were to judge the literature of their time, and less fit to judge that of our own time than our grandchildren will be, is that the human mind is obstinately given to liking that to which it is accustomed and regarding the unaccustomed with a sort of shocked repulsion. We cannot see with any accuracy the things we rub our eyes against. Distance is essential to an appreciation of perspective. We can never say with any certainty whether the fashion of the hour, in dress or other thing, is beautiful or hideous. If it is entirely new we suspect it of grotesqueness; if it has been current for a time we think it perfect or nearly so. It is only when the thing has been sent to the limbo of the bygone and we come upon a portrait of it in some old fashion plate that we are able to judge it absolutely, to analyze its claims to admiration, to compare it with other fashions and to say with confidence how far and in what respects it met the requirements of good taste or offended against them. What

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is true in this respect of fashions in dress is true in a more emphatic way of fashions in literature. When Sidney Smith said that he did not like to read a book before reviewing it, because the reading was apt to prejudice his mind, he uttered a larger truth than he perhaps intended. The reading of any new book does prejudice the mind for or against it in a way fatal to accuracy of judgment. If the book conforms in a marked degree to the fashion which the mind for the moment accepts as correct its worth is sure to be overestimated, while if it is a trifle old-fashioned, or still worse, if it anticipates a fashion not yet accepted, it is sure to seem in some degree a deformed progeny of the mind. Therefore, I say, we ought to review old books and leave to the next generation the task of formulating opinions respecting those which are now new. This suggestion will be promptly rejected by the reader, of course, and the reason is that it proposes a literary custom to which the mind is unused; it anticipates a fashion not yet come to us. And yet it is an old fashion. Johnson was writing critical reviews of old books when he wrote his Lives of the Poets, and those ponderous essays of other men in review of books from which we have borrowed the form of the modern newspaper book review (omitting the substance) were published in quarterly periodicals, so that the books discussed were in fact many months old when the reviews of them appeared. It used to be said in jest, but with a touch of seriousness, that the London Times made it a rule never to print the review of a book until it could be accompanied by an obituary of the author. The rule was a good one, and it is a pity that we have strayed so far from it. The present custom is to let the review appear as quickly as possible after the publication of the book. Bayard Taylor used to boast that he once received a book of poetry in German one day, and published in a newspaper of the next morning but one a critical review of it with metrical English versions of such extracts as he had occasion to give. It was an outrageous thing to do, unfair to the author, unfair to the reviewer, and especially unfair to the readers of the review. No judgment formed in such hot haste could be otherwise than worthless and misleading. And yet the performance was only an exaggerated example of what all the reviewers are doing all the time. They read all the new books at racehorse speed and accept their own momentary impressions as critical judgments, worthy of being presented to the public for its instruction. I have done the like myself hundreds of times, for the same reason that all the other reviewers do it, namely, because they must. It is one of the requirements of their trade, imposed upon them by the fashion of the time. They deplore it if they are conscientious, and smile over it at all events if they are not.

"I said, a few paragraphs back, that the mind resents the very new and fails to recognize the charm of literary work done in a fashion not yet familiar. And yet sometimes the exact reverse happens, and a literary work achieves wholly unmerited success solely or mainly by virtue of its radical departure from accepted forms. Bailey's *Festus* was a case in point. The enormous popularity it enjoyed upon its first appearance was clearly due, in the main, to its grotesque unlikeness to anything that had gone before, and the fascination of surprise which so bewildered the public blinded the critics also to so great an extent that they narrowly

escaped the blunder of mistaking the work for one of the great poems of the language. Sometimes it is possible to reckon with this perversity in making an advance estimate of the chance of success that awaits a literary venture. There is now on file in a publishing-house an opinion written by the present essayist, in which he said of a manuscript work that it violated every accepted canon of literary workmanship, that its form and style were utterly contrary to the customs of literary composition, and that it bore on every page proof positive of its author's utter lack of literary training and practice; but that its sins in this way were of so pleasing a character that they were likely to help rather than hurt the sale of the book. The work was published and its sales reached 20,000 copies in a month. It was something of this kind which made Boswell's *Life of Johnson* the most successful of all biographies, though written, as a great critic has said, by 'one of the weakest of men.' Nevertheless, the fact is usually the other way, and the public is slow to reconcile itself to radical changes in literary fashion. The tendency of the mind which renders this true unfits all of us to pass critical judgment upon contemporary work. If our book reviews are meant to be criticism they should be devoted exclusively to works at least a generation old. One of the convenient habits of the old reviewers was to make the work under review merely the occasion or excuse for an essay of their own upon the subject. In his review of Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Macaulay devoted a few pages to a severe and extremely unfair analysis of the way in which the editor had done his part of the work, and then, quitting the book which he had taken for his text, proceeded to write at will about Boswell and about Johnson and about whatever else he chose to discuss. In his brilliant essay on history, which he published as a review of Henry Meele's *The Romance of History*, if I remember aright, he did not once mention the book under review from beginning to end of the paper, and the only means we have of knowing what book it was that he was reviewing, or indeed that he was reviewing any book at all, is the presence of the title of Mr. Meele's book at the head of the essay as it appeared in the Edinburgh Review for May, 1828. I mention this custom of the older reviewers, who assumed that it is not necessary to say anything about the books that one reviews in order to make practical use of it. I wish to end this series of paragraphs by assuring the reader that they constitute a critical review of all the important books of the current week. Space is precious, else I might print the titles of the new books thus reviewed at the head of this article for form's sake."

That these reflections are something more than sarcastically interesting is testified to by Valdes, the eminent Spanish author, in his article—*Tendencies, Methods, Conditions, and Ideals of Modern Fiction*—published as a prologue to his latest work, an essay which Mr. Howells says "should be read by every one who reads or writes a novel." On the subject of criticism, Señor Valdes says: "There are two classes of criticism, in my estimation, the one is that which may be called the general and definite judgment of humanity; the other is contemporary criticism. The first is almost always correct. The second is frequently mistaken. For, supposing that the critic is illustrious, and possesses sentiment for art and an exquisite taste, which is much

to suppose; supposing equally that he writes in entire good faith, which is to suppose much more, he may, nevertheless, err repeatedly for lack of independence of character and judgment. It is most rare that there is a critic whom the external circumstances of the writer whom he is going to judge do not influence in one sense or another. If the writer, whether rightly or no, has acquired a famous name or stands high in social esteem, the critic for lack of self-confidence, or for modesty, does not venture to say frankly that which strikes him as evil in his work. More, the modesty of certain critics reaches to the point where it appears to them impossible that the idol would commit a mistake; he reconsiders his impression and convinces himself that the work is not bad, as it appeared to be, but in reality very fine; and, in pronouncing judgment, he calls puerility, candor, heaviness and indigestibility depth, discontentedness abundance. On the other hand, if the writer is a new one, and has not attained public favor, even though his work may produce a pleasing impression, the critic does not confide in it, reconsiders his judgment as before, and in formulating his opinion his eulogium becomes pallid, patronizing, and cold. These modest temperaments are unfortunately abundant. For instance, it happened that a critic so illustrious as Sainte-Beuve failed to recognize Balzac and Musset, the first novelist and almost the first poet of the nineteenth century, but considered them as second-class writers, not venturing to compare them with Alexandre Dumas and George Sand. The critic must not systematically oppose public opinion, but neither must he persistently follow in its tracks. For these reasons, and others that I shall not undertake to enumerate, although I do not despise contemporary criticism, I concede it a secondary importance. I am convinced that in most cases it not only does not advance, but exercises a baneful influence upon the literary progress of a country. It is to be considered that the artist, because of the exquisite sensibility that distinguishes him, bears injustice with difficulty; it wounds him sorely, the fear and unrest produced by criticism waste the forces of his spirit, and he finally succumbs without having produced the fruit that might have been expected from his creative faculties. It requires a regular athlete in body and soul to struggle day after day without dismay or vacillation, not only against public indifference, but with the men of reputation and talent who, in the press, put themselves at the service of that indifference. But when they possess this temperament they conquer, and for good and all."

Valdes, it will be remembered, with Glados, a fellow-litterateur, enjoys the distinction of being denied a seat in the Spanish Academy because of his "realistic heresy." He is a handsome young fellow, the brightest and wittiest writer, it is said, since Cervantes. Valdes and Howells are great friends in the romanticism of their realistic correspondence. Valdes' ideas on the subject of realism are somewhat ponderous and involved in translation, but nevertheless interesting. "Art," he says, "has no other limits than those of reality. It has always displeased me to hear 'That is not beautiful; it has no place in the domain of literature,' applied to any kind of artistic manifestation. I ask, in reply, 'Does not that which you consider not beautiful awake that emotion in a human being? Then it is beautiful.' Equally censurable is the tendency manifest in many

intelligent critics to find in one epoch an expression of art superior to that of others. All epochs have possessed the necessary expression, the sole one possible for them, and in this aspect no one period is superior to another; classic art is not superior to romantic, nor the latter to that of modern realism. If there be imperfection in the artistic expression of an epoch, it will be found to depend on the imperfection of the idea. Would it be possible, therefore, for humanity to detain itself in any period whatever of those which constitute the history of art and not seek to pass on beyond its limits? It must be answered No. To no individual or generation has been conceded the power to block the advance of that history. Art is not the reproduction of art. Each epoch must have its own art." Of this interpretation of Art he gives this illustration:

"Visiting an exhibition of painting in Madrid and after viewing many works whose chief quality lay in their richness of color and in other technical merits that made me contemplate them with more curiosity than emotion I found in a small apartment a medium-sized picture before which I stood motionless. There were but two figures. A peasant girl was bearing in her arms, across the fields, a dying old woman. At the first glance I said, 'One is the mother and the other the daughter.' In the face of the girl, who was not beautiful, there was expressed a concentrated sorrow—silent, tranquil; the sorrow of despair, the sorrow of the poor, of the destitute, that recognizes fully its insignificance and resigns itself to the blows of destiny; that expects no relief beyond itself. The landscape was lonely, and it likewise was not beautiful. The sun was setting; on the summits of the sombre mountains there was a ruddy glow that heightened the melancholy aspect of the country, which was already marked. The figures of those peasants were painted with a marvellous sentiment of reality. The artist had not sought to make his picture beautiful externally; the patched garments, poor and coarse, the shoes dirty and torn, the hands disfigured by toil, all the details were painted with a frankness, with a courage, that made a vivid impression. There were no elegant combinations, no delicate touches, the artist did not coquette with the spectator, veiling the reality of that which might offend; with firm hand he raised the curtain and said, 'Behold and feel, if thou canst, that which I have felt.' I responded to his call. I felt in spirit and body that peculiar sensation that everybody knows, something like a shiver, and the tears came into my eyes. In that picture there was nothing to regale the eyes; why, then, did it impress me so strongly? Undoubtedly because of the idea, the idea of sorrow, the grandest of all. There the sorrow felt by the artist was just as it was expressed in Nature. If into the face of the girl there had been put a nervous contraction, a dramatic look, the same effect would not have been attained; we would soon have divined that it could not have been felt, and therefore it would have been absolutely impossible to make others feel it. The secret of that work of art was, therefore, as in all others that merit the name, neither in the subject, nor the composition, nor the execution; it lay, pure and simple, in having felt Nature well and sincerely. Just as it is required that beauty should depend, as has been indicated, upon the soul of the beholder beautifying itself in its presence, if the soul of the painter had not been beautified

by the contemplation of that scene, or if it had been but weakly affected, it would not have been possible to affect the spectator; that particular scene would have been passed unregarded by the world.

"Observing the different impression that the other pictures had caused, it seemed that the art represented in that picture was the legitimate art of my epoch, the adequate expression of our century, that which we feel who are born in this moment of history. And I thought that it was not superior to the romantic art that was beginning to disappear, nor to the classic, nor to the symbolic; neither was it inferior. Those have been the perfect expressions of the ideas dominant in their epochs, as realism is that of ours. Realism, as a manifestation, is in close relation with all the other manifestations of our epoch, and is a direct consequence of the general movement of life. Our epoch is characterized by a grand sentiment of curiosity, by a vivid and constant observation of Nature by science, by a tendency toward the equality of all men before the law, by an invincible and vehement desire to scrutinize and analyze our passions and sentiments in the sphere of art. The man of this epoch seeks to know all and enjoy all; he directs the objective of a powerful equatorial toward celestial spaces filled with the infinity of the stars, as he applies the microscope to the infinity of the snail, whose laws are identical. His experience, joined to intuition, has convinced him that in Nature there is neither great nor small—all is equal. All is equally great, all is equally just, all is equally beautiful. Thus, as science studies with eagerness that infinite world of corpuscles which our natural vision cannot detect, and through its researches reveals a spring of knowledge as rich as that found in the mathematics and physics of astronomy; just as politics, by means of a long and painful labor, if not vivid and cruel experiences, has succeeded in raising the condition of multitudes condemned to perpetual degradation, realizing the sociological principle of equality before the law; art likewise, following the same impulse, has exalted certain beings that had been condemned to perpetual ugliness, and proclaims them beautiful. In acquiring its political rights the estate of the lowly has acquired its right to beauty. The poets of old times, with rare exceptions, found worthy of their songs only the kings and warriors, the princesses and their sublimated loves, the heroic enterprises, the joys and sorrows of the grand ones of the earth. These of to-day do not deem that they soil their wings in descending to the morasses of the poor to sing their sentiments and their deeds, often as interesting and heroic as those of the great famous warriors. Marguerite, Evangeline, Eugenie Grandet, poor girls, born and reared in humble social sphere, are the fair heroines of our poems, as interesting and beautiful as Helen, Dido, and Penelope. The beings that are worthy objects of art are without country or social condition, are born in all lands and in all classes of society. To be beautiful, no more is needed than that an artist should find them such, and to possess adequate power to make others see them with him."

To this view of the subject, Mr. Maurice Thompson, writing for the reformers—the American Romanticists—takes a somewhat dogmatic exception. Admitting the existence of realism and its present popularity he declares it will not live. "It cannot be too often asserted," he writes, "until it shall have been disproven,

that no realistic fiction can be immortal. Let this not be deemed an intemperate remark; but rather let it be guarded by all manner of reserves and cautions. What fiction has come down to us from the past with unimpaired vitality? In the fiction of verse, we have Homer's, Dante's, Shakespeare's, Milton's, and Goethe's romances; in prose fiction we have Scott's, Hugo's, Dumas', Dickens', Thackeray's, George Eliot's, Hawthorne's. What has given this longevity to both prose and verse? Is it realism or romance? Is Faust, the Iliad, the Divine Comedy, or Hamlet a story of the commonplace? Well, but these are poems, you will say. Very good, if you insist upon a difference, let us substitute Ivanhoe, Les Misérables, the Count of Monte Cristo, the Tale of Two Cities, Vanity Fair, Romola, and the Scarlet Letter, and what do you say? In each one of these stories (and they are so different from one another!) the imaginative lift, the effect of some manner of heroism, the sense of some creative force at work will be found constituting the living charm, the vital magnetism which makes it a perennial delight. Sainte-Beuve began as a poet, but departed into the path of criticism, carrying with him the poet's love of the truly romantic. He was a man upon whom convictions grew slowly, and his mind ripened evenly, so that the poetry in him came to be a fine, rich sap, permeating his work. Careless or prejudiced critics have seen, or pretended to see, nothing but judicial fairness—a sort of critical microscopy—in the superb essays of his maturity; but to me those essays read like poems hidden in prose. They are but modified and perfected forms of his earlier work when he was so enthusiastic a eulogist of Victor Hugo. He suffered no atrophy of his capacity for enjoying heroism, even in his latest days, although he was careful not to wear his hero-worship on his sleeve. If I might pick out but one trait of Sainte-Beuve's literary character with which to defeat the claims of the realists to any kinship with him, I should choose this reverence of the ideal which runs strongly, like a fascinating under-tow beneath the serene surface of his criticisms.

"It is amusing to note the insistence with which those who call themselves realists demand 'truth to life' and 'parallelism with nature,' while apparently unconscious of the fact that life and nature are persistent and incomparable romancers. Balzac's masterly genius saw and felt that truth is not always commonplace and stale; moreover, he was the first novelist to discover that little things massed, as nature masses them, form the proper background for great things. His chief defect, one which almost fatally mars his work, is over-attention to these little things. As is usually the case with imitators, the realists, who fancy themselves Balzacian, have caught the great Frenchman's faults to perfection (if I may be permitted the Irishman's right) without even perceiving that which has made his novels immortal. In all of Balzac's best performances the romance of life is presented with a power that is marvellous. No man was ever less a realist or more a magician than this coffee-slave, this strange dreamer of the hidden attic, whose whole life was in every way abnormal and romantic. He was by no means a model novelist. George Sand was infinitely his superior, not in genius, but in the *savoir faire* of novel-making. Walter Scott far overtops him in everything, save the power of analysis. Just here is a good place to speak of another of

Balzac's faults which has been imitated to the extreme of distortion by the realists of to-day, viz.: the fault of over-minute dissection of character and motive. This short-coming of art is deadly to any work less fortified than Balzac's by that absolute force which at last projects the wonder of life, and at the very best it blurs and weakens the result. In all true art, details are aids, nothing more, and the less prominent they are the better their service. At this point Balzac sinned to such an extent that he came near obscuring permanently the real splendor of his genius. Imagining that they are following the footsteps of Sainte-Beuve, the self-styled realists of the present day exaggerate the importance of freedom in art and rush to the extreme of asserting, as the rule of criticism, that this aim is the only criterion by which an author's work may be measured. The ethics of art in letters is ignored, nay, scouted, by such a rule. Thus, Sainte-Beuve's one besetting weakness is seized upon as his chief strength and made to serve the turn of a pathetic decadence. The realists either purposely ignore or have lost sight of the definition of romance. Not long since Mr. Howells cited Jack the Giant-Killer as an instance of what he understood romance to be. Of course, Mr. Howells meant this as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* argument; but it discloses the real view he takes of the subject. Now, I understand romance to be a process in fiction-making by which life is expressed in its higher meanings. Mathematically, it is life raised to a higher power. It is truth to life, as life could be and would be were it used to the best advantage (in the case of the hero or heroine); to the worst advantage (in the case of the evil character); and to the medium of advantage (in the case of the commonplace characters), as shown in a work of fiction. Thaumaturgy is not romance, nor are impossible conditions and situations a legitimate part of it. Of course, the above definition is ultra, meant to show the extreme of romance as the novel should disclose it. Dickens' Tale of Two Cities is near the ultimate line of legitimate romance. Hawthorne's Marble Faun in another way marks the same limit. Fifty years hence these singularly powerful stories will be read with relish, but Daisy Miller will be forgotten. Why? Because one treats of evanescent life, while the others embody an element of perennial life. Balzac's novels will outlive those of George Sand, and, in my opinion, those of George Eliot, because they go deeper into the wonder, the romance, of life. Their burden of dross and evil trash will be tolerated—or rather, suffered—for the sake of their golden store of picturesque creation and solemn grandeur of imagery, as well as for their subtle cunning of analysis, and for the sudden and broad flashes of prophetic light which must forever render them unique, if not unsurpassable."

Between the two broad ideas of realism or romanticism, there is a wide shading of opinion. Professor H. H. Boyesen, the Norwegian novelist, critic, and Chautauquan lecturer, for instance, is a hybrid; he romances with one hand and realizes with the other. His theory of realism, he says, while avowedly that of the leaders of the school, varies materially from theirs in several important respects. "My association with Tourgenieff had a good deal to do with forming my inclination," he said, in an interview, "and my subsequent friendship with Mr. Howells has tended to make it permanent. I dedicated my first book to Tourge-

nief. He wrote me a charming letter accepting the dedication, but said hardly a word about the value of the book. All my other stories were sent to him as they appeared, and at last he told me that, as I was of romantic temperament, I had far greater chances of popularity than he had. That was rather cold comfort. So I wrote a short story called A Dangerous Virtue, which was intended to be real rather than romantic, and sure enough it won his praise. Do I think my work profited by the change? I should be very sorry if I didn't think so. I have no sympathy whatever with the idea that the object of the novel should be merely to amuse. Stevenson's later works, for instance, seem to be a kind of sublimated dime novel, and when I read them I feel ashamed of myself for wasting so much time. Stevenson is a finer kind of Haggard, a man with a most desirable style and a most villainous theory, and Haggard is nothing but the possessor of a colossal imagination run wild. It is true that just now we are experiencing a temporary reaction from realism. At the same time there is a perceptible increase in the number of those enlightened people who seek something more in the novel than idle amusement. I don't believe that realism means a mere photographic record of all the trivial things of life. I think the realist, as well as the romanticist, must select typical characters and typical incidents, and if he understands his art he will study the relation of values and arrange them to the best advantage on his canvas. I think, moreover, that it is a mistake to exclude the great passions of life from the realistic novel, since no novel can be truly realistic which is not a faithful transcript of reality. A realistic writer, in short, needs imagination as much as anybody. Mere perception alone, or acuteness of observation, will never make a novelist. We have not evolved our complete realistic novel yet; but Mr. Howells's Silas Lapham seems to me to come nearest to it. In that book he takes a perfectly typical character, and makes that character undergo typical experiences. James seems to me to be tedious sometimes in his over-elaboration, and I think that in Princess Cassamasima and The Bostonians he has deliberately caricatured his own manner."

So much for present conditions of criticism and controversy. As to the outlook, Emile Zola, the traduced apostle of realism, in a recent newspaper interview touched the key-note of the situation and voiced a prophecy. "I think," he said, "the literature of the future will be materialist, toned by symbolism—that is, it will not explain all by the influence of surroundings or heredity, as do the naturalists, nor by thought alone, as do the symbolists. A literary period corresponds to a social evolution. Now, at this present moment, I see no sign of a new art, but as romanticism succeeded bourgeois literature, so must naturalism be succeeded by—perhaps by the literature of symbols. For, when I formulated naturalism, or rather, baptized the literary movement manifested in France since Balzac and Stendhal, I had not the slightest intention of establishing a permanent school of French literature, not the slightest intention of preventing its march forward. I simply noted the literary formula of the end of our century. The literature of the seventeenth century is that of Descartes; that of the eighteenth, Voltaire and Rousseau, and that of the nineteenth—well, naturalism is the child of positive and material philosophy."

CHOICE VERSE—FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Good—*J. Boyle O'Reilly—Georgetown Journal*

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer:
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly;
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

Where Summer Bides—*Waitman T. W. Farbe*

The broken-hearted fields are dumb with grief,
And wear their mourning garb of gray;
Their very tears are frozen as they fall,
And through their tresses wild winds stray.
The children that they held upon their breast
In love through all the summer long
Now walk the dim and ghostly lanes of death,
And from the copse is heard no song,
The silent city streets are walled with tombs,
Like ways through catacombs of old,
And loved ones weep for hopes that, hand in hand,
Walk with the flowers of the wold.
But, otherwhere, they say, by southern seas,
Sweet olives bloom, and all the air
Is filled with perfume and with song of birds;
And languid love its rest finds there.
There lacing vines on balcony and court
Half hide the forms of dark-eyed maids;
And there I revel nightly in my dreams,
But, waking, all the beauty fades.

Sunwards—*L. J. G.—Chambers's Journal*

Dazzling track of woven beams,
Stretching to the further verge,
Where the blue sky in blue sea seems
Scarce perceptibly to merge,
Art thou not a lustrous band
Linking earth to wonderland?

Oh, if mortal man might pass
Like a god across the brine,
Where between two planes of glass
Lies the fiery liquid line,
Marvels on your path of gold
Would his dazzled eyes behold.

He might gaze on either side
Down into the deepest deep,
Where untouched of storm or tide,
Monsters heave in dreamless sleep;
Glimpses catch beneath the foam
Of the mermaid's coral home.

He might tread the watery ways,
Meeting none but phantom ships,
Pass into the golden haze,
Where the sun reluctant dips;
Would he find yon pathway curled
Down toward the under world?

Nay, perchance beyond our view
Leaps the bright path into space,
Leads through leagues of filmy blue
To a far delicious place,
In the sparkle of some star
Where all fair enchantments are.

Thither should the traveller win
O'er the clear crystalline track,
Once those fair realms within
Would he evermore wend back?
Never! Who, from yonder pale
Would return to tell the tale!

The Promise of Sleep—*Amy Levy—A Minor Poet*

All day long I could not work for woe.
I could not work nor rest:

The trouble drove me to and fro,

A leaf on the wild storm's breast.

Night came, and I saw my sorrow cease;
Sleep to the chamber stole;
Rest crept about my limbs, and peace
Fell on my stormy soul.

And now I think of only this—
How I again may woo
The gentle Sleep, who promises
That death is gentle too.

Flood-Tide—*Arthur W. H. Eaton—Arcadian Legends*

The tide came up as the sun went down,
And the river was full to its very brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town
On the muddy wave, in the morning dim.

But that little boat with its reed-like oar
Brought news to the town that made it weep,
And the people were never so gay as before,
And they never slept so sound a sleep.

News of a wreck that the boatman had seen
Off in the bay, in a fierce wild gale;
Common enough, such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

Strange that a little boat could bring
Tidings to plunge a town in tears;
Strange how often some small thing
May shatter and shiver the hope of years.

Oh, none but the angel with silver wings
That broods o'er the river and guards the town,
Heeds half of the woe each evening brings,
As the tide comes up and the sun goes down.

Affinity—*Florence Henniker—Blackwood's*
After Theophile Gautier.

In an old-world temple two blocks of stone,
Where the sky of Athens burns hotly blue,
Have been standing stately, and still, and lone,
Dreaming together the ages through.

There were two pearls hid in the self-same shell
(Like sweet sea-tears that for Venus weep;) They have whispered secrets that none may tell,
Side by side in the heart of the deep.

When Boabdil ruled in the land of Spain,
Two roses grew in a garden rare;
They drank of the fountain's silver rain,
And mingled their scents in the drowsy air.

In Venice, to rest on a golden dome,
Two doves came floating on pinions white;
And they loved each other, and made their home
Under the stars on a still May night.

But the changeless laws that our lives involve,
Are the laws of death, and cold decay;
So the temple falls, and the pearls dissolve—
The birds and the roses must pass away.
Yet each, by a strange metamorphosis
Is born anew in some fairer form;
So the rose may live in red lips that kiss—
The marble in limbs that are white and warm,
And in hearts of lovers once more may greet
Those doves who dwelt on the dome of gold;
And in mouths of velvet the pearls may meet
To gleam more white than those pearls of old.
For how otherwise grew the wondrous birth
Of the strange and sweet affinity,
That warms two souls in this desert of earth,
They must claim each other where'er they be?
They recall, in a new-found ecstasy,
The dreams of their mystic long-ago;
By the marble temple, or stormy sea,
Or Moorish garden where roses blow.
And they feel the flutter of snowy wings
On the golden dome of a stately fane;
And the faithful atoms the wild wind brings
Must find each other and love again!
So, my heart that within me burns and glows,
Would read your heart, and ask you whether
You were pearl, or marble, or dove, or rose,
In that fairer world, when we were together?

At Midnight—N. H. Dole—New England Magazine

Tell me, glowing stars on high,
Do I perish when I die?
Or shall I be ever I?
Will my spirit have re-birth
And regain the things of worth
When my dust returns to earth?
Ye, too, perish; ye, too, fall;
Flash a moment—then the pall;
Is that typical of all?
Boundless depths of glowing spheres,
Changeless in the changing years,
Seem to negative our fears.
Yet your changeless is all change!
Fleeting, flying on, ye range
Through the vortex vast and strange.
Other creatures, other men,
Cling upon you, live—and then
Do they die and live again?

In the Harara—Clinton Scollard—Atlantic Monthly

Uncumbered and supine I lie,
An azure dome my mimic sky;
Smooth, shining walls around I see,
As white as new-cut ivory,
Save where one sinuous purple line
Creeps up the marble like a vine.
The crystal stream that o'er me runs
Has felt the glow of Syrian suns,
And swift through all my being flows
Not the keen chill of Hermon' snows,
But such a latent fire as sleeps
Within the grape on Lebanon steeps.
Now comes my genie of the ring
A lighted narghileh to bring;
Against my longing lips I set
Its deftly polished tube of jet.
The quiet water in the bowl
Seems suddenly to own a soul:
The bubbles form, and swell, and break,
And incoherent murmurs make,
While visions fair before my eyes
In upward-curving clouds arise;
I catch the soothing scent divine
Of Latakia rich and fine.

Oh, it is strange I should forget
The world of turmoil and of fret—
For one sweet hour should play no part,
But be a Syrian to the heart!
Clasp idleness unto my breast,
And drain the very dregs of rest:
Know all the joy that Haroun knew,
And feel the power of Timur too!
But dreams have end, and once again
I rouse me to life's real domain,
To hold forever more in fee
The Orient's charm and mystery.

After—Civil and Military Gazette

After the daybreak the blistering sun—
Through the long hours when the doors are shut—
And a feeble gasp till the day is done,
While the Punkah Coolie snores in his hut.
After the twilight, the table white,
And an ebony *Kiit* at the table's head,
And a whet for a jaded appetite,
And a soul deep yearning to go to bed.
After the nightfall the pitiless day,
Orange and saffron, purple and gold;
With work to do as best I may
In raiment scanty as Eve's of old.
After the labor, the worry and pain,
After the turmoil, the dust and glare—
Only the night without sleep again,
* And a day misspent to reward my care.
What is the good of it? Tell me this,
Heart of my heart, will love or praise
Give me return for the pleasure I miss?
Pay me the joy of the English days?
Never, so long as the sun shall roll,
Will there be end of it? Dare I believe—
After the breaking of body and soul—
God and the Government grant me leave?

Norse Song—Elizabeth Beall Ginty—Belford's

Look you! A song to the King!
Hael! Let us pledge—
Hael! Let us sing,
In well-rounded metre, and true, hearty ring,
To the King who can topple o'er Genius' great height—
To the King who can snuff out God's yellow sunlight!
Hael! Let us pledge—
Hael! Let us sing
This song to the King!
Look you! A toast to the King!
Hael! Let us drink!
Hael! Here's the thing!
And the toast shall rise up on the Nord-gull's white wing
To the King, who can even a monarch with me;
Though a verse-maker I, and a proud man is he.
Hael! Let us drink—
Hael! Let us sing
This toast to the King!

* * * * *
While the sledge runs smooth through the snow,
And the hoar-frost lies hid in the air,
And the great winter winds wildly blow,
And a girl's hand we hold, and a fair
Keen day lies before us—yet still
We must think of this frost-maker's will;
For us each the great ice-king is biding,
Behind Olé, my sweetheart, he's hiding.
Hallo! See the red in her face!
Does it look? Could you think that a trace
Of a cold breath could sear it all white—
A cold breath
We call death?—
Here's a song!
Let it ring
To the King!
Hael!

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

No officer of the U. S. Navy is so well and so widely known, both in and out of the service, as Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley. A patriotic American, he combines with his cis-Atlantic breeding the generous nature, in-born courtesy, hatred of injustice, ready wit and quick speech of his Irish blood. His memory is well stored and he is full of tales of journalistic and artistic New York. He is a skilled raconteur. Nothing delights him more than to collect about the ward-room table of a ship of war after dinner a few choice spirits, until the nervous steward and servants are at their wits' end in their devices to break up so unusual a meeting that the table may be cleared. Lieut. Kelley's literary work commenced twenty years ago, and now his life is dual, as much that of a journalist as of a naval officer. His articles have appeared in Harper's Monthly and Weekly, in the Atlantic, the United Service and other publications. The bulk of his work has been for the New York Herald, and most if not all of its naval articles, besides many columns on other subjects, have for many years been from his pen. Always an enthusiastic yachtsman, he was selected to write the letter-press for Scribner's superb work on yachts and yachting, and the articles on the American Navy in the Encyclopedia Britannica were prepared by him. Few men are better posted than he on the subject of the decadence of our merchant marine, and he won the gold medal of the U. S. Naval Institute for his essay with that title in 1882, and his book *A Question of Ships*, is an authority on the subject. His professional ability is shown as editor of *Modern Ships of War* by Admiral Simpson and Sir Edward Reed. He has even dipped into fiction. His novel, *A Desperate Chance*, was favorably reviewed and contains excellent work. Many of his poems can be found in the files of the Evening Telegram, and his book reviews in that paper and in the Herald show critical ability and literary taste. And with all this he is a most excellent and popular naval officer.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal will undoubtedly take the place of *The Story of an African Farm* as a subject of discussion this winter. As the record of a brilliant and ambitious girl it is remarkable and interesting. As to its psychological truth of course there must always be doubt. It is not in the power of man, or woman, to be absolutely candid in an introspective and personal journal. The moment one tries, that moment one begins to pose to one's self and to an imaginary audience; unconsciously perhaps, but just as inevitably, for the dramatic instinct is strong in the soul that pours itself into the pages of a journal. However, that does not make the journal any less interesting, and Marie Bashkirtseff's will appeal to many another devouring ambition. That she was gifted with genius, there is no doubt, and she would have been a great artist had she lived. Her portraits were remarkable, and the painting in the Luxembourg shows wonderful spirit and originality. The daughter of wealthy Russian parents, she went to Paris early in life and received every advantage of that brilliant centre of art and letters. Her first ambition was to be a great singer, but a throat trouble developing, she determined to become a famous painter, and worked night and day. François Coppée

gives the following graphic account of her personal appearance and manner: "I saw her but once. I saw her only for an hour. I shall never forget her. Twenty-three years old, but she appeared much younger. Rather short but with a perfect figure, an oval face, exquisitely modelled, golden hair, dark eyes kindling with intelligence—eyes consumed by the desire to see and to know everything, a firm mouth, tender and thoughtful, nostrils quivering like those of a wild horse of the Ukraine. At the first glance Mlle. Bashkirtseff gave me the rare impression of being possessed of strength in gentleness, dignity in grace. Everything in this adorable young girl betrayed a superior mind. Beneath her womanly charms she had a truly masculine will of iron, and one was reminded of the gift of Ulysses to the young Achilles—a sword hidden within the garments of a woman. She replied to my congratulations in a frank and well-modulated voice—with out false modesty acknowledging her high ambitions, and—poor child! already with the finger of death upon her—her impatience for fame." She died but a few months after this interview, of consumption.

One of the interesting developments of late is the so-called "millionaire literature;" books from a mercantile environment. William Waldorf Astor in *Sforza*, a Story of Milan, published by Scribners, has put out a most excellent piece of literary work. *Sforza* is an interesting story. It tells of the chivalrous days in Northern Italy and the plot swings along between such fascinating chapters as the School of the Sword, Between the Red Pillars, The Hall of the Signoria, and Lago Lario. It is of virtually the same atmosphere as *Valentino*, a Brother of the Borgias, by the same author, published in 1885, and which reached a sale of over 8,000 copies. Mr. Astor is tall, broad shouldered, muscular, blue eyes, light hair, and heavy moustache. He is in the prime of a perfectly healthy life. He is interesting and animated in conversation, has a smiling and expressive face, and unlike the average New York millionaire, is companionable and always approachable.

Swinburne, the only poet of passion since Sappho, lives quietly in the country with Theodore Watts, the critic, and is as devoid of eccentricities and conceit as are all really great men. Although his face is very young, he is somewhat deaf and avoids society in consequence. But he is modestly gracious to all who call upon him, properly introduced. He thinks Tennyson the greatest poet of the day, on account of his never failing art—perhaps he feels that he can afford to admire lesser men—and he has as keen an appreciation of Browning's best work as if it were not the antipodes of his own genius. But above all he loves the poetry and drama of the Elizabethan age, and is never tired of reading it aloud. He reads with a weird sort of chant, as unconventional as his work, but without a trace of affectation. The Shelleyan halo of hair has been shorn, but it alters his appearance little, and the rich auburn is still as marked. The deep blue eyes which some one has described as being "filled with music," look out from beneath a high white brow, overhung with that faint luminosity which genius alone emanates. He is about medium height, and dresses

with the utmost plainness. The Pines on Putney-hill, where Swinburne and Watts live all the year round, surrounded by the strange, false art of Rossetti, who once made the third in this unique household, is but a short distance from fog-environed London.

In one of the large old-fashioned, white residences of Macon, Ga., lives H. S. Edwards, the author of *The Two Runaways*. He was born in Macon in 1854. His first literary work was done in 1878, for the Macon Telegraph of which he was the local editor. In January, 1881, he became part owner of the Telegraph, and his witty editorials and paragraphs largely contributed to its success. Before he became known to the general reading public, he made some considerable reputation in the South as a humorist. His humorous sketches, *The Dooly County Safe* and *Atlanta Horn*, are treasured in many a southern scrap-book, and his *The Man on the Monument*, was noted for its pathos. Before leaving the Macon Telegraph he began to write magazine stories. The first was *Elder Brown's Backslide* in Harper's Magazine. Then he wrote *The Two Runaways* for *The Century*, and *Old Miss and Sweetheart* for Harper's. Following these, *The Century* published *De Valley an' de Shadder*, *An Idyl of Sinking Mountain, Minc*—a plot, *A Born Inventor*, and *Tom's Strategy*. *The Youth's Companion* also published last year a humorous character sketch of his, entitled *The Defeat of Captain Bill's Army*. *The Century*, *Youth's Companion*, and *St. Nicholas* will shortly publish several of his latest stories. His dialect poems in *The Century*, *Mammy's Lil Boy* and *A Fence-corner Oration*, had a great popularity in England, as well as this country. The former Mr. Edwards himself set to music, and it is having a fine run in musical circles. Mr. Edwards owns a very large plantation about six miles from Macon and he spends a good deal of time there. It is a typical southern plantation, and still living on it are many of the slaves that formerly were the property of his wife's family. Here Mr. Edwards finds nearly all his Cracker and negro types. At the little negro church on this place he is said to have heard the sermon which has been given to the world in *Tom's Strategy*. All his studies are taken from life. Mr. Edwards often tells his friends that much of the credit for his success rests with his wife, who was a graduate of Wesleyan Female College. He says she is his authority when he is in doubt about any word in dialect. He is about five feet ten inches in height, very erect, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, has dark complexion, brown hair and hazel eyes. He is a musician and is fond of field sports.

In England the editor of a newspaper has no such interesting personality as he has here. Nobody takes the slightest interest in him. No matter what the influence or circulation of a journal, the name of the editor is rarely asked for. The two notable exceptions, who prove this rule, are Sir Edwin Arnold, of the Daily Telegraph, and W. T. Stead, of the Pall Mall Gazette. Of these two, Stead is by far the more notorious, for he has the more striking and eccentric personality. The Pall Mall Gazette is the one sensational daily of London, and many a sensation it has made. One of them landed Stead in prison and fame. "That was everything to me—everything to me," he is wont to say in his nervous, rapid way. "Why, do you know, a woman told me that she and a lot of other women way

off on the Cape of Good Hope used to have a prayer meeting for me every day." Since then Stead has never dropped below the public horizon for more than a week at a time. No one gave such attention to the Maybrick case, or managed to gather so many little items of sensational interest regarding it. No one keeps such a sharp look out on public events, or moral lapse; no one makes so much of his material, or so arouses public scorn and sense of justice. A man of social standing who finds himself on the verge of being implicated in an unsavory scandal, thinks shiveringly of the Pall Mall Gazette, before he does of the witness stand. Stead has a motive in sensationalism aside from love of notoriety and the sale of his paper. He is a religious man, fanatically so, and is powerfully impressed with the idea that he has a mission in life. That mission is to expose sin and promote virtue, and he "makes for righteousness," to quote his own pet expression, for all he is worth. His energy and enterprise are phenomenal. No celebrity living has ever put his or her foot in England without being interviewed by Stead, and there are few in Europe whom he has not managed to meet at some time or other. He may never print these interviews, he may stow them away in a room kept for the purpose, but sooner or later they have their value. He works ten hours a day. The first to reach his office, he is the last to leave it, and during that time he superintends every article that goes into his paper, writes every leader, reads and replies to a correspondence which flows in like waves of air, and receives innumerable visitors. In appearance he is short, wiry, active, with a fine head, and bright, restless, china-blue eyes. When a visitor is shown into his private office in the little alley off the Strand, he makes a grab for his hand and rattles along with such volubility, darting from one subject to another, haranguing, preaching, laying down the law, advising, reproofing, that the bewildered visitor forgets his errand—which is probably what Stead intends. All the time his blue eyes dart needles right into one's very soul. Stead thus knows his man, without being obliged to hear him talk. Suddenly he springs to his feet, grabs your hand again, and, when he is in one of his more inexplicable moods, bursts into peal after peal of laughter, which echoes after you as you grope through the labyrinthine corridors, as you stumble down the rotting staircase, and into the narrow little street. It is reported that Stead will sever his connection with the Pall Mall Gazette in the spring, come to this country, study American journalism, and return to London to establish a paper whose idea, original with himself, will assuredly be like no other of which the world has ever dreamed.

Horatio Winslow Seymour, managing editor of the Chicago Herald, is a native of Cayuga County, N. Y., where he was born thirty-five years ago. He went with his family to Wisconsin at an early age, and learned his trade in the offices of the Racine Journal and Advocate. His first journalistic experience was in a reportorial capacity on the Milwaukee News, succeeding to the position of city editor of that paper in 1870, and continuing in the discharge of his official duties until 1875. During the latter year he became telegraph editor of the Chicago Times, where his work was characterized by an originality so expressive and inimitable, particularly in respect to display heads, as to acquire for its author a national reputation. In the presidential cam-

paign of 1876-7, this department of the paper was made under his administration the leading feature of the Times, and was made the text for paragraphers' comments in all portions of the country; it was so pat, suggestive, and comprehensive. In 1879 he was appointed night editor of the same journal, and in 1883, upon the reorganization of the Herald staff, was re-elected for the position of leading editorial writer, remaining such until August 1st, 1887, when, upon the retirement of Martin Russell, he was made managing editor, the responsible duties of which he has since discharged in a manner that has most substantially contributed to the remarkable success achieved by that breezy publication. Mr. Seymour's professional career is a constant reminder of the fact that journalists are born, not made, and that merit, though unaccompanied by adventitious circumstances, will always maintain a precedence. He is a dark-eyed, dark-haired man, somewhat inclined to corpulence, but of handsome appearance and courtly address, though reserved in manner. He is a brilliant writer, keen to see and quick to act, possessing the confidence of the public to which he caters, and the admiration, not to say affection, of his numerous subordinates and associates.

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy of our saviour king,
Lord, let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!"

You recognize the good old Sunday-school song! But do you know aught of the writer? Andrew Young, a Scotchman, native of Edinburgh, son of a schoolmaster! He graduated at Edinburgh College a distinguished student, carrying off eight prizes and being preferred by the town council of Edinburgh to the head mastership of the Niddry Street school. While teaching this school he, in the year 1838, composed the Happy Land. Published with appropriate music, it at once became popular. For nearly twenty years the song was enrolled among the anonymous, so diffident was the author, and it was only by the repeated urging of friends that Mr. Young claimed his title to the authorship. The Scottish Highlands and Other Poems by the same author was published 1876, but fame rests on the sacred ode. Mr. Young still lives in Edinburgh in happy retirement from all engagements save that of superintendent of his parish Sunday-school.

There are no two opinions about the industry or versatility of Andrew Lang, journalist, poet, critic, essayist, novelist, translator, classicist, and scholar; he is all these if you please, "while you wait." Moreover he is a Scotchman, born on the Tweed in Scott's own county. He is tall and lean, forty-six years of age, parts his hair in the middle, has a stubby moustache and thin side whiskers, and an eye like a hawk. He has been educated beyond endurance almost. "He was schooled," says an English writer, "a little at Edinburgh, much more at St. Andrews, where he is now a professor, and most at Oxford. He was at Balliol College in its happiest years, but without attaching himself personally to the great Dr. Jowett. At Balliol he followed with extreme interest the new movement in poetry, the early books of Swinburne and William Morris. He gained a fellowship at another college, Merton, and lived the Oxford

life until he was thirty. In 1872 he published a volume of verses, in pretty, snow-white covers, now very rare. About 1874 he came to London, married, and began to live by his pen. His charming wit and grace were soon talked about. "A new Sainte-Beuve," it was whispered in newspaper offices. He did not become widely distinguished, however, until after the publication of his Ballads in Blue China in 1881. This was the earliest of a rapid and copious series of volumes, mostly small, in prose and verse, each of which attracted more notice than its predecessor. Mr. Lang rose rather suddenly to a very great popularity, the secret probably being that his exceedingly clear and engaging style is dedicated to the treatment of all sorts of subjects, each sympathetic to a large class. For instance, Mr. Lang does not write more delightfully about Greek poetry and old French prose than he does about sports and games. His miscellaneous gossip in Longman's under the title At the Sign of the Ship, is a delight. Stevenson has drawn a vignette of him in a single line, "My Andrew, with the brindled hair"—a freedom which Mr. Lang chastised in verse. As a journalist, since the retirement of Sala, he is easily the first in Great Britain.

Margaret Emma Ditto, who has attained such popularity as a writer for boys, is best known to the general public by her One Little Injun, which appeared in Harper's Young People, some years ago. Like Helen Hunt Jackson, her sympathies were with the abused race, and her object to win the interest of the public. The article was light and witty, and served its purpose far better than if it had been a heavy though earnest essay. For many years Miss Ditto wrote successfully under various noms-de-plume, and knew the color of few rejected MSS. Her best known works are A Night in the Wide Wide World, Lazarus, The Dead Letter, Little Company, and One Little Injun. They contain much humor, pathos, and original writing. Miss Ditto will not write for grown people, as she thinks the literary taste of the day has degenerated too far. She is quite a pessimist on this question, but, whether she be right or wrong, juvenile literature is the gainer. She lives in a charming cottage in Wellesley, Mass.; designed by herself, it is of gray stone, one story high, with a deep slated gable roof. The rooms down-stairs make three or one at the will of the owner. In appearance, Miss Ditto has more inches than fall to the lot of most women, brown hair, with a few silver threads, guiltless of frizz or bang; and voice and expression are both sweet and soft. She is a woman of strong religious feeling, and plain sensible views on all subjects.

Dolores Marbourg, whose first novel, *I Will Ne'er Consent*, contains much strong and good work, in spite of its unfortunate title, was born in the West about twenty-two years ago, but spent many years in a small village in Northern New York. A year or two ago she went on the stage in Frank Mayo's company, but although she was quickly given leading parts, she abandoned the footlights after a couple of seasons. She is described as a tall, svelt young woman, with a changing face, and hair arranged in a medieval halo. She is given to baby-waists, and other picturesque fads, and has many charming little eccentricities, but her conversation is as bright and piquant as her writing. At present she is living with a companion in a cottage at Mount Vernon. This cottage, too, has its individuality. The floor of every room is covered with white goat

rugs, so that visitors have the impression of walking in a snow bank. The title of her book is irrelevant. It does not belong to the erotic school of fiction.

It will surprise many Americans to learn that Paul du Chaillu was born in New Orleans (1837), only his great-great-grandfather having been a Frenchman. Certainly this country has reason to be proud of him. His extensive travels in Africa have been of incalculable advantage to natural history and geography. The gorilla is his discovery, and there is little about the men and beasts of these terrible African jungles that he has not told us. *Ashango Land, Explorations in Equatorial Africa, Stories of the Gorilla Country, Wild Life under the Equator, Lost in the Jungle, My Apingi Kingdom, and The Country of the Dwarfs*, form a library of unrivalled tropical literature. Having wearied of scorching sands and nerve-splitting adventures, Mr. du Chaillu went to Scandinavia and wrote *The Land of the Midnight Sun* and *The Viking Age*. The latter work, which in itself would be a monument to his memory, is the result of nine years of labor and research. In it he established a fact which revolutionizes many theories of heredity, namely that Britain was originally settled by Scandinavians, not by the Angles and Saxons. When his material was accumulated, he worked with unabated ardor sixteen hours a day, until his book was completed. His secretaries could not stand it, but the tremendous application made no inroads upon a constitution toughened by African hardships and Northern snows. In temperament, Mr. du Chaillu is a remarkable mixture of the English, French, and German. In appearance he is not striking; his figure is small and rather stooping, and his most characteristic feature, his mouth, is hidden by a moustache. He is brilliant and enthusiastic in conversation, however, and has all the fire of youth in spite of his fifty-two years. The English resent his discoveries in regard to their origin. They are a conservative race and not given to making over their traditions; but Mr. du Chaillu has faith that America will appreciate the result of his toil.

The day of noms de plume is nearly over, but a few still keep up the good old custom. It is many a long day since the intense Southern romances of Marian Harland first appeared in the book-shops, and years elapsed before we learned that her real name was Mary Virginia Terhune. She allowed her identity to transpire about the time she exchanged the novelist's art for the culinary. A young writer, well known through Scribner's Magazine as Octave Thanet, adopted a pseudonym in the first instance through lack of confidence in her own powers, but most of her admirers know that it covers the individuality of Alice French. It is well known that a little friend of the then equally diminutive Louise de la Ramée, found the first name too much for her, and could do no better than Weedie. It hung itself up on a peg in the memory of the future novelist, and when she wanted a nom, she took down her former friend's abortive attempt, recut and draped it and so gave Ouida to the world. Margaret Hungerford is now known in England as the Duchess. She signed it to her first book, but although her English publisher objected to its use, he neglected to correct the plates before they were sent across the water. She used it to carry out a friendly joke, being known in her coterie as Her Grace the Duchess. When a girl she was small, slight, and retiring, hence got her sobriquet,

which is probably as appropriate as many an hereditary one. When Mrs. Jenny Croly was a child her pastor sent her a book of Benjamin Taylor's poems, adding that she was the Juniest little girl he knew. Her family nicknamed her Jennie June, and when she began to write for the press she took refuge behind her babyish alias. She has since made various efforts to shed it, but all of no avail. Mrs. Alexander is known in private life as Mrs. Alexander Hector, and cut her husband's name in half when she ventured before the public, because she had no hope of the remarkable success which awaited her. Marietta Holley chose the name, Josiah Allen's Wife, because she was tired of fanciful and sentimental signatures, and wanted something in keeping with her plain, sensible New England stories. Mrs. Lippincott was called Grace in her infancy, but christened Sarah Jane, which, however, went melodiously enough with Stuart. When she began to write she resumed the name of her babyhood; and to it her mother gracefully added Greenwood.

William T. Adams, early in life, buried his identity under the musical alliterative of Oliver Optic, and will never recover it. Sidney Luska is equally well known by his own name, Henry Harland, and adopted his striking pseudonym because it harmonized with the Jewish character of his first story. Moreover, he did not anticipate his success, and wished to take a fresh start in case of failure. Joaquin Miller, whose first name is Cincinnatus, used to be taken by the inhabitants of Northern California for the famous bandit, Joaquin Murietta, and writing a poem to him once, brought him in under the title of Joaquin et al. This cemented public opinion that the poet and the outlaw were one, and Miller finally adopted a portion of Murietta's name, determined to make it famous in another way. Artemus Ward used to call Melville Landon Eli Perkins when the latter was particularly funny, and the name finally drifted on to the title pages of Landon's books. James R. Gilmore began writing poems during the war and called himself first Richard, and then Edmund Kirke. He adopted a nom de plume because he believed in the wisdom of letting the world know as little about the personality of a literary man as possible. The first name of the father of Paul Blouet was Max; the last name of his mother, an Irish girl, was O'Rell. Hence the famous Max O'Rell. Donald G. Mitchell, probably in a fit of desperation, signed some Washington letters to the N. Y. Courier and Inquirer, J. K. Marvel. The intelligent printer interpreted it Ike Marvel, and as it took with the public, Mitchell retained it for his books. Petroleum V. Nasby (whose real name was Locke), entered the field of authorship during the petroleum excitement, in Pennsylvania, liked the word, added Vesuvius for euphony, and finished it off with a tribute to the battle of Naseby. Dr. Holland adopted Timothy Titcomb, because it was alliterative and catchy. B. P. Shillaber became Mrs. Partington in memory of Sydney Smith's dame who mopped the Atlantic out of her cottage. The lines which led to the adoption of this famous pseudonym ran as follows: "Mrs. Partington said that it made no difference to her whether the price of flour increased or not, as she always had to pay just as much for half a dollar's worth." Frederic Jessup Stimson, who gives us a book too seldom, signed J. S. o' Dale to his delightful Guernsey out of deference to Messrs. Blackstone and

Cox.—J. S. of the Manor of Dale, and J. V. of the Manor of Vale, being used by these august expounders of the law, as illustrative fictitious personages.

The author of *The Whistling Regiment*, a recitation having a great vogue just now with drawing-room elocutionists, is James Clarence Harvey; the responsible instigator also of the now threadbare skit, *In a Hammock by a Brook*. Mr. Harvey was born in Danbury, Connecticut, graduated at Middlebury College, and started out in life in the office of *The Century*. From here he took to the stage with Frank Chanfrau, Oliver Dowd Byron and then with Frank Mayo in the same company with Dolores Marbourg. A railway smash-up on a return trip from San Francisco literally returned him to literature. The shock made him just nervous and uncertain enough for an editor, and he started the *Cartoon*, a five-cent illustrated paper, for the Democrats in the last presidential campaign. Six months of no salary, and the privilege of paying the debts of the concern, satisfied him with journalism. He has published one or two books of poems, written many excellent short stories, and is to collaborate on an African novel with Herbert Ward the explorer as soon as he is free to use his name on a title page. At present Mr. Harvey is the right-hand man in the supervision of literary work of the John W. Lovell Publishing Co.

The South is stepping briskly back to its old time literary form—notably New Orleans. Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, whose story *A Golden Wedding*, in the Christmas number of the *Harper's Magazine* is attracting so much attention, is a New Orleans woman. Her first story, *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, published by the Harpers, established her reputation as a story-teller of power and originality. In appearance Mrs. Stuart is tall and slender, dark eyes and hair. Her conversation is witty, vivacious and critical. Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, another New Orleans woman, also contributes a story to the Christmas *Harper*. Mrs. Davis is a conscientious worker, and well deserves the literary honors she has attained. Her manners are most cordial and charming, and she never appears so happy as when entertaining a few chosen friends in her delightful rooms on Royal Street in the old French quarter of the city. Mrs. Davis is an ideal hostess and is a great favorite in society. One of the cleverest young journalists in the South is Miss Mollie Bisland, of the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, a handsome, stylish girl with a fresh complexion and dark brown eyes and hair.

Miss Elizabeth Beall Ginty, daughter of General George Ginty, of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, was born in Fond du Lac. She is a tall, handsome young woman, full of spirits, and apt in repartee. Miss Ginty is known both in London and New York as a clever writer of tales and essays, and is the author of some very beautiful poems—one of which, *A Norse Song*, appears in *Belford's Magazine* for November. Miss Ginty is the great-grand-niece of the celebrated novelist, Fenimore Cooper, by the mother's side. Her tale, *The Owl with the Brass Legs*, created a sensation in the *Star* some three years ago. She is at present engaged on a novel which will be published in the early spring.

Howard Seeley is Brooklyn born, bearded like the pard, and just past thirty years of age. He is a graduate of Yale and of the Columbia Law School. It is now entirely safe to mention that he was an editor

of *The Yale Literary Magazine*, and that he politely but painfully thanked would-be contributors for MSS. he could, but would, not use. In 1881 Mr. Seeley went to Texas as a sheep rancher. Here he wrote his first story—*An Episode of Paint Rock*, and this, with other western sketches, he put into a volume called *A Lone Star Bo Peep*, published by Appleton. The little book was so well received, and so characteristic of the country and a new vein of writing, that Dodd, Mead & Co. subsequently brought it out under the title of *A Ranchman's Stories*, adding several new sketches. A year later Appleton published his *Nymph of the West*, a novel which had moderate success here and crept into much favor in England. Mr. Seeley is a contributor to *Harper's*, *Life*, *Judge*, *Puck*, and *Texas Siftings*, being now the dramatic editor and book reviewer of the latter journal. He is a great admirer of Julian Hawthorne, and claims that gentleman as one of his friends. Mr. Seeley's best poems—he is a delightful versifier—are *Penelope's Letter and Disquietude*.

The Marquise Clara Lanza's new novel, *Basil Morton's Transgression*—than which no better piece of realism has been written for many a day—threatens to make a sensation. Not only is it a clever study of the marriage failure question, but two of the principal characters, Mrs. Sanders and Julian Carus, are drawn from life. The identity of the former is not yet fully revealed, but Carus is unquestionably our own and only Apostle of Disenchantment—Edgar Saltus. *Basil Morton's Transgression* appears simultaneously with George Moore's new study, *Mike Fletcher*, to which Madame Lanza has stood fairy godmother in this country. *Mike Fletcher* went down ingloriously in the Belford-Clark failure, but the marquise promptly found another publisher, cabled for duplicate sheets, and industriously exploited this waif of the exponent of English recklessness on to the American news-stands at a royalty to the author. A clever woman the marquise! It is reported that her first novel, *A Righteous Apostate*, is being adapted for the stage in London, having been discovered to be startling in plot and dramatic in action.

The *London Star* is authority for the statement that the career of Mr. John Lovell, the editor-in-chief of the *Liverpool Mercury* is one of the most romantic in the history of English journalism. His father, a man of solid sense and immovable honesty, was a working shoemaker at Guildford, and John, the eldest of seven children, never had more than six months' schooling, and went out to work at the age of ten. He tried his hand, as a boy, at the grocery, baking, and drapery businesses, but felt easy in none of them. But when he was about fifteen his employer purchased a lot of waste paper from the establishment of a London publisher, and John, in rummaging about, was delighted to discover fragments of *Oliver Twist* and *David Copperfield*. Reading how David learnt shorthand, young Lovell determined to acquire the art himself. One of his uncles being a stationer in Guildford, John obtained from him Pitman's sixpenny book. By-and-by he made an effort to connect himself with the press, and just when he was giving up all hope, he received a letter from the editor of the *Surrey Standard* offering him the post of district reporter at the magnificent stipend of five shillings a week, which he eagerly accepted. At this time he was advised to read Addison's *Spectator*, and, acting on the advice, he copied out in shorthand

every paper in the eight volumes, afterward transcribing them into longhand, with punctuation. At twenty-three he married and became connected with the Sheffield Times. Before his first year in Sheffield had expired the paper was boycotted by the trade unions of the town, and the business burst up in a fortnight. In this dilemma he existed for a time on the proceeds of sermon-writing, but ultimately obtained the post of third reporter on the Birmingham Post, from which position he rapidly rose to be assistant editor. During this time he had educated himself up to a point which would have entitled him to a University degree, and had ambitions in literature. This led him in 1868 to accept the editorship of Cassell's Magazine, which he left shortly after to take the management of the Press Association, which is truly Mr. Lovell's own child. The establishment of this association was a tremendous piece of work, and ran into mountains of figures and details. In 1880 Mr. Lovell was offered the chair of the Liverpool Mercury, one of the plums of provincial journalism. Mr. Lovell is a man with a lion heart and a big brain. He is a faithful and generous friend, a great collector of books, and an immense smoker. In social life he is a brilliant talker. His influence in Liverpool has been very great. He is just fifty-four.

St. George Mivart, the most eminent of the anti-Darwinians, is about to bring out another philosophical work on the Origin of the Human Intellect. It is looked for with great interest, and George J. Romanes, Grant Allen, and the rest of the Darwinian band are sharpening their pens. Mr. Mivart is a Roman Catholic, but has no more respect for the orthodox theory of creation than for tadpoles and chimpanzees. He is over sixty now, but his intellect is as vigorous as that of his youngest opponent. For a number of years he was a professor at the Roman Catholic University at Kensington, and is a particular star of most of the learned societies of England. He is a large, heavy man, somewhat inclined to be pompous. He has little hair on his chin, and less on his head, but his complexion is ruddy and youthful. His friend and rival, George J. Romanes, was one of Darwin's favorite disciples, and is always in hot collision with some opponent of his beloved master. He has lectured much, and written more, but his books are hard reading even for those versed in the scientific vernacular. Grant Allen, on the other hand, writes novels occasionally, which are a singular mixture of fine central ideas and deplorable method. His *For Mamie's Sake*, for an example.

Mr. N. A. Jennings, a special writer for the Sun and other metropolitan papers, is one of the most diverse and picturesque journalists in the country. In addition to his creative faculties, he is a remarkably rapid penman. Upon one occasion, Mr. Jennings, in a report of a trial, wrote one and three quarter columns of solid agate in one hour and twenty minutes! Amos J. Cummings once said of Mr. Jennings that he resembled a thistle-down in the breezy lightness of his style. Mr. Jennings was graduated from the College of Experience, having in his career been engaged in the following pursuits: auctioneer, book-keeper, insurance appraiser, detective, stage driver in the Rocky Mountains, railroad clerk, railroad shipper, freight inspector, surveyor's assistant, quartermaster's clerk, United States deputy marshal on the Rio Grande, chief of police of Laredo, Texas, jeweller's clerk, Texas ranger, hardware clerk,

grocer, restaurant keeper, miner, Rocky Mountain guide, prospector, cook, house painter, sign painter, paper hanger, forwarding agent, commission broker, ranchero, cowboy, chicken raiser, hotel clerk, caricaturist, photographer, newspaper illustrator, advertising agent, managing editor, financial editor, business manager, reporter, safe agent, canvasser, and has had serious thoughts of going on the stage. In an interview about a year since with the Prince Rudolph of Saxe-Weimar and Duke of Saxony the latter paid Mr. Jennings the high compliment of saying that he was by far the most courtly gentleman that he had met in America. But the following day when the report of the interview appeared in the columns of The Evening Sun with the letters P. & B. affixed to the Prince's name as though they indicated an honorary title, and which Mr. Jennings had found on the Fifth Avenue Hotel register, where they stood for Parlor and Bath, the prince changed his mind and asked the German consul in all seriousness if he could not have Mr. Jennings arrested for this great and scandalous offence to his dignity.

In his introduction to that delightful volume of short stories by Guy de Maupassant—*The Odd Number*, translated by Jonathan Sturges and published by the Harper Brothers—Henry James gives an outline of the method of the most famous French short-story writer of the present generation. "Maupassant," he says, "has devoted much time to the moral that to prove that you have a first-rate talent you must have a first-rate style. He is wonderfully concise and direct; at the same time it would be difficult to characterize more vividly. To have color, and to be sober with it, is an ideal, and this ideal M. de Maupassant constantly touches. He has published less than half a dozen novels and more than a hundred tales, and it is upon his tales that his reputation will mainly rest. The short tale is infinitely relished in France, which can show, in this form, an array of masterpieces; and no small part of Maupassant's success, I think, comes from his countrymen's pride in seeing him add to a collection which is already a national glory. For the last ten years he has contributed an almost weekly *nouvelle* to some Parisian sheet which has allowed him a luxurious liberty. They have been very unequal, too numerous, and occasionally bad enough to be by an inferior hand (an inevitable accident in copious production); but they have contained an immense element of delightful work. Taken all together, they are full of life (of life as the author conceives it, of course—he is far from having taken its measure in all directions), and between the lines of them we seem to read of that partly pleasant and wholly modern invention, a roving existence in which, for art, no impression is wasted. M. de Maupassant travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes. He treats of the north and of the south, evidently makes "copy" of everything that happens to him, and, in the interest of such copy and such happenings, ranges from Étretat to the depths of Algeria. Lately he has given signs of adding a new cord to his bow—a silver cord, of intenser vibration. His two last novels, *Pierre et Jean* and *Fort comme la Mort*, deal with shades of feeling and delicacies of experience to which he had shown himself rather a stranger." Readers will find *The Odd Number* a delight. A delicious little love sketch, *Happiness*, reprinted by the Harper's permission, will be found on another page.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Some Day—James Whitcomb Riley

Some day,—so many tearful eyes
Are watching for thy dawning light!
So many faces toward the skies
Are weary of the night!

So many falling prayers that reel
And stagger upward through the storm;
And yearning hands that reach and feel
No pressure true and warm!

So many hearts whose crimson wine
Is wasted to a purple stain;
And blurred and streaked with drops of brine
Upon the lips of Pain!

Oh, come to them,—those weary ones!
Or, if thou still must bide awhile,
Make stronger yet the hope that runs
Before thy coming smile.

And haste and find them where they wait,
Let summer winds blow down that way,
And all they long for, soon or late,
Bring round to them—some day.

"I Understand"—R. P. S.—Christian Union

Dear friend, our lives lie far apart,
The hand of fate holds heart from heart
And hand from hand.
Between us words may ne'er be spoken,
To tell of faith, and trust unbroken,
But, dear, is there no other token
To tell thee that "I understand"?

Then rest content, my friend; do not forget
That in the distant future there is yet
A fairer land,
And when the days seem long and weary, dear,
Can not thy fancy bring my presence near,
With well-known voice soft whispering in thine ear,
"I understand, dear friend, I understand"?

Thine earnest eyes look into mine,
And in their depths I can divine
All love's demands.
Heart speaks to heart, though thousands may be near,
And in thy soul a voice, low-toned and clear,
Will bring from me to thee this message, dear,
"I understand, I'll always understand."

There Shall Be No More Sea—All The Year Round

Ay, artists come to paint it; and writers, to put it in a book,
How grand in storm, and fair in calm, the old North Sea can look.
I've wondered to hear them talking, how to mimic in music or song,
The voice that thrills the brooding air with its thunder low and long;
Since never aught but itself, I wot, could sound like its angry roar,
When its breakers rise to the east wind's call, to crash on the rocky shore.
But rough, or smooth, in shade or shine, the face of the mighty main
Can speak of little else to me, but memory, fear, or pain.

Father and husband, and bold bright boy, it has taken them one by one;
I shall lie alone in the churchyard there, when my weary days are done.
God never sent me a maiden bairn to stay by me to the last,
So I sit by the restless tides alone, by the grave of all my past.
By the waves so strong and pitiless that have drowned life's joys for me,
And think of the "land where all shall meet, the land where is no more sea."

Yet I cannot rest in meadow or fell, or the quiet inland lanes,
Where the great trees spread their rustling arms over the smiling plains.
I can't draw breath in the country, all shadowed and green and dumb,
The want of the sea is at my heart, I hear it calling "Come."

I hearken, and rise and follow; perhaps my men down there,
Where the bright shells gleam, and the fishes dart 'mid sea-weeds' tangles fair,
Will find me best, if still on earth, when the Angel's trump is blown,
On the sand reach, or the tall cliff side, ere we pass to the great White Throne.
So summer and winter, all alone, by the breakers' lip I wait,
Till I see the red light flush the clouds, as He opens the golden gate.
And though at the sound of the rising waves, I oftentimes tremble and weep,
When the air is void of their glorious voice, I can neither rest nor sleep!
And the strangest of all the promises writ in the Book to me,
Is how, on the shores of Paradise, "there shall be no more sea."

Times go by Turns—Robert Southwell

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Times goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth forever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor even spring;

Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;

The saddest birds a season find to sing,

The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.

Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,

That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost:

That net that holds no great, takes little fish;

In some things all, in all things none are crossed;

Few all they need, but none have all they wish.

Unmingled joys to no man here befall;

Who least, have some: who most, have never all.

So Little Made Me Glad—Harper's Weekly

So little made me glad, for I was young,
Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing through,
How little made me glad when I was young.

So little makes me happy now I'm old ;
Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire;
The children grown unto our heart's desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old !

And yet between the little then and now,
What worlds of life, of thought and feeling keen !
What spiritual depths and heights unseen—
Ah me, between the little then and now !

For little things seem mighty when we're young :
Then we rush onward through the changing years,
Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little. We are old.

Her Dream—Emily H. Hickey—Cornhill Magazine

Fold your arms around me, sweet,
As mine against your heart doth beat.

Kiss me, love, till it fade, the fright
Of the dreadful dream I dreamt last night.

Oh, thank God, it is you, it is you,
My own love, fair and strong and true.

We two are the same that, yesterday,
Played in the light and tost the hay,

My hair you stroke, O dearest one,
Is alive with youth and bright with the sun.

Tell me again, love, how I seem
"The prettiest queen of curds and cream."

Fold me close and kiss me again ;
Kiss off the shadow of last night's pain.

I dreamt last night as I lay in bed,
That I was old and that you were dead.

I knew you had died long time ago,
And I well recalled the moan and woe.

You had died in your beautiful youth, my sweet ;
You had gone to your rest with untired feet.

And I had prayed to come to you,
To lay me down and slumber, too.

But it might not be, and the days went on,
And I was all alone, alone.

The women came so neighborly,
And kissed my face and wept with me ;

And the men stood still to see me pass,
And smiled grave smiles, and said, "poor lass!"

Sometimes I seemed to hear your feet,
And my grief-numbed heart would wildly beat ;

And I stopped and named my darling's name—
But never a word of answer came.

The men and women ceased at last
To pity pain that was of the past ;

For pain is common, and grief and loss :
And many come home by Weeping Cross.

Why do I tell you this, my dear ?
Sorrow is gone now you are here.

You and I we sit in the light,
And fled is the horror of yesternight.

The time went on and I saw one day
My body was bent and my hair was gray.

But the boys and girls a-whispering
Sweet tales in the sweet light of the spring,

Never paused in the tales they told
To say, " He is dead and she is old."

There's a place in the churchyard where, I thought,
Long since my lover had been brought ;

It had sunk with years from a high green mound
To a level no stranger would have found.

But I, I always knew the spot—
How could I miss it, know it not ?

Darling, darling, draw me near,
For I cannot shake off the dread and fear.

Fold me so close I scarce can breathe,
And kiss me, for lo, above, beneath,

The blue sky fades, and the green grass dries,
And the sunshine goes from my lips and eyes.

O God—that dream—it has not fled—
One of us old, and one of us dead !

A Ghost—Annie R. Noxon—N. Y. Mercury

To the throbbing pulse of the music
They were dancing in happy pairs,
While we had stolen away, dear,
For a talk on the dusky stairs.

I knew that my partner waited,
Perhaps with a frown of hate ;
But I knew that we were together,
And I loved you—alas, too late !

You sat on the step below me,
Your soul in your wistful eyes ;
While I, with a troubled conscience,
Tried still to avoid replies.

I knew I was pledged and settled
To a man twice my age, and yet
I dallied with hope for a moment ;
I had all my life for regret.

That mad, merry waltz, I hear it
At night, in the noon, at dawn ;
And the ghost of a woman's passion
Kept watch for a love that was gone.

I fancied somehow you would take me
Away like a knight of old
From the heat of the fiery furnace,
From the glitter of dull old gold.

I thought that without my speaking,
Though my lips said never a word,
That you would have guessed my meaning
And you wished that my bosom stirred,

That you would have seized me boldly,
With passion that brooked not "nay,"
That e'en when the waltz was playing
Your arms would have borne me away.

Oh, why did you seek my answer,
And why did you come to me then
To plant the ache in a bosom
So dead to all other men ?

But calmly you rose and led me
To him, and you never spoke ;
The music grew fainter—ended—
My heart with its last chord broke.

THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY—A DIGEST AND REVIEW*

One must have a good foundation of scientific knowledge, metaphysical training, and aptitude for close mental application, to be able to read understandingly either of the two huge double-barrelled books—*Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*—with which H. P. Blavatsky has amazed her contemporaries. Perhaps beyond these preliminary requirements there may be another, even more essential, an already awakened interest in the wisdom they impart, as something promising more accordance with the eternal verities than other philosophies and religions have afforded. Such preparation for their comprehension being premised, those works cannot but have a profound effect upon all reflective minds applied to them. With the great mass of readers, however, it is impossible that they can attain popularity until the average of human intelligence is much higher than at present. And it is quite accordant with the purpose of the author that they shall not. They are purposefully written for the few, not for the many. Their teachings touch too nearly the esoteric wisdom that for ages has been preserved beneath a veil of mystery, for it to be desired that they should become the common property of the vulgar, who would lack appreciation of them and degrade to improper use such parts thereof as might be understood. But this knowledge is the birthright of humanity, which must not be estopped therefrom whenever fitted for its reception, and fitness must be attained by evolution, through the influence of such portion of the Divine Wisdom as may be communicated exoterically. This exoteric teaching is practically limited to the prescription of man's responsibilities and duties on the material plane, and the rational bounding of his hopes and fears of the hereafter, and in explanation thereof, Madame Blavatsky has brought out another book *The Key to Theosophy*.

The Key is less than one-eighth as big as *The Secret Doctrine* and incalculably easier to read, though the author has prudently seen fit to give, in her preface, the warning: "That it should succeed in making Theosophy intelligible without mental effort on the part of the reader, would be too much to expect; but it is to be hoped that the obscurity still left is of the thought not of the language, is due to depth not to confusion. To the mentally lazy or obtuse, Theosophy must remain a riddle; for in the world mental as in the world spiritual, each man must progress by his own efforts." The interlocutory style in which the book is written may evoke dreary memories in minds upon which, in early youth, the Westminster Assembly's Catechisms cast their pious gloom, but otherwise is to be approved of in its employment here, for it has evidently served as a curb upon the gifted author's tendency to torrential disquisition. It is really surprising to see how even Madame Blavatsky can be held in check and simplified by the interpolation of an occasional, "What do you mean by that?" or "please make that a little clearer," or "let us get back to the subject."

Before manifesting as a "key" the work under consideration makes a succinct and very interesting historical exhibit of the Wisdom Religion—a title for the

theosophy which she uses under protest, the proper rendering of the Greek being "divine wisdom" or "wisdom of the gods"—claiming it as the basis and origin of all the old worships and even of the modern forms that have grown out of or upon them. As for the Theosophical Society, though only some fourteen years old in its present form, it is shown to be but the latest of numerous periodic revivals of associated endeavor for human enlightenment through propagation of the archaic wisdom. Now, as always, it contains a nucleus or inner group of students in the esoteric knowledge, or occult sciences; and a broad open organization, which has three avowed objects: "(1) To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, color, or creed: (2) To promote the study of Aryan and other Scriptures of the world's religion and sciences, and to vindicate the importance of old Asiatic literature, namely, of the Brahminical, Buddhist, and Zoroastrian philosophies: (3) To investigate the hidden mysteries of nature under every aspect possible, and the psychic and spiritual powers latent in man especially." In those objects there is nothing to antagonize any liberal-minded good man, whatever may be his creed or shade of belief.

The brotherhood of humanity is a principle buried deep in the heart of the fundamental teaching of Aryan philosophy that "the root of all nature, objective and subjective, and everything else in the universe, visible and invisible, is, was, and ever will be, one absolute essence, from which all starts, and into which everything returns." A portion of that absolute essence—whether it is known as the Ani-Soph of the Kabala; Parabrahm of the Brahmin; Be-ness of the metaphysical philosophers or simply the "That" of the reverential Thibetan—is the spirit vivifying and constituting the immortal life of every human Ego. The Ego consists of what are (exoterically) classed as the highest three principles of the seven comprised in or constituting man, viz., Atman (spirit), Buddhi (spiritual soul), Manas (mind, "the thinking principle"); the former, however, never descending hypostatically into the living, but only showering more or less of its radiance on the inner man. Immortality and the individualization of man after death depend upon the ascent of Buddhi-Manas to and absorption by Atman.

Concerning the dogma of re-incarnation, the author says: "Since those principles which we call physical, and none of which is denied by science though it calls them by other names (viz., body, life, passional and animal instincts and the astral eidolon, instead of Sthula sarira, Jiva, Kama rupa and Linga sarira) are disintegrated after death with their constituent elements, memory along with its brain, this vanished memory of a vanished personality can neither remember nor record anything in the subsequent re-incarnations of the Ego. Re-incarnation means that this Ego will be furnished with a new body, a new brain, and a new memory. . . . The mysterious eternal principle is the Ego which re-incarnates the individual and immortal—not personal—"I"; the vehicle, in short, of the Atma-Buddhic Monad, that which is rewarded in Devachan and punished on earth; that, finally, to which

* Prepared for CURRENT LITERATURE by James H. Connelly.

the reflection only of the Skandhas, or attributes (among which is memory) of every incarnation attaches itself. . . . While the undying qualities of the personality—such as love, goodness, charity, etc.—attach themselves to the immortal Ego, photographing on it, so to speak, a permanent image of the divine aspect of the man who was, his material Skandhas (those which generate the most marked Karmic effects) are as evanescent as a flash of lightning, and cannot impress the new brain of the new personality; yet their failing to do so impairs in no way the identity of the re-incarnating Ego. . . . The personality with its Skandhas is ever changing with every new birth."

The everlasting brimstone hell and eternal diamond-studded heaven, alike dearly cherished in the faith of good Christians, are both summarily repudiated as fantastic absurdities, by the Theosophists. "What we believe in," says the author of the Key, "is a post-mortem state or mental condition, such as we are in during a vivid dream. . . . Almost every individual life is, in its full development, a sorrow. And are we to believe that poor helpless man, after being tossed about like a piece of rotten timber on the angry billows of life, is, if he proves too weak to resist them, to be punished by a sempiternity of damnation, or even a temporary punishment? Never! Whether a great or an average sinner, good or bad, guilty or innocent, once delivered of the burden of physical life, the tired and worn-out Manu (thinking Ego) has won the right to a period of absolute rest and bliss. The same unerringly wise and just rather than merciful law, which inflicts upon the incarnated Ego the Karmic punishment for every sin committed during the preceding life on earth, provided for the now disembodied entity a long lease of mental rest; *i.e.*, the entire oblivion of every sad event, ay to the smallest painful thought, that took place in its last life as a personality, leaving in the soul-memory but the reminiscence of that which was bliss, or led to happiness." The technical name of that state of bliss is Devachan.

"Our philosophy has a doctrine of punishment as stern as that of the most rigid Calvinist, only far more philosophical and consistent with absolute justice. No deed, not even a sinful thought, will go unpunished; the latter more severely even than the former, as a thought is far more potential in creating evil results than even a deed. We believe in an unerring law of retribution, called Karma, which asserts itself in a natural concatenation of causes and their unavoidable results. . . . After allowing the soul, escaped from the pangs of personal life, a sufficient, ay, an hundred-fold compensation, Karma, with its army of Skandhas, waits at the threshold of Devachan, whence the Ego re-emerges to assume a new re-incarnation. It is at this moment that the future destiny of the now rested Ego trembles in the scales of just retribution, as it now falls once again under the sway of active Karmic law. It is in this re-birth which is ready for it, a re-birth selected and prepared by this mysterious, inexorable, but in the equity and wisdom of its decrees infallible law, that the sins of the previous life of the Ego are punished. Only it is into no imaginary hell, with theatrical flames and ridiculous tailed and horned devils, that the Ego is cast, but verily on this earth, the plane and region of his sins, where he will have to atone for every bad thought and deed. As he has sown so will he reap. Re-incarnation will gather around him all those other

Egos who have suffered, whether directly or indirectly, at the hands, or even through the unconscious instrumentality, of the past personality."

Fortunately for the modern spiritualists, Devachanic bliss is not the only post-mortem condition. There is also Kamaloka, about which Mme. Blavatsky tells us: "When the man dies, his lower three principles leave him forever; *i.e.*, body, life, and the vehicle of the latter, the astral body or the double of the living man. And then, his four principles—the central or middle principle, the animal soul or Kama-rupa, with what it has assimilated from the lower manas, and the higher triad find themselves in Kamaloka. The latter is an astral locality, the limbus of scholastic theology, the Hades of the ancients, and, strictly speaking, a locality only in a relative sense. It has neither a definite area nor boundary, but exists within subjective space; *i.e.*, is beyond our sensuous perceptions. Still it exists, and it is there that the astral eidolons of all the beings that have lived, animals included, await their second death. For the animals it comes with the disintegration and the entire fading out of their astral particles to the last. For the human eidolon it begins when the Atma-Buddhi-Manasic triad is said to separate itself from its lower principles, or the reflection of the ex-personality, by falling into the Devachanic state. Then the Kama-rupic phantom, remaining bereft of its informing thinking principle, the higher Manas, and the lower aspect of the latter, the animal intelligence, no longer receiving light from the higher mind and no longer having a physical brain to work through, collapses. It can think no more even on the lowest animal plane. It is this nonentity which we find materializing in séance rooms with mediums. A true nonentity, however, only as to reasoning or cogitating powers, still an entity, however astral and fluidic, as shown in certain cases when, having been magnetically and unconsciously drawn toward a medium, it is revived for a time and lives in him by proxy." Madame Blavatsky is particularly severe upon the spooks of the séance-rooms and their believers, denouncing the spiritualists' doctrines, as selfish, cruel, and illogical. From her point of view, the post-mortem spiritual consciousness of mundane affairs, instead of being a state of bliss in which the dear departed ones are ineffably happy, would be the greatest curse, and orthodox damnation a relief in comparison to it. And she gives a solemn warning to those accustomed to dealing with spooks, that if they keep on at it, they will inevitably come to a bad end, proof of which she cites.

The book is packed so full of strong thought-compelling statements, trenchant argument and forceful presentations of rather abstruse topics, that full justice to it in the limits of a single article of review is scarcely possible. It is a difficult thing to condense, but enough has been done in this direction to demonstrate that it is well worth perusal by people who care to think, whether they choose to believe or not. Purer and nobler teachings than it contains concerning duty, self-sacrifice, charity, and personal relations in life, do not exist; and there is abundant good sound sense in the sections treating education, marriage, and asceticism. The much-debated question of the reality of the Mahatmas is not ignored, and a characteristically vigorous piece of work is the author's personal defence against the attacks of the missionaries and the numerous and miscellaneous defamers of the Theosophical Society.

RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

Regard for Public Opinion—The Baltimore Sun

It is sometimes necessary to have regard to public opinion and to rule one's conduct by the whims, prejudices or superstition of the majority, but it is neither necessary nor right to always accept what passes for public opinion as being an infallible guide. It should be questioned at times both as to its authority and its reason, and resisted or changed on occasion. Public opinion does not, as some people suppose, represent a consensus of the opinions of all the people learned and unlearned, virtuous and vicious. If it did it would be a compromise between extremes, something inferior to the best opinion. Whereas it is in fact in nearly all cases the opinion of the wisest leaders. The reason for this is that public opinion is generally guided or controlled by the strongest of men, though they may not always be the best. For one who thinks or reasons out things for himself there are tens of thousands who accept ready-made judgments and adopt them as their own, thus forming public opinion upon the judgment of their leaders. It is for this reason that public opinion may generally, in the absence of doubt, be accepted as correct or better than the individual judgment of inferior men. It is for this same reason that it should be questioned and resisted by thinking and conscientious people when they believe it to be wrong, for in that way it may be changed and made right. Considering public opinion in this light as the opinion of leaders of thought adopted and followed by the masses, it is obvious that on some subjects—notably literature, the drama and the fine arts—it must be to some extent fickle and changeable, following first one set of leaders and then another, but in a general way directed aright. This quality of public opinion, being misinterpreted, has led some writers to treat it with less respect than it deserves. William Hazlitt rails at the public in one of his essays, as he says himself, "in good set terms." He says the public "is so in awe of its own opinion that it never dares to form any, but catches up the first idle rumor, lest it should be behindhand in its judgment, and echoes it till it is deafened with the sound of its own voice. The idea of what the public will think prevents the public from ever thinking at all, and acts as a spell on the exercise of private judgment, so that, in short, the public ear is at the mercy of the first impudent pretender who chooses to fill it with noisy assertions or false surmises or secret whispers." It is true that the public does not think; but it is a mistake to assume that the leaders of public opinion are necessarily impudent pretenders. The contrary is in fact the case. There are enough of independent thinkers to resist the pretenders who occasionally get the public ear, and it is these who really guide the public. Hazlitt continues: "So far, then, is public opinion from resting on a broad and solid basis as the aggregate of thought and feeling in a community, that it is slight and shallow and variable to the last degree—the bubble of the moment, so that we may safely say the public is the dupe of public opinion, not its parent. The public is pusillanimous and cowardly, because it is weak. It knows itself to be a great dunce, and that it has no opinions but upon suggestion. Yet it is unwilling to appear in leading strings, and would have it

thought that its decisions are as wise as they are weighty." The mistake of this whole thought lies in its failure to appreciate the fact that as the public has no opinion but upon suggestion, it must get suggestion and opinions from thinkers who are constantly contending with each other for supremacy in the control of public thought. No guide can lead the public very far wrong, for there are other guides present to correct his errors. Public opinion follows the leaders who triumph in a battle of reason. It is fickle and erratic only as to indeterminate or undetermined questions of taste and judgment, and while the debate is going on. It is not and cannot be a fixed and unalterable decree as to questions that have been in dispute since man entered the world. No greater example of the value, the limitations, and the faults of public opinion has ever been given than is afforded by the political history of this country, which is governed and controlled by that opinion as ascertained through the ballot-box. Mistakes are sometimes made; pretenders sometimes gain the public ear, but in the main, public opinion in a free republic gives as good government as can be obtained through any human agency. No one would pretend to say that this is the result of any thoughtful consideration by the mass of voters of the questions of policy or of men at issue between the parties. The thinking is done by the leaders of both sides, who frame the public opinion that is expressed by the ballots of the voters. The machinery for obtaining the judgment is imperfect; it is impossible to get opinion directly upon some of the issues, and consequently public opinion is sometimes wrong, but because it is subject to review as one or the other set of thinkers get control of the public ear it never gets very far wrong without being corrected. It is obvious from this view of public opinion that thinking people should not reject it in the spirit of Hazlitt, nor should they accept it without question, but should take part in correcting it whenever they conceive it to be wrong.

Making, and Getting Money—M. Marshall—N. Y. Sun

A lot of us old fogies were sitting in the smoking room of the Eocene Club the other evening talking over matters and things in general, when the subject came up of the great fortunes of the present day, and of the evils with which, according to some people, they threaten society. The Astors, the Goelets, the Vanderbilts, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Gould, Mr. Sage, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Flagler, and all the rest of the millionaires known to fame, were mentioned and discussed in turn, and their characters and tastes passed in review. Finally a callow youth of fifty or thereabouts, who had been listening respectfully to us seniors, broke in with the question: "How did these men get all their money? Did they steal it, or rob it, or in some other way plunder the public?" And he went on to express his inability to comprehend how, by any legitimate and honorable methods, such enormous masses of wealth could be acquired by individuals. Of course, we all set to work to enlighten our young friend as to the methods and manners by which riches are obtained, but we found great difficulty in doing it. In common with the majority of men, he was firmly convinced that there is only so much wealth in the world,

and, consequently, that those who have a great deal more of it than others have deprived others of their fair share. This conviction lies at the root of the popular hostility to the rights of private property where those rights conflict with interests of the many. In an obscure, ill-defined way it is imagined the owners of great riches are the natural enemies of their less favored fellow-beings and are to be treated as such. The sentiment I speak of is also the cause of the propensity to gambling which has prevailed in all ages, and which, here in New York, shows itself in the popularity of stock operations. What one gains, some one else is supposed to lose, and the game is to come out a winner instead of a loser. Now, as we told our young friend at the club, if any one will only stop and reflect calmly upon the subject he will see that wealth is not a spontaneous production, but is created by human skill and labor. The stock of it which is now in the world came there by this means, and no obstacle exists to a continuation of the process. Ignorant theorists are fond of talking about natural wealth, and when pressed to define it they usually mention as examples the soil of the earth, and the metals and minerals beneath its surface. They leave out of sight the fact that but for human industry the soil and all that lies under it would be worthless. Over the greater portion of this globe nothing grows spontaneously which serves for food and clothing, and in the most favored regions only a limited population can be supported without labor. Besides, purely agricultural and mining countries are never rich. Merely tilling the earth, as for example in India, results in barely providing men with the necessities of life, and there is no accumulation of wealth. The same is true of mines. Gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, salt, and all other articles of the kind are only valuable when they are brought to the surface. So long as they lie where they were placed by the Creator they are as worthless as if they were in the moon. Like agriculture, too, mining is not an overflowing source of wealth. The gold and silver of Mexico and South America, for instance, have never made those countries rich. Metals and minerals, again, after they are prepared for a market, are still nothing but raw materials, and need the addition of an immense amount of skilful manipulation to render them exchangeable commodities. When this process is completed, there comes the further one of distribution. No matter how useful things may be, they must be brought within the consumers' reach, and transportation adds a new quality to them as component parts of the world's riches. Manufactures and commerce are thus the two great fountains of riches. The one creates the objects of use and ornament for which men are willing to give their labor and their services, and the other carries them to places where this exchange becomes possible. Mere money, such as coin and paper, is obviously not wealth, except so far as it enables its possessor to procure the means of gratifying his desires. We speak of rich men as having such and such amounts of money, when, in fact, they have very little, their wealth consisting of quite another kind of thing. But, since that which they possess is equally potent with money in procuring the means of enjoyment, we may for convenience call it money. Really, however, the wealth of the world is to a vastly preponderating extent composed of houses, furniture, clothing, jewels, manufactoryes, machinery, ships, steamers, railroads, water

works, and all the contrivances by which life is rendered a pleasure. Hence, a bit of canvas, upon which paints have been spread by a skilful artist, is sometimes worth more money, and will bring more in the market, than acres of fertile land. The artist has added so much to the world's means of enjoyment, and his work is a part of the world's wealth. Instead, therefore, of trying to get away from other people the wealth which they have produced or inherited, the true road to riches is to create them. Taking money as the symbol of riches in general, men become rich by literally making money, and not by robbing others of it. This is the secret of the accumulation of the great fortunes which excite so much envy and hatred, and the process of this accumulation is no more a mystery than the erection of the Eiffel Tower, or the painting of Millet's Angelus. The oldest of the great aggregations of wealth in this city, that of the Astors, was begun nearly a century ago by John Jacob Astor the elder, and it has been kept together and increased by his descendants. Mr. Astor was neither a gambler nor a thief. He was an avaricious man, indeed, who made the attainment of wealth the chief object of his life, but he used none but legitimate means in accomplishing that object, and nobody was ever rendered the poorer by his operations. His extraordinary success was due to his extraordinary ability in the employment to which he devoted himself. He was sagacious and enterprising, and capable of devising gigantic schemes and of carrying them out with determination as was clearly exhibited in his well-known Oregon adventure. As a merchant he was unequalled for clear-sightedness and energy, and for the fortitude with which he bore occasional reverses. The money which he gained in trade he wisely invested in real estate in this city, foreseeing, as few of his contemporaries foresaw, its future greatness. Transmitting to his son, William B. Astor, not only the fruits of his toil, but the wisdom he had acquired by experience, he enabled him to continue the work he had begun with almost equal success. His grandchildren have gone on in the same path, investing their surplus income in new purchases of land and in erecting buildings upon that which they already had until they have become the largest owners of real estate in the city. So far from the extent of their possessions being an injury to the public, it is a benefit. They have so many houses and stores to rent that they prefer taking low prices from good tenants to running the risk which small owners are ready to encounter to obtain a little larger income. It is, therefore, really more advantageous for a merchant to hire his dwelling and his place of business from the Astors than from any one else, and far cheaper for him than to own the property himself. Like the Astor estate, that of the Goelets was founded in trade and continued and completed by real estate investments. Like the Astors, too, the present generation of Goelets are busily occupied in making new purchases and improvements, and their terms are far more favorable to tenants than these could secure by being their own landlords. The very magnitude of their possessions compels them to be liberal, and by the moderation of their demands to make it certain that the rents they exact will be paid according to contract. Hence their great holdings, too, are no detriment to their fellow-citizens, but rather the reverse. The Vanderbilt fortune has a different origin. Old Commodore Vanderbilt had a genius for

the business of transporting goods and passengers, which is a legitimate branch of commerce, and the first money he ever made was as a ferryman. From that he got into steamboats, next into ocean steamers, and, finally, when the American marine began to decay, he went into railroading, in which his family have ever since remained. Their wealth and its increase are devoted to the acquisition of additional lines and to their improvement, and their enterprises have to benefit the public in order to be profitable. Of the services which Mr. Pierpont Morgan has rendered to the public as a financier I have written at length. I do not admire Mr. Morgan's manners, nor do I always approve of his methods, but that he has made money, not only without impoverishing others, but in aiding them at the same time to make money for themselves, the history of his career affords numerous proofs. Without his aid many undertakings now prosperous would have been ruined, and he has again and again interposed his influence and his means to avert what threatened to be public disasters. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Flagler, and the lesser magnates of the Standard Oil Trust are further illustrations of the method by which great fortunes may be accumulated, not only without injuring the public, but by actually benefiting it. Whatever may be said about the dealings of the trust with competing oil refiners, there is no disputing the fact that its operations have resulted in furnishing consumers with oil at considerably lower prices than if the trust had not been formed. The enormous profits of its members have come from the enormous magnitude of its operations, and not from a few transactions involving the transfer of large amounts. I mention these examples only as examples, and not as by any means exhausting the list of fortunes acquired, not at other people's expense, but in rendering them a service. I do not deny that some of our rich men have been guilty at times of doing injury to others, and of profiting by their losses. All that I insist on is that money, as a rule, is made by skill and industry, and does not grow like the grass in the fields and the leaves on a tree. Hence, also, as a rule, those who have great amounts of it must have got it by the exercise of skill and industry, and not by trickery and fraud.

About Allegorical Books—From All The Year Round

The mediæval mind took a strange delight in the invention of allegories; though, probably, there is no field of literary effort in which success is so rare, and failure so frequent. None but a very rich and fertile genius can cultivate it with advantage; can make it bear a harvest which it is worth the while of the reader to gather in. Nothing more tedious is there in prose or verse—not even an indifferent parody—than an indifferent allegory; and yet, as I have hinted, allegories are generally indifferent. It is only now and then that a Spenser produces a Faerie Queen, or a Bunyan a Pilgrim's Progress, or an Addison so delicate a piece of work as a Vision of Mirza. An allegory is apt to run away with its author, like an ill-conditioned steed, and to involve him in dismal swamps and sloughs of despond from which he is unable to escape; thereby justifying, though in a sense she never intended, Mrs. Malaprop's celebrated simile: "Headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." Yet there is something fascinating, no doubt, about this form of composition; and we suppose the mediæval writers were attracted by the opportunities it afforded for the display of petty inge-

nuities, and by the pomp and circumstance with which it invests even the barrenest idea. For instance, to say that the contention between Truth and Falsehood is generally arduous and prolonged, but that, in the long run, Truth will prevail, is a statement of so bold and vague a character, that no reader would give it a moment's consideration. But put it in another form, say that the spotless maiden Aletheia, and the deceitful witch Mendacia, waged war against each other through long ages, in order to gain possession of the fair land of Human Reason, and that the former, assisted by good genii, triumphed, and you construct a fabric of fiction which many passers-by will pause to examine. And this was the artifice of the mediæval writers. It was thus they dressed up their crude ideas; their fantastic sentiments; their favorite platitudes; and, by the aid of allegory, gave them quite a novel and even attractive appearance. They were wise in their generation. In any other shape we may be sure their efforts would never have survived; but, as allegories, they have received respectful treatment, and been handed down from generation to generation to amuse the curiosity of the literary student in his idler hours. These depreciatory remarks, however, do not apply—at least, without some qualification—to the most celebrated of the mediæval allegories, the Romaunt de la Rose. Toward the middle of the thirteenth century, flourished Guillaume de Lorris, whom Marot—not very happily—named The French Ennius. To his lively and prolific fancy, French literature owes the earlier portion of this great allegory, the main theme of which, as he tells us in the lines of his opening verse, is the art of love:

Ce est il Rommanz de la Roze,
Ou l'art d'amors est tote inclose.

Guillaume de Lorris is supposed to have died about 1261. Forty years after, his poem was taken up and completed by Jean de Meung, who has almost unanimously been accepted as the greatest poet, and one of the finest scholars of his age. The section written by Lorris numbers four thousand and seventy lines. Jean de Meung added fully eighteen thousand, conceived in a much more daring spirit, enriched with truer poetic feeling, and animated by a loftier purpose. "The timid grace of one young poet was followed by the bold wit of another, who was crammed with the scholarship of his time, and poured it out in diffuse illustration of his argument; but who, a man of the people, alive with the stir of his time against polished hypocrisy, annoyed priests with his satire, and court ladies with a rude estimate of their prevailing character. Underneath all Jean de Meung's part of the Romaunt of the Rose is a religious earnestness that gave its verses currency, and made them doubly troublesome to those who dreaded free thought and full speech." The action of the poem takes place in a dream, in which the poet is conducted by Idleness to the Palace of Pleasure, where he meets Love and his gay company, who attend him to a bed of roses. He selects one, and is about to gather it, when he is wounded by Cupid's arrow, swoons, and is carried far away from the chosen flower. On his recovery, he determines at all hazards to win his rose; and, after many adventures, ultimately succeeds in reaching it, and is permitted by Venus to touch it with his lips. Then new complications ensue. All the virtues and vices, personified, flit across the stage; the temptations of the world are severally passed

in review; and the progress of the soul, toward the fulfilment of its high destiny, is dimly hinted at. An allegorical poem, very little known, which belongs to the same period, is the *Songe d'Enfer*, or *Vision of Hell*, by Raoul de Houdan. It begins as follows: "Fables are often revealed by dreams. I dreamed one day that I had become a pilgrim, and, anxious to see some region which no others had visited, resolved on a journey to Hell." The pilgrim-poet first reaches the town of Covetousness, where he meets with Envy, Avarice, and Rapine. Avarice asks him for news of his subjects, and he replies that Wealth has driven out Liberality, of which only the name is now remembered. Rapine puts a similar question, and is informed that the kingdom which she has established in Poitou is in a flourishing condition; and the poet then goes off into a bitter invective against the Poitevins. Continuing his wandering, he comes upon the abode of Cheatery, to whom he puts several questions respecting certain bourgeoisie of Paris and Chartres, who possessed the secret of always winning at play. The poet passes on to Tavern-town, where he finds Drunkenness, with his son, a native of England—an allusion to the drunken habits of our forefathers which makes one wince. The young man is so robust that he overthrows the strongest. Thence Raoul proceeds to Lewdness, and, finally, arrives at the gates of Hell, which are guarded by Murder, Despair, and Sudden Death. He is surprised, on entering, to see that the tables are all served, and yet the gate is wide open. 'Tis the great court-day of the King of Hell, who is holding a review of his subjects, including many Bishops, Priests, and Abbés. He makes everybody take a seat at his hospitable board, and before the pilgrim sets a dish of the flesh of a usurer and a black monk; the former of whom had grown fat on other people's property, and the latter on idleness. As Raoul has no liking for such viands, Beelzebub converses with him, inquiring as to the purpose of his journey. Toward the close of the repast his Infernal Majesty calls for his great black book, in which are recorded all the sins that have been or are to be. He put it into the hands of the traveller, who, opening at the chapter Of Minstrels, finds therein the life of each set forth. "I got it by heart," he says, "and can repeat to you some curious passages." But at this moment he awakes, and dream and story terminate together. Meschinot, known as le Banni de Liesse, a poet who flourished toward the end of the fifteenth century, composed a collection of poems entitled, *Les Lunettes des Princes* (1473)—lunettes, or spectacles, specially designed for the noses of Popes, Emperors, Kings, and Princes, and the author assures us

Que jamais l'œil ne vit telles besicles,

that never has the eye seen such glasses. Reason, perceiving his depression at having lost his fortune, presents him with a little memorandum-book, entitled Conscience, and then with spectacles intended to facilitate his reading and to render it profitable. On one of them is written Prudence, on the other Justice. The ivory framework is named Strength, and the iron band which unites them Temperance. In this artificial strain Monsieur Meschinot hobbles through a number of quarto pages. Among the allegorical works published at different periods were grammars, mystical treatises, pamphlets, and the like. I propose to allude to the most curious. Guarua, an Italian littérateur of the fifteenth century, is the author of *Grammaticæ*

Opus Novum mira quadam arte et compendiosa, sur Bellum Grammaticale. After describing the Kingdom of Grammar as governed by two Kings—the Noun and the Verb—the author narrates their struggles for pre-eminence. War breaks out between the two rivals, who take steps to augment their forces, the one calling to his aid the Adjective and the other the Participle. Victory rests with the Verb; and the Noun prefers to him a request for peace, which is finally concluded through the intervention of some grammarians. Hoppers, a Dutch jurisconsult, published in 1656 his *Seduardus, sive de vera jurisprudentia*, in twelve books, four of which treat of legislation, four of public rights, and four of civil rights. The work is a kind of drama, which passes on shipboard, and the dramatis personæ are the author's four sons. The first work of the celebrated Neapolitan advocate, Gennaro, is entitled *Respublica Jurisconsultorum* (1731). The author imagines the existence of an isle in the Mediterranean, whither all jurisconsults repair after death, and where they have founded a commonwealth on the lines of the old Roman Republic; that is, it is divided into the three orders: senators, knights (equites), and plebeians. To the first order belong all those jurisconsults who lived from Sextus Papirius to Modestinus, under whom the Roman jurisprudence began to decay; to the second, those who since the time of Modestinus have taught the science of law at Rome, Constantinople, and elsewhere, as well as all those authors who, from Alcibiades down to the eighteenth century, have been distinguished in the study of jurisprudence. And the third includes the Accursi, the Bartolos, and all other jurisconsults who have carried into the science a spirit of subtlety and quibbling, or have discussed none but futile, painful, and ridiculous questions. At the time of Gennaro's visit to the island, he pretends that Ulpian and Papinian were consuls; that Cujas was proctor; that Servius Sulpicius presided over the senate, while Cato and Irnerius acted as censors. Notwithstanding the dryness of the subject, the book abounds in humorous allusions and felicitous turns of wit. To afford the reader some idea of the prevailing tone in mystical allegories, I shall refer to a couple of books by the fanatical Calvinist, William Huntington, S. S., or Sinner Saved, as he lived to subscribe himself. In early life he passed through the successive stages of errand-boy, ostler, gardener, cobbler, and coal-heaver; was "converted;" set forth as an itinerant preacher; rose into repute; and settled down in Gray's Inn Lane, London, as a popular minister. His works amount to at least a score of volumes, of which I shall notice, first, the one entitled *God the Protector of the Poor and the Banker of the Faith*, which is based on the idea that God and Man, by means of faith, carry on a kind of trading. The divine promises are the Christian's bank-notes. A living faith will draw always upon the Divine Banker, who often discharges the bills at sight, and, at all events, much sooner than we have dared to hope. The spirit of prayer, he says, and a pressing need inspire the truly devout mind to address itself to Heaven's inexhaustible treasury. And he adds some narratives to illustrate the living hope and trust of the redeemed sinner, drawing thus upon his Creator; and the Divine Providence condescending, through unexpected windfalls, to honor every kind of draft which comes to Him upon the wings of prayer. The other book to which I shall allude is *The Voyage*, which is a spiritual voyage,

made by the author, on board the ship Grace—Jesus, Captain; bound for the city of Zion. Frequently buffeted by storms, the ship, nevertheless, doubles safely the Cape of Good Hope; but, when in sight of port, is attacked and captured by the pirate-vessel, Dissolution, Captain Death in command. At the moment, however, of the pirate's expected triumph, the thunder peals, and Heaven's lightnings smite the Dissolution from mast-head to keel; Death sinks in the sea; and the captives disembark, safe and radiant. One of the most celebrated of the allegorical shadow-lands of the romancist is *Le Pays de Tendre*, or Land of Tenderness, created by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and minutely described in her *Clélie*, wherein the map is explained to the Princess des Léontins. The Rosicrucian romance, *Les Entretiens du Comte de Gabalis* by the Abbé de Villars, to which Lord Lytton was indebted in his *Zanoni*, has an allegorical character. Then there are the *Relation de l'Ile Imaginaire*; and Sorel's *Description de l'Isle de Portraiture*; and Madame d'Aulnoy's *L'Ile de la Felicité*; Dixmérie's *L'Ile Taciturne et l'Ile Enjouée*; and Carraccioli's *Voyage de la Raison en Europe*. Usually, the allegorist places the scene of his little drama in an island, as, by so doing, he obtains free scope for his imagination, and more readily secures the reader's interest. Of political allegories, probably the most famous—its title, indeed, has passed into daily speech—is the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, which so imposed upon Budæus, that he gravely proposed to despatch a mission for the conversion of the inhabitants of More's imaginary island. It was begun, probably, in 1515, and completed early in the following year, toward the end of which it was printed at Louvain, under the supervision of Erasmus. Its first appearance in England was in an English translation by Ralph Robinson, 1551. The hero is a certain Raphael Hythlodæy—*βθλος, δαινος*, learned in small things—who, having accompanied Amerigo Vespucci on his voyages, does not return with him to Spain, but is left at Gulike, whence he continues his travels, and falls in with the hitherto undiscovered island of Utopia, or Nowhere. "The Republic of Plato," says Hallam, "no doubt furnished More with the germ of his perfect society; but it will be unreasonable to deny him the merit of having struck out the fiction of its real existence from his own fertile imagination; and it is manifest that some of his most distinguished successors in the same walk of romance, especially Swift, were largely indebted to his reasoning as well as inventive talents." The New Atlantis of Bacon was obviously suggested by the *Utopia*. It was never finished, and no comparison, therefore, can be instituted between it and its exemplar. The object in both is to describe an ideal state, the best mould of a commonwealth, which is also the object of James Harrington's *Oceana* (1656); but whereas More's ruling principle is that of a community of wealth, Harrington's is that of an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders: the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing, by an equal rotation, through the suffrage of the people given by ballot. *Oceana* is England, Marpesia Scotland, Panopœa Ireland, Corannus Henry the Eighth, Parthenia Queen Elizabeth, and Megaletor Cromwell. It is by no means a lively book; but some portions are ingenious, and all of it is worth reading. The Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Royalty of both Sexes, from the

New *Atalantis*, an island in the Mediterranean (1736), by Mrs. De La Rivière Manley, takes an allegorical form, but cannot be described with accuracy as an allegory. As Bishop Warburton says, it is distinguished by its "loose effeminacy of style and sentiment," and much of its scandal is now incomprehensible.

The Invalid—E. Lynn Linton—Wit and Wisdom

The profession of an invalid is of all others the most disastrous, and the invalid by profession is of all human beings the one to be most profoundly pitied. To the small substratum of fact in her derangement of health, she adds a monstrous superstructure of fancy. She lives in the contemplation of her symptoms; and her symptoms are of a kind to make short work of a Hercules if he had them. She has the most extraordinary complication of disorders—a very network of maladies running through every organ, and encompassing her, inside and out—so that what is good for one disease is bad for another, and thus a radical cure is impossible. And these symptoms, these diseases, come and go with such marvellous rapidity! At three o'clock an internal inflammation has set in with one of these invalids by profession—an inflammation so acute that she may not put her feet to the ground, nor rise from the sofa when her friend goes to visit her. At five she is up and out, taking a brisk walk on her own account; and the next day she wants to go up a mountain in the burning noon of a tropical summer's day. One day she cannot bear the glare from the road for a ten minutes' walk; another, she encounters that and the blinding dust for a two hours' drive, seated on the box next the coachman. Sometimes she cannot go up three flights of shallow stairs; at others she yearns for a vigorous companion to go fast up the steep hills which surround the valley where she has her temporary home. With nerves all on edge she drinks quarts of strong tea without milk or sugar. With, on occasions, the timidity of an *ingénue*, she goes to the crowded exposition unaccompanied, and elbows her way to and from the Eiffel Tower alone. It is all part of the same thing—that invalidism which comes and goes according to the mood of the moment and the desire of the invalid to do what she likes to do, and not to do what she does not like to do. And her profession makes the cloak, the *capuchon*, by which she hides the truth and puts on appearance. The profession of an invalid induces a selfishness which eats away the moral fibre of a character as cancer eats away the flesh. Accustomed to the exclusive consideration paid to weakness, the invalid by profession cannot live in the association which includes an equal kind of give and take. All must be arranged for her special convenience, else she is dispirited if she is of the sweeter sort, or cross if of the sourer. If any one has aught that is better than her own share she feels aggrieved and wronged. A larger room, a lighter window, the smallest good, is enough to undo the whole fabric of content. And when an invalid by profession is not content, other suffer. The intense egotism by which her nature is interpenetrated blinds her eyes to itself. It is only when we have a fault by halves that we are able to see it and condemn it. When we have it *en gros* we cannot judge of it at all. The windows of our soul are darkened and the light of conscience cannot penetrate. So with the selfishness of an invalid by profession—a chronic invalid—whose incessant self-contemplation makes her exaggerate her state and falsify her sensations, and

whose symptoms are three parts hysteria to one of unimportant fact. She is so accustomed to hold herself as a person different from others—as a person whose condition makes her even superior to others—that the consideration, the giving up, which we must all practise more or less according to circumstance, is utterly impossible to her. Her mind has become so weakened under the pressure of self-contemplation that she ends by having no moral stamina left in her. The barrenness of sacrifice to self spreads over all her inner being, and the generosity of love dies like a flower in the drought. She cannot love. She may like one person more than others; the one she likes being probably the one who best ministers to her self-worship. But love—love which means self-forgetfulness—self-giving—self-sacrifice—love which is the annihilation of self—of that, poor creature! she is as incapable as one paralyzed is incapable of swift motion or vigorous hitting. Such a person as this, as wife and mother, is a disaster quite as great as if she were other things more openly reprehensible. Incapable of love, her children do not hold her. The care they demand is tribute taken from herself; and she leaves them to those coarser creatures, nurses and governesses, who have no nerves, no mysterious symptoms, and are free from the network of maladies by which she is so fast bound. She passes the greater part of her day in her bedroom, with the door carefully locked, even against her maid. One of this kind was afflicted with some obscure disorder by which she could not sleep without the most appalling amount of opiate—nor wake with less than the application of an electric battery—nor put her feet to the ground were her very life in danger. She went out a great deal in society, but she went reclining on a picturesque *chaise longue* covered with lace and old brocade, which two tall footmen carried between them. She had a special carriage built for her and her *chaise longue*; and on this, with a face painted the ghastliest white, and eyes surrounded by deep lines of bistre color, she used to go to evening receptions and the like—looking as if she were a corpse for the moment imbued with speech and movement. One day her little son, looking through the keyhole of her locked door, cried out in joy: "Mamma is running about the room!" In the solitude of her own chamber, and when she thought herself absolutely secure, she flung off the mask of her invalidism by profession. The electric battery was not needed. The *chaise longue* was useless. There were no handsome young men to commiserate her with that pity which is so very near akin to love; no women to wish that they, too, could look so lovely in that half corpse-like condition—so much more fascinating than their own rude, robust, unsentimental health! She was alone, and could afford to be natural for the moment. She also needed the little exercise, which was all she had as a corrective to her long hours of reclining and inaction. But the child's untoward peeping spoilt all; and from this day forward she did really and seriously decline. She had lost the point of her life—the glory of her days—the distinction of her state. Henceforth she was a common mortal, like the rest; and her pampered vanity could not bear the fall. Perhaps, too, her irate husband was a little rough; her mother was a little hard; her friends were too openly contemptuous. Be that as it may, she pined and died; and the sorry play she had acted for the last few years with such success translated itself into a

tragic reality that left the histrionic pretence far behind. The pride of an invalid by profession is first, in the magnitude of her pains, the serious nature of her maladies, the dangerous condition of things in general, and the helpless natures of her disease, whatever it may be; secondly, in the heroic doses to which she has accustomed herself—doses big enough to give an elephant his quietus. Calomel is to her what salt is to others; prussic acid is a pleasant flavoring; strychnine is her familiar friend; cocaine is her refuge against the evil of a finger-ache. For small inconveniences, which those who are not invalids by profession bear without remark, she flies to one or other of these tremendous remedies. And she tells you, with a smile, of the number of grains she has just now lodged within her frail body. Half that number would have made you yourself shut your eyes to the things of this world once and forever. The worst of this habit of taking a remedy for every little ailment is the most cowardly inability to bear, not only pain, but mere discomfort—discomfort which would wear itself out in a few hours, and leave the system not a tittle the worse. It is dram-drinking turned the other way; and this incessant recourse to drugs for every small and insignificant disturbance weakens the moral fibre just as any other form of egotism weakens it. The law of suffering which applies to all sentient life, the invalid by profession resolves shall not apply to her. Her arm has not so much as a pin's head free from the punctures where she has injected morphia. On a sea like a millpond, where the worst sailor alive could not be ill with trying, she takes a formidable composing draught, unwilling to trust to the quietness of the elements and the safeguard of repose. If she dreads a sleepless night, she flies to her chloral bottle; if she has a passing twinge of rheumatism, neuralgia, what not, she pricks herself with morphia. She will not submit to the law of life as we others are obliged to submit to it, but makes an easy pathway for herself where the briars are soft as silk and the thorns do not scratch. But she makes a pathway along which Nemesis speeds, soon to come up with her. Neglecting the one grand law of endeavor, of struggle, she yields herself to the enemy. Her selfishness and self-indulgence bear fruit in her weakened will, her incapacity for endurance, her ruined courage, her impotent affections. Self is her idol, and that idol is of all the most destructive. Those who, by ties of blood and force of instinct, love her now and bear with her, die, and their place is not supplied by others. Friendship cannot surround one whose idea of friendship is to receive all and give back nothing. Her selfishness alienates healthy-minded people who have no love for falsehood and no sympathy with pretence. Servants alone can be found to bear the burden they are paid to bear, indemnifying themselves after their own fashion when in close conclave together. For herself she has lived, and she has at last only herself to love her. Even her children shrink from her and look at her curiously, their unspoiled instincts teaching them the truth. But exhortation fails with her; for how can she see the light when those windows of her soul are darkened? As we plant so must we gather. From the thorn of the desert can we pluck the sweet and ruddy grape for the wine which maketh glad the heart of man? Nor from selfishness can we garner love, esteem, or the joys of true friendship—and selfishness is the *raison d'être* of an invalid by profession.

IN THE STAR CHAMBER—THE COUNCIL OF THREE*

"Young man," quoth the doge, with voice subdued by emotion, and with every perception intent, "you stand before me in grievous peril. I am heartily sorry for it, since imprudence is less to be blamed upon you than upon my brother of Milan. I would gladly set you free, but it is too late—you will presently be required from me by an authority superior to mine. Profit by this moment, therefore, to tell me the words you bear from Sforza."

"Your Highness well knows," began Hermes, with earnestness, "the straits in which we of Milan stand through the double invasion we have to confront. Our army can face the French, for, however outnumbered, we have stout hearts and strong walls, and time saves many a beleaguered army. But therein lies the limit of our resistance. If the soldiers of Venice unite with those of France, we shall utterly perish. Therefore, in the name of Sforza, I beseech you refrain from doing us so grievous a hurt. Suffer a generous compassion at the calamities that beset one whom you called friend to move you, and give us respite; halt your troops, delay their march for two months, set them to plundering our cities if you will; but, as you honor the reputation of Italian arms, grant that when we face the French it be not as men who fight without hope."

"Woe is me," answered the doge, with veritable concern, "that I cannot do what you ask and what my desire would accord. But you know not Venice; the trouble of her neighbors has always been her opportunity—and is so now. The army has crossed your frontier; the provveditori watch the generals with jealous vigilance; what, then, can I, old, infirm, unable to leave this city, do to prevent their advance?"

"My uncle said, 'that which the righteous man steadfastly wills, the devil shall not prevent;' moreover, he wrote a certain letter——"

"Ay, truly," interposed the doge; "it was faithfully delivered me last night." Then, after laboring with a spasm that took him as often as that cipher letter was mentioned, he went on to say: "You may tell the Duke of Milan that, as I am a Christian, I will seek to halt the troops, even to the limit of risking my life in the attempt. Tell me further," he added, "of your other papers—were they taken from you?"

"Yes, everything upon me, permit, bills of exchange, purse, jewels, everything."

"No matter, all shall yet be well, provided you leave everything implicitly to my judgment."

Hermes was about to assent to this reassuring declaration, when an imperative summons was heard. Barbarigo's eyes fell at the sound, and his fingers trembled as they toyed with a long quill pen. Then, with abrupt resolution, he spoke as one who nerves himself for an excruciating ordeal.

"Hermes Sforza," he said, "this is a message from the council; we must not be found so many. Withdraw with my brother into the adjoining room, and

* From *Sforza, a Story of Milan*. By William Waldorf Astor. Scribner's Sons. Sforza, the usurper of Milan, has sent his nephew Hermes, and Narvaez, a fencing-master, disguised as banker's clerks, with a secret message to the Doge of Venice. The doge, a mere figure-head, is in terror of the infamous Council of Three, who hold absolute power over life and property. Hermes, arrested by them, is now before the doge, with his friend Narvaez.

confer with him upon the best means of departure. And you, good youth," he pursued, addressing Narvaez, "wait here; I have some special direction to give you as to the part that you shall play—draw near to me, so; when the door opens you must be found standing thus, receiving my commands."

And now the doge, being left alone with Narvaez, bade whoso knocked enter, and there appeared a messenger, who saluted Barbarigo with reverence, though, with malicious intention, leaving ajar the door, so that an officer and six halberdiers could be seen in the hall.

"What business brings you thus impetuously?" asked the doge, with abruptness of tone.

"I am ordered by the clerk of the council to ask the reason for which you, this morning, ordered the release of a prisoner named Hermes Sforza, accused of high treason, and to require his instant attendance."

"My proceeding will not fail to commend itself. That an unknown youth, and a stranger, should harbor designs against my life, seemed so incomprehensible, that, for my own honest information, I wished to question him in gentleness before he should pass to the sterner ordeal of the Inquisitors."

"It shall be so answered: now bid him follow me."

"One moment is needed to finish the inquiry, and by my faith it shall last no longer. What, man! think you I would release him, or fear you he can escape?"

The messenger yielded with ill grace.

When the doge turned from this colloquy, he perceived by the change in the bright young face that the sacrifice had been guessed. Barbarigo rose from his seat, caught Narvaez by the hand, and whispered: "You must go; you must take the place of Hermes Sforza. It seems to you a fearful thing, but so it must be. Bear a bold heart; fear not but I will work to save you as though you were my own flesh and blood."

"Why must I take Hermes' place?" asked Narvaez, whose lips quivered as he spoke.

"Because there is a terrible risk about that which otherwise awaits him—perhaps the question, possibly worse—see, I conceal nothing from you."

"But, again I ask, why put me in his place?"

"Because the devil's letter you thrust in my hand last night binds me to the Duke of Milan by an obligation I shudder to recall. It were an ill beginning, since I am to serve him, to let his nephew be done to death. You alone now can take the risk; you can pass for Sforza, for you will appear only before the Council, not one of whom has seen him. Make the best defence you can, and trust to me to secure your escape to-night."

"And Hermes?"

"Shall be out of Venice before the sun sets."

The young swordsman listened with a flush of color that died suddenly away; then, he resolutely answered: "Be it as you will, and if I perish—let it be said to Hermes that I met this danger willingly to save him."

* * * * *

The three councillors sat at a table whereon stood an ivory crucifix. Writing at a high desk was their clerk, and leaning indifferently near a rack, whose fearful shape occupied one side of the room, was an African slave; in his hand he held a metal ball, with whose peculiar construction he toyed with interest; it was, in

fact, a gag of improved workmanship, which, being thrust into the mouth of the person about to undergo the question, was, by the turn of a key, made to unfold to triple its size, thereby holding the sufferer's jaws distended and preventing an outcry. Before a window was a large arm-chair, above which, at a proper elevation, was firmly braced the celebrated helmet, which was the invention of Venice for summary execution. In it the head of the condemned was encased, and, at a signal, a turn of a wrench drove a long, sharp bolt deep into the base of the brain, severing the spinal column, and causing instantaneous death.

The three councillors, their clerk, and the negro looked up with a curious interest as the prisoner was conducted before them. His conductor scrupulously led him to a spot in the centre of the room, placed his cap in his bound hands, and withdrew, closing the door.

If Narvaez had not at first comprehended the imminence and extremity of the danger he accepted, he realized it now in standing before a tribunal distinguished for never leaning to the side of mercy. He knew that to confess was to incur immediate sentence of death, with no hope beyond Barbarigo's frail promise of rescue. To deny was to be ordered instantly upon the rack. He looked at the judges before him in their scarlet robes, and read an unflinching purpose upon the face of each; then he glanced at the secretary, trimming his pens, and at the slave still fingering his metal gag; then his eye rested upon the rack, and at sight of that appalling instrument the anguish of despair came over him in a thought of convulsed lips, and starting eyes, and lacerated flesh, and sobs and shrieks.

"Young man," began the elder and apparently the chief of the three, after a pause of silent scrutiny, "you come before us charged with the greatest offence known to the law of Venice. We are here to determine your punishment, and although the testimony setting forth your words and actions yesterday, corroborated by the forged and fictitious papers found upon you, leaves no doubt of your guilty purpose, yet such is the justice that rules the community against which you meditated a monstrous crime, that you shall not be deprived of a hearing nor of any form of law. But that you may know how vain were any pretence of equivocation, you shall hear read the declarations which sustain the charge."

The unhappy Narvaez listened in a horrible bewilderment to the formal accusation.

Once more his judge addressed him: "Do you acknowledge yourself to be the person charged with this plot?" he asked.

"Yes; I am Hermes Sforza, nephew to the Duke of Milan," answered the prisoner.

"And do you confess yourself guilty of the purpose to murder a harmless and defenceless old man?"

"What avails it to attempt a denial?"

"A denial!" echoed the Venetian; "nay, attempt it not. Beware how you tax our forbearance. Only the full truth can mitigate, in some slight degree, the measure of your deserts. You admit, then, your guilt?"

It was only the choice between mutilation of the rack, and the supreme penalty, and Narvaez realized that he signed his own death-warrant in answering, "I do."

"Perverted wretch! And what led you to such devilish malevolence?"

"The hope of saving Milan."

"You were not alone; your denouncers say you had a companion. Who was he?"

"A Spanish fencing-master named Narvaez."

The three councillors exchanged significant glances. Then the elder proceeded: "It is fortunate that you now repair your fault before the police in refusing to give his name; to show how futile was your boyish attempt to shield him, know that by searching your luggage, enough was learned to establish the identity of you both. But one point remains, and beware of subterfuge. Where is this fellow concealed?"

"Has he not been taken?" exclaimed Narvaez.

"Answer me not with a question," replied the judge severely, "and hesitate at your peril."

"I last saw him yesterday, at sunset, on the piazza. If he were not found at the osteria, he must have fled from Venice on hearing of my arrest."

"It is impossible for him to have passed the guards; tell me instantly the familiar haunts in which he may have sought hiding, or you shall speak upon the rack."

"O masters!" answered Narvaez, with a despairing wail, "dispose of me as you will; to every question I have spoken the truth, and, however you may mutilate my poor body, upon this matter I shall still know only that I was twelve hours in Venice; that we went to but one public house; that the commonest thoroughfare is unfamiliar to me, that it is impossible for me to know whither this youth may have betaken himself."

The inexorable face of the Venetian darkened with the sullen displeasure of one whose will brooks no denial. He turned to the expectant slave, and motioned a command. He stepped to Narvaez, grasped him by the shoulders, and pushed him to the rack.

At this moment the councillor who sat at the left of him who had conducted the interrogatory, and who had more than once shown impatience at the elaboration with which obvious conclusions were reached, interposed. He had been summoned in the gray of the morning from the bedside of his dying child, and even his spirit could be so far impressed as to abridge details and hang the accused with a short halter.

"What avails it," he exclaimed, "that we listen for an hour to the whimpering of this harebrained boy? Put him to something more intense than the rack—let him suffer the question in the first degree; in five minutes we will have truth and his vitals out together."

The slave paused, and the three Venetians engaged in a brief colloquy, at the end of which the senior of them, for the last time addressing Narvaez, said:

"Hermes Sforza, you are convicted by the evidence, and by your admission, of a crime whose punishment in every land is death. It is as vain to interrogate you upon the motives which induced your abominable resolve, as to question you further about your comrade. He will be taken, and of you, meanwhile a prompt example shall be made. The Council takes into consideration every circumstance for and against you, and passes judgment without passion. The directness of your answers spares you the question; and the honor of your name, however you individually may have soiled it, induces us to remit the penalties which a common criminal would suffer. Had you been a Venetian, we should have spared the state the shame of knowing the baseness of one of her sons, and have caused your instant execution before us. But, as a warning to foreign adventurers, our sentence is that you be returned to the cell whence you were brought, and that to-morrow, at the rising of the sun, you be taken, gagged as a malefactor, to the red pillars, and there strangled."

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

The Woman of Thirty-five—From London Society

Balzac has laid down the theory that a woman of thirty is at her most fascinating and dangerous age—dangerous, that is to say, to the hearts of men. Perhaps no writer understood his own countrywomen better than Balzac, and perhaps no writer has contributed to social philosophy so many cynical reflections on the sex in general. But Balzac's axioms would apply, as a rule, to a certain type of woman, a type less common, it is to be hoped, in England than in France. The spinster naturally would not enter into his calculations; and even in this country the unmarried girl who admits to having passed seven-and-twenty must be exceptionally circumstanced if she can boast of a large train of adorers. The blushing débutante may have things pretty well her own way, and is quite capable of seriously captivating the blasé man of the world, who frequently finds an agreeable piquancy in bread and butter, milk and rosebuds. She may indeed prove a more enduring delight to such a man than the frisky married women with whom the game of flirtation has hitherto been played with intense satisfaction. But the old-young girl is neither spring lamb nor Welsh mutton, and not all the garnishing possible will disguise her anomalous flavor or give her the charm of the daisies and the meadow. She has lost the freshness and the ingenuous frankness, and she has not gained the experience and finesse which would render her attractive to man; and unless she be well endowed in the matter of rank or worldly goods, and matrimony be solemnly contemplated, however agreeable an acquisition she may be to society, she does not find marked favor in the sight of the average masher. There is a class of woman, the woman who has entered the thirties, upon whose drama the curtain is not likely to fall for many a year yet. In all womanly honesty, it may be, she revels in the part of heroine and in the disturbances and agitations of which she is the cause. She will go on indefatigably playing her part and enjoying it, while the lights grow dim and the audience drops off and the *jeune premier* becomes wooden and indifferent. This kind of a woman must, as Landor puts it, "warm both hands at the fire of life." Her keenly strung temperament, alert sensibility, and magnetic power of attraction make her the centre of a perfect vortex of emotions. She takes intense pleasure in the storm and tumult of feeling that gathers round her. It gives a zest to existence which without it she would find insupportably tame. She does not mean to be cruel; she is not unprincipled. In many cases she herself suffers almost as much as her victims. But excitement, even that of suffering, is a necessity of her being, and she takes comfort in the thought that she, too, can exclaim, like Egmont, when the end comes, "I cease to live; but I have lived." And to this woman, thirty-five is the beginning of the end. To the ordinary woman of poetic tendencies, but no definite inclination toward the dramatic side of life, thirty-five is an age which cannot fail to bring with it a feeling of melancholy and dissatisfaction. It is an uncomfortable point of transition when the mind cannot dwell with any complacency upon past, present, or future. The illusions have gone, and the solid realities have not yet quite taken their

place. In dress, demeanor, and mental outlook a gradual and subtle readjustment has to be considered. It is felt necessary to practise a certain sedateness and dignity of bearing, which must not, however, be overdone, so as to appear affectation. Attentions which only the other day might have been attributed to the influence of personal beauty and fascination are to-day open at least to the suspicion of interested motives. Partners at balls are less persistent and fewer in number. The delicate aroma of flattery, once breathed as a matter of course, has become sensibly fainter. Amusement seems to drag, and the business of pleasure generally inspires a feeling of languor and depression. The woman of thirty-five is not yet bidden to step out of the arena and range herself among the spectators, but Nature has a disagreeable way of reminding her that the hour is approaching. It is as though the first chill breath of autumn which heralds the Indian summer were making itself felt. She will be fortunate indeed if her autumn of beauty brings with it the ripe graces, the tender associations and poetic suggestions which give to the season of decay its mellow charm.

The Fashion of Fainting—San Francisco Examiner

The fashion of fainting, like that of sloping shoulders, is a thing of the past. It had a long life, however, and for centuries the fainting heroine ruled the hearts of men. It was the correct thing for women to be weak and limp, fragile, and a slave to hysterics. Now these qualities are at a discount, and she who would win a manly adulation must be robust and energetic, self-contained, elastic, and, in a word, healthy. It is an interesting and curious task to turn over the pages of our earlier literature and especially its romantic branch, and to note what persistent fainters were the Evelinas and the Lauras and the Clarissas who delighted our grandfathers and melted our grandmothers to tears. They were forever repulsing the malevolent attentions of some bold, bad nobleman with all their tender strength, crying "Unhand me, sir!" and then losing consciousness. Swoon was written on every page and was the climax to every scene. It was the same in the playhouse, and even Shakespeare was not free from the weakness of adding to the charms of the heroines the feminine trick of fainting. Hermia on awakening in the woods calls out for Lysander, and when he does not reply declares she "swoons with fear." Celia in the Forest of Arden says: "I faint almost to death;" and when Rosalind is shown the bloody napkin she swoons. So does the Queen when Hamlet is pricked by the rapier of Laertes; while Philip Faulconbridge (in King John) bids Hubert tell his news, however bad it may be, saying: "I'm no woman; I'll not swoon at it." In all these examples, though, there is moderately good cause for fainting, and it is not until we come to the dramatists of the close of the last century and the early part of this that the fainting-for-nothing or fainting-for-everything creature bursts into full bloom. The dramatists, however, were rather inclined to poke fun at the swooners, and it was one of their stock methods to have the low comedy old woman ape the fainting affection of gentility. The great repository of fainting heroines was in the works of such sentimental novelists as Frances Burney (Mme. D'Arblay), Mrs. Inchbald,

Charlotte Smith, Ann Radcliffe, Miss Spier and Mrs. Brunton. The Emmelines, Ethelindas, Cecilias, Camillas, Geraldines, and Celestinas of these writers are the boss fainters of history. They fainted on all convenient and inconvenient occasions; at the least hint of anything that touched their tender sensibilities; at a moment's notice, or without a moment's notice; and the oftener they fainted the more charming were they. Not only was this fainting employed to enlist the reader's sympathies, it was also used as the sure and certain means of bringing the hero into the toils, and after the first fainting fit described the reader felt sure that the altar as the winning post was in sight. Whether the sentimental novelists of those days presented a picture of what was then fashionable, or whether they were responsible for creating the fashion, is a question of reflex action whose discussion need not be entered into here. It is certain, whichever way the cause and effect may have stood, that women of the fair, fragile, and fainting type were as common in real life as in fiction. Fainting was then one of the great resources of the gentle sex, and it was resorted to in the firm conviction that it had a telling effect on the sex which has always been gratified to call itself the stronger. Men adored helplessness in women, and women gave men the full measure of this adoration. The feebler the woman was the more adorable she. Good health was considered vulgar; strong nerves still more so, and strong minds the most vulgar thing of all. It was the height of fashion to be delicate and pale, and no woman could expect to be interesting who was expected to live long. The fainting frenzy was used in the unreal life of that time as a regular form of courtship as much as it was in the pages of sickly romances. Swooning at an opportune moment was one of the most effective methods of storming the masculine heart, and no man could long remain cold to the slimy damsel who understood the art of gracefully losing consciousness. One comical result of all this swooning and syncope was the growth of the carrier out. Men studied to excel in the delicious duty of resuscitating the dear limp creature with the same assiduity that the fellows of the present time practise lawn tennis or rack their brains over new figures for the german. He who would make a name for himself among the Evelinas and Priscillas had but one way to achieve that social distinction. It was peremptory that he should always be conveniently near when the fair charmer lost her balance, and it was upon the grace and dexterity with which he caught her ere she reached the floor or lifted her after she fell and bore her bravely off the scene that his success depended. The man who did attain that success secured a fame that went ahead of him, while damsels fainted along his line of march for the very honor of it; his own sex envied him and the other gave him its worship. The fainting days are not of such a very remote past, and a recent writer in an English magazine, in giving some recollections of his boyhood, which was passed before the present century had reached its second quarter, tells of a young lady who regularly fainted in church every Sunday morning, and was as regularly carried out by the young gentleman in the next pew. It is unnecessary to add that the two were married. The delicate heroine, notwithstanding her feebleness, lived long, and traces of her are to be found in Charles Dickens' earlier works. Then came the blessed change when men began to see that a

woman lost nothing of her womanliness by being sensible and strong. To-day man seeks for his companion a good walker as well as a good talker; a playfellow and a reasoner; a combination of feminine graces and brainy attributes. Moreover he has no difficulty in finding her, and he, and his children are all the better for the new order. Hysteria and vinaigrettes are dead, and it is to be hoped they will never be resurrected.

The Art of Dressing—From New York Sunday Sun

There is in one of the clubs up-town a gentleman of middle age whose style and bearing have earned for him the title of "the baron." He is always so beautifully dressed and so neat and careful in his attire that there is no company in New York in which he would be eclipsed by the dress of others. There would be nothing in this if he were a rich man, but he is not. His income is very small, and yet he has heavy responsibilities and lives generously, so the wonder of all who know him is how he makes both ends meet. To those who reason naturally the secret is an open one. In Paris the world might say "A duchess has taken a fancy to him." In England it would be whispered that he draws upon some rich relative. In New York the natural explanation would be that he is a good manager, and that is precisely what he is. He says of himself that he has learned to dress well on what the ordinary clerk spends on his clothing. It is not often that such a man talks of how he accomplishes on a little money what is easily done only with wealth, but it happened the other day that the baron talked freely and frankly about his methods to a young friend who found him just in the mood. "Starting with my hat," said he, "my first rule is to take care of it. If it is a silk hat I rarely use a brush on it. I keep it in the best condition by brushing it with a pad of plush. Silk hats are a luxury, though. They are not at all essential; in fact, if they are distinctive at all it is in the line of vulgarity. In Europe they mark the gentleman; in New York the gambler and the pothouse politician. But a poor man has to consider their cost, and that is excessive, because a silk hat is worse than none at all if it is out of style, and the styles change constantly. I wear derby hats for just that reason. In five years their shape does not change materially. Do you know that it is not necessary to get them in Broadway? The derby of to-day is made precisely the same shape for Church street or Eighth avenue hatters as it is for Broadway dealers, and I get a hat for \$3 precisely like the one you pay \$5 for. I may be vain enough to take the Church street label out of it and put in its place a little bit of silk with my initials embroidered in it, but if I do so it is a bit of weakness. The main point with a derby is, never brush it with a stiff brush. No felt hat will stand a stiff brush. Wipe it with the sleeve of an old coat or brush it with a soft brush and it will last you five years. But never fail to brush or wipe it on a single day, for dust ages a hat in dry weather and stains it in wet. Never buy a made-up scarf. They are as good as any others if you think so, but men of taste do not so regard them. They are the most expensive scarfs after all. If you buy a good scarf to make up yourself you will find that it will last a dozen times as long as a factory article already made up, besides keeping you in good form. A scarf that you tie yourself is not always worn in one position. You can keep on shifting the exposed part around so that your scarf looks well to the last. Now, as to my linen. I get it

in the women's shopping stores. I follow the fashions to a dot at less than half what my companions pay. Getting shirts made to order is a vain-glorious dissipation of the wealthy. I get as good shirts for \$1 each as they pay \$3.50 for; as good collars for 18 cents as they pay 35 for. I realize as well as you do that the perfectly dressed man is he who has his shirts made with collars attached, but I cannot afford them. Yet no one suspects or can tell that I do not do so. As to my suits of outer clothes I have two plans that save me a great deal of money and keep me looking well. I am stout enough to make it difficult for me to keep a vest from wrinkling. How to keep waistcoats in shape is the problem of a stout man's life. I have solved it. I order my tailor to sew a piece of steel in the front of it. A steel band, such as is put in the front of a woman's corset, is what I order used, and this I have sewed into my vests under the buttons. It does not show, but it serves to hold the buttons exactly in place, and therefore the front of the garment cannot wrinkle. My other trick is a peculiar one. It is with my trousers. I never buy a pair of trousers without first noting the character of the wrong side of the cloth. If it is cloth that will turn I buy it. Then when the trousers begin to lose their shape and to bag at the knees or to lose their color and gloss I take them to a little tailor on a side street and have him turn them inside out for me. In that way I get a pair of trousers for \$3. Now, as to my shoes. What I have found out about shoes is for the rich to heed as well as the poor. I always buy them one size too large, and I always keep two or three pairs on hand. I never have a shoe mended, except as to its sole and heel. A man who wears a patch on his shoe is as devoid of pride as a man who would steal. I can tell those who have worn patches why my plan is more economical than theirs. In the first place, if you get a shoe one size too large it will keep its shape as long as it lasts, and to the end it will be as you bought it. A shoe that is the right size when you buy it quickly loses its shape. It must do so, because the foot works down and forward into a shoe, and there needs to be room there for this process. If the shoe is the right size there will be no room fore and aft, as the sailors say, so that the foot accommodates itself by spreading the shoe sidewise. The result is a flat, broad mass of leather, with the usual accompaniment of a big bulge or lump over the big toe. But if you buy a shoe one size too large (half an inch) the foot and shoe accommodate one another, and in two or three days your foot fills the shoe without spreading it or raising any projections on its surface. But always have two or three pairs of shoes on hand, and, if possible, manage to get each new pair three or six months before you need to wear them. This sounds very fussy, I know, but it is not at all so once you start right. And there are the best of reasons for it. The trouble with all American leather is that it is cured and marketed too quickly. It does not last. But if you get a pair of shoes and let them stand in the atmosphere of a house for a few months they will outlast two pairs that are put on and worn as soon as they are purchased. Have two pairs for constant use, and never wear the same pair two days in succession if you can help it. Every foot perspires more or less, and every shoe is damp when it is taken off. Ten to one it has been more or less wet on the sidewalks and crossings. If you wear a shoe constantly it never gets a chance to

dry, and the leather rots and wears out in half its natural lifetime. I have found that by my plan I do not wear out as many shoes in two years as I used to use in one year, and my shoes look well in the bargain. Oh, I forgot to say on the subject of coats that it is cheaper to have two at once than to buy one and wear it out and then buy another. Always give your coats plenty of time to hang themselves straight. Have one for the day time and one for the night, and when you take a coat off do not hang it on a hook. That is cruel and barbarous. Have a coat-hanger or two—one of those creations of brass wire that go across the top of the coat and allow it to hang as it ought to. You had better always keep an old coat for house wear. There is no need to wear out good clothes in your billiard-room or library, or in your boarding-house or wife's sitting-room. Shave yourself. I have little respect for a man who dawdles a twelfth of his life away in a barber-shop waiting his turn to be pawed, and cross-examined, and chattered at by an upstart with a razor. Many men agree with me, but say they never can learn to shave themselves. I used to think so. My beard is very stubborn and I thought I never could master it. I went to a dozen men to learn the secret of self-shaving. Now I have shaved for years, and can tell you there is no secret about it. It is wholly a matter of practice, and the only thing to do is to get good razors (at least three or four) and a good strop, and shave and shave until you know how, both how to handle and how to keep a razor. If it is not as simple as falling off a log it is at least as simple as climbing upon one. But fine feathers do not make all there is of fine birds. Your face and hands must look well or your good clothes are thrown away on you. Keep in your bedroom a little pot of cold cream and a big, open-mouthed jar of corn-meal or Indian-meal. Every night rub a little cold cream on your face. Rub it in well, and then wipe it off the skin without wiping it out of the skin. The heat of our houses and buildings generally bakes the human face, and it needs a corrective. When you wash your hands soap them well, and then put a teaspoonful of corn-meal in the palm of one hand and rub both hands together, backs and fronts. Then wash the soap and meal off, and if you are not proud of the appearance and feeling of your hands you are beyond the reach of pride. Another beauty of this plan is that he who follows it never will have chapped or rough hands. Remember this, that whether you rub or wipe your face do so with an upward motion. The general custom, and natural one, of wiping downward sags the loose skin of the face into wrinkles and ages a man before his time. Rub up, rub up—it is one of the greatest secrets of life. If your hair is thin, or even if it is not, always brush it well. Spend time at it. Use a stiff brush. Brush your scalp till it feels tender. There is no hair restorative like a stiff, close hair-brush vigorously employed. Just so with your body. Never mind about too much bathing, but conscientiously give yourself constant and hard rubbing with a body brush or a rough towel every night and every morning. It will make a young man of an old one.

Growing at the Garter—From the London Truth

There is no better way for doctors to get their names well before the public than by abusing time-honored garments of their lady patients. "We know how the stays have been pulled about by medical critics," said an authority on dress recently, "and how they have

held their own and kept their shape in spite of their opponents. I now hear that English doctors at a recent congress have been handling garters roughly on the pretext that they injure the circulation of the blood. But how are stockings to be worn if garters are to be discarded? As our foremothers for centuries were gartered, and only a few complained of varicose veins, it strikes me that the evil lies not so much in the wearing of the garter as in the way in which it is worn. It may be a loose fit (which does just as well to keep the stocking from falling or getting wrinkled at the ankles) or it may be a tight fit, which, of course, is injurious. I have been interviewing a couple of weavers of surgical stockings for persons troubled with varicose veins. Would it surprise you to hear that the greater number of their customers never wore garters since their childhood, they being of the non-gentle sex! Perhaps this is because sons take after their mothers, and inherit their acquired weaknesses in exaggerated forms. Nor is it persons who walk the most that want these special stockings. The demand for them is chiefly made by full-fed men who lead sedentary lives and drink more wine than is good for them. A wearer of the anti-varicose stocking feels worse after a series of dinner parties, when the tempting varieties of the menu lead him to indulge too freely in the pleasures of the palate. It is rather odd that the crusade against the garter has not been made at a ladies' congress. My notion was that it belonged to the topics which should only be discussed at Eleusis, until I found that a congress of doctors took it up. I have been round to museums to ascertain to what remote antiquity we owe the garter. Chatelaines, in the Gothic times, before knitting was invented, used to wear in cold weather gaiters made of warm stuffs covered with silk embroidery, and laced at the sides. "I fancy that stockings were rarities when the Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter, to the scandal of the ladies of Queen Philippa's Court, and that the few which were displayed there came from Flanders, and were lacy-looking articles. An antiquarian has been showing me an old Flemish garter in goffered leather, with a handsomely embossed silver clasp, representing St. Martin and the beggar. What that high-spirited and generous saint had to do with garters my friend is at a loss to think. Garters, at any rate, were not so hidden as is generally supposed when Edward III. instituted a guard of honor for those of the Countess of Salisbury. They were shown by ladies who went out riding to hawk. When the side-saddle later came in it did not involve the use of the long riding habit, and so the leg-gear meant to be used on horseback became of more costly and curious workmanship. Brantôme casts side lights on the grand and proper dames who were aided by their valets-de-chambre to dress for the hunting field and were particular in learning from them how their *chausses* (shorts), *chau-setts* (stockings), and garters impressed them. A garter was adorned with armorial bearings or with fanciful conceits. They were often richly jewelled and might have served as armlets for knights who gloried in displaying such tokens. At weddings brides' garters were cut up and the pieces given to the young men who attended. They wore them as decorations. In Italy and the South of Spain, when stockings came in there, daggers were stuck by the wearers thereof into their garters in sign that they wanted no order of chivalry to defend them. A very beautiful English lady whom I

knew tried some years ago to revive this fashion in Florence. Her husband had deserted her, and she had to go about with a kind of *cavalier servante*. As she spoke much of her dagger, sometimes allowed part of it to be seen, and was lovely as she could be, she found imitators. But they were not Lucretias. The garter, I find, is becoming more than ever an *objet de luxe*. When it is so, it is got up with exquisite taste. There are garter *écrins* for dressing tables as there are bracelet *écrins*. Jewelry enters into the arrangement of elastic band and quilted silk. So does skilled needle-work. I am told that the article de Paris which is to top the market at the opening of 1890 will be the garter. In the United States there is a movement in favor of ribbed socks for ladies. Those who promote it must have lovely skins. I do not see why the sock should not dethrone the long stocking. There is really no indecency in going without stockings, as every one must have observed who has watched the humors of a French watering place where there are extensive sands. Canvas buskins protect the feet, but legs are bare and the skirts are trundled up to the knees. French seigneurs who went to England to enjoy themselves at the court of the merry monarch, extolled the beauty of the bare legs which they saw at Tunbridge Wells. English farmers and shopkeepers' daughters then preferred to go without stockings when they could not get them of the finest quality, and in their neatly-made shoes and short, tidy skirts, they presented an agreeable contrast to the French women who wore clumsy hosiery and clumsier sabots. Under Louis XIV. fine lords were as handsomely gartered as Court belles, who, however, did not show their garters unless when they made journeys on horseback in masculine habiliments. This mode of travelling was not unusual, the roads being too bad for carriages, and the side-saddle being fatiguing to the horse. I dare say the garter will look up wherever there are lady cyclists. It need not press against the limb. Why not wear stockings wrinkled, like the mousquetaire gloves of Sarah Bernhardt? To do so would do away with the temptation to have tight garters.

Gossip Delsartean—Dress and Speech—N. Y. Herald

Among the most famous of London studios is that of Felix Moscheles in Cadogan square. It is hung with rare stuffs, furnished with art treasures and peopled at times with the great of the world. It was within the precincts of this temple of art that Henrietta Russell delivered during the London season her poetical lecture, or rather talk, upon the principles and practical benefits of Delsartean art. Londoners are not a graceful set. Their women are best in the row or in the ballroom. Their street and tea costuming are often quite bad, but a habit or party grown shows their fine figures to advantage. Mrs. Russell taught them how to design and wear properly an art gown, imparting to its classic folds the same expression of style which Redfern or Nillson give to their tailor-made garments. Liberty makes some quite bad things, and Stevens, a graduate from Liberty, fails at times in properly costuming his customers, of whom Mrs. Burnett is one of the most extravagant. This may be the fault of the designer or of the wearer. Mrs. Burnett, a petite woman, is always overloaded with clothes. In her toilets she carries out the idea of that clever speech of hers, "One should buy lace by the mile, not by the yard." Mrs. Russell teaches the harmony of gowning and its relations to complexion and physique. Certain white-skinned, dark-

haired women look well in black, but it ages any woman who has passed thirty. It deepens shadows in the face and throws character lines into bolder relief. Certain lines come with time and time forms character, but it is needless to advertise one's age by means of black gowning. Bernhardt, that queen of good dressers, realizes this, and spangles her crape with jet. Mrs. Langtry looked her oldest in the death agony of Lena Despard as she trailed some costly black stuffs over the stage. It is rarely that either of these actresses is seen in black. Mrs. Kendal looks well in a magnificent black gown as Susan, but the bodice is low cut and of velvet. Her jettied gown for Claire in the Ironmaster, which the actress declares cost a lot of money, ages her quite ten years. Mrs. Russell's ideas regarding diamonds are that they age a woman and detract from the brilliancy of her best points—eyes and teeth. Why should one tip the ear with diamond fire that holds the gaze from its curves and coloring? The pearl is of all gems the likeliest to soften the face, but every woman ought to study which jewels suit her tints and expression and make a collection of them. It is chic to have a special jewel, as Mrs. Langtry has the turquoise, or Agnes Huntington the sapphire. As to rings, Mrs. Russell thinks that many or none should be worn. An exquisite hand requires no jewels, but the charm of one less perfect in shape, if it be white, is enhanced by a blaze of gems. Mrs. Burnett's fancy runs to rings, but among her choicest ones may always be seen the cold gleam of a tiny moonstone, the gift of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and upon which Mrs. Burnett imagines turned the tide of her fortunes, as great luck followed the gift. Sarah Bernhardt cared but little for jewels, except in clasps and girdles. Mrs. Russell insists that the swaying grace, the tigress-like spring of this bundle of nerves and mistress of eccentricities was acquired from Delsarte. Most graceful women who face public audiences are without stays. Contrary to French custom Bernhardt does not wear them, neither does Mrs. Russell, who relinquished them for health, and continues without them for comfort and artistic effect. This charming exponent of Delsarte believes the best effect in dress and motion to be obtained by wearing silken tights or flannel combination suits, with the silken or muslin petticoat cut princesse and fitting the figure from the neck down. The gown is of similar cut, with drapery according to taste or becomingness arranged upon it. A secret of artistic dressing is to match the hair as nearly as possible for day and the eyes for evening wear, the idea being that if a woman have golden-brown or the copper-colored locks of high fashion let her produce an all-over effect by drapery and veiling and head gear of the same shade. It is startling, but quite swell. It is a mistake to think that correct drapery and softly flowing robes increase the apparent bulk of the figure. Mme. Blavatsky, the seeress of theosophy, a woman of huge proportions, becomes graceful and almost majestic in her simple flowing robe of black satin or of some Eastern stuff. Salvini's artistic robes as Samson do not materially increase his massive proportions. As has been aptly remarked, a stout woman looks her worst and shows each line of her bad figure in stays and close-fitting gowns. The Easterns, who understood the art of poetic dressing, wore flowing robes, designed with a view to comfort and graceful effect. An Oriental robe of camel's hair, richly embroidered like an Indian shawl, is so designed that the fronts lap

over one another like points. These swing awkwardly in standing, but when seated they follow the curves of the figure. As the Easterns usually are seated, this design was quite correct. These Indian princes had decided views about English life and English women. When taken to parties they were shocked to see the ladies' faces and shoulders uncovered, and the scandals of the British nobility horrified them. When Mr. Russell walked along Regent street with them, after one of their first Delsartean lessons, they were impressed by the women looking in the shop windows. "That is the cause of so much divorce among you," one of them said. "It is the perpetual shopping of your women. Clothes bring discontent into your homes." These young Indian princes were most apt in catching all the grace of the Delsartean movements. They declared it to be like the native grace of the Nautch dancers. Delsarteism is natural grace of motion and expression. It is tuning the instrument. Nature gives grace to her creations, and the exponents of Delsarte teach us to give expression to that grace. Even the elephant is graceful despite its bulk. Its trunk is ever in swaying motion and its tread is light. One secret of Salvini's marvellous acting is the grand sweep of his eyes, as they seem to take in the entire scene and overreach all that is within it. One reason why Lady Wilde is the most skilful hostess in London is that she looks directly at her guests, and each one feels the mark of her especial favor as the grand old lady takes him or her out to chocolate. Mrs. Burnett's failure as a conversationalist and hostess arises from the opposite course. Lady Dorothy Nevill's eye is an important factor in her imitable power of entertaining. On the contrary, Mme. Ouida, as she prefers to be called, has an underbred habit of looking at any other object in the salon than the person to whom she speaks, when she does descend to speak, in that queer, peacock-like voice of hers. The authoress practises this bad form from a desire to publicly snub people who attempt civility toward her. It is within her power to be remarkably agreeable and even fascinating upon private occasions. At a swell dinner party in London Ouida spoke only to her host and Rider Haggard, her escort, whom she told she was bored and desired her carriage as early as possible. Rider Haggard declared her to be the worst dressed woman in the room. She wore a French gown of pale blue silk and crêpe, carried an immense fan of blue feathers and looked quite as presentable as a woman with a straight cut bang and square chopped-off hair behind could look. To the amiable remark of a lady on presentation that every one knew Mme. Ouida by her books, she vouchsafed the reply that Mme. Ouida would regret to know every one who knew her. A popular *mot* about the famed writer is that she received the information of her Florentine villa being on fire with a shrug and the hope that her people would at least save Lord Lytton's letters. Ouida's star has been steadily declining for years and she is not rich. She desires to write a play and has fixed upon Mary Anderson as the one for whom to write it. The authoress' crankiness on this occasion was so marked and brutally insulting that upon her departure the hostess closed the drawing-room door, with a look at her other guests which indicated forcibly that it was forever shut against Mme. Ouida. The novelist's face might be fairly described as a cross between that of George Eliot and Savonarola, with the balance of good looks in favor of Ouida.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

Evening in Arabia—*Mickiewicz*—Trans. by R. Garnett

Crowds stream out from the mosques, the Izan's sound
Dies in the evening's hush; the western skies
Crimson like virgins; rising silver-crown'd,
The queenly Moon to Night's embraces hies;
Those deathless odalisques of heaven's hareem,
The stars, unveil; a lonely cloud is roll'd
Past by the wind, as bears an azure stream
A sleeping swan's white plumage fringed with gold.
Cypress and minar shades here blended lie;
Here giant rocks high council seem to keep,
Like Eblis' senate, glooming all the mead,
Sometimes a lightning, kindling by their steep,
Furrows the silent space of sapphire sky,
Like a lone Arab flying on his steed.

Memory—*Chas. L. Hildreth*—*The Masque of Death*

What we miscall our life is Memory:
We walk upon a narrow path between
Two gulfs—what is to be, and what has been,
Led by a guide whose name is Destiny;
Beyond is sightless gloom and mystery,
From whose unfathomable depths we glean
Chaotic hopes and terrors, dimly seen;
Reflections of a past reality.
Behind, pursuing through the twilight haze,
The phantom people of the past appear;
Hope, happiness and sorrow, fruitless strife,
And all the loved and lost of other days;
They crowd upon us closer year by year,
Till we as phantoms haunt some other life.

Earthquake—*Edgar Fawcett*—*Poems*

A giant of awful strength, he dumbly lies
Far-prisoned in the solemn deeps of earth;
The sinewy grandeur of his captive girth,—
His great-thewed breast, colossally-moulded thighs,
And arms thick-rope with muscle of mighty size,
Repose in slumber where no dream gives birth
For months, even years, to any grief or mirth;
A slumber of tranquil lips, calm-lidded eyes!
Yet sometimes to his spirit a dream will creep
Of the old glad past when clothed in dauntless pride
He walked the world, unchained by tyrannous powers;
And then, while he tosses restlessly in sleep,
Dark terrible graves for living shapes yawn wide,
Or a city shrieks among her tottering towers!

On a Lute Found in a Sarcophagus—*Edmund Gosse*

What curled and scented sun-girls, almond eyed,
With lotus blossoms in their hands and hair,
Have made their swarthy lovers call them fair,
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
And love-winds smote Bubastis, and the bare
Black breasts of carven Pasht received the prayer
Of suppliants bearing gifts from far and wide!
This lute has outsung Egypt; all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded.

To a Nightingale—*Paget Toynbee*—*The Academy*

Sing on, sweet bird, pour out thy soul among
Yon darkling woods, and flood the vacant air
With thy rich melody! Thou knowest no care
As yet, no memories of thine ancient wrong
Sadden thee now; the brimming thoughts that throng
About thy heart, and prompt thy love-lay, wear
No tinge of woe as yet—thou hast laid bare
Thy heart to love, love's rapture thrills thy song.
Sweet bird, sing on! too soon thy happy mood
Must change, thy song must fade, and thou wilt know
That love grows cold; and, voiceless, thou shalt brood
Upon that bitter past of long ago,
Till at grief's bidding thy wild song renewed
Burst forth once more—an ecstasy of woe!

The Harlequin of Dreams—*Sidney Lanier*—*Poems*

Swift through some trap mine eyes have never found,
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of sleep,
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then sight and sound,
Then space and time, then language, mete and bound,
And all familiar forms that firmly keep
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
Betwixt the legs, and mock the daily round.
Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears
At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign
Thou hast a heart; and oft thy little leaven
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
I think thou'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!

Nemesis—*Thomas W. Higginson*—*Christian Union*

The stern processional ascends the steep
Of high Olympus, and the kings of song
With ceaseless note the antiphony prolong
Of those who robe in sackcloth. Sad and deep
Their voices who the unchecked remembrance keep
Of wandering passion. Fearlessly and strong
Did Shakespeare wail the expense of spirit's wrong,
And Burns the woe that popped pleasures reap.
Easier for human hearts to bear a pain
Than to forego the rapture that they miss.
Men may repent, but how can they forget?
Sin's retribution dwells in longings vain:
Not in remorse, but in the wild regret
And helpless yearning for disastrous bliss.

A Mask of Gold—*E. W. Shurtleff*—*Boston Transcript*

Rich satins decked her form with charms elate,
Her step was grand, her features cold, her mien
As high as that of any jeweled queen.
Admiring throngs dropped roses at her gate,
Where liveried servants stood in humble wait.
But hush! Death came, a silent guest unseen,
He stilled the scene where revelry had been,
And wot the proud to mourn in icy state.
She left her glory to the greedy world,
Her gilded halls, her treasures impeared;
But while her golden knell on earth was tolled,
Her long neglected soul, with penury shod,
Disguised no more in shining masks of gold,
Stood like a beggar pleading alms of God.

HAPPINESS—THE SOVEREIGN STRENGTH OF LOVE*

It was tea-time, before the appearance of the lamps. The villa commanded the sea; the sun, which had disappeared, had left the sky all rosy from his passing—rubbed, as it were, with gold-dust; and the Mediterranean, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth, still shining under the dying day, seemed like a huge and polished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains outlined their black profile on the paled purple of the west.

We talked of love, we discussed that old subject, we said again the things which we had said already very often. The sweet melancholy of the twilight made our words slower, caused a tenderness to waver in our souls; and that word "love," which came back ceaselessly, now pronounced by a strong man's voice, now uttered by the frail-toned sweet voice of a woman, seemed to fill the little salon, to flutter there like a bird, to hover there like a spirit.

Can one remain in love for years in succession?

"Yes," maintained some.

"No," affirmed others.

We distinguished cases, we established limitations, we cited examples; and all, men and women, filled with rising and troubling memories, which they could not quote, and which mounted to their lips, seemed moved, and talked of that common, that sovereign thing, the tender and mysterious union of two beings, with a profound emotion and an ardent interest.

But all of a sudden some one, whose eyes had been fixed upon the distance, cried out:

"Oh! Look down there; what is it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the horizon, loomed up a mass, gray, enormous and confused.

The women had risen from their seats, and without understanding, looked at this surprising thing which they had never seen before.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica! You see it so two or three times a year, in certain exceptional conditions of the atmosphere, when the air is perfectly clear, and it is not concealed by those heavy mists of sea-fog which always veil the distances."

We distinguished vaguely the mountain ridges, we thought we recognized the snow of their summits. And every one remained surprised, troubled, almost terrified, by this sudden apparition of a world, by this phantom risen from the sea. Maybe that those who, like Columbus, went away across undiscovered oceans had such strange visions as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had not yet spoken:

"See here: I knew in that island which raises itself before us, as if in person to answer what we said, and to recall to me a singular memory—I knew, I say, an admirable case of love which was true, of love which, improbably enough, was happy. Here it is:

"Five years ago I made a journey in Corsica. That savage island is more unknown and more distant from us than America, even though you see it sometimes from the very coasts of France, as we have done to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos, imagine a storm of mountains separated by narrow ravines where

torrents roll; not a single plain, but immense waves of granite, and giant undulations of earth covered with brushwood or with high forests of chestnut-trees and pines. It is a virgin soil, uncultivated, desert, although you sometimes make out a village, like a heap of rocks, on the summit of a mountain. No culture, no industries, no art. One never meets here with a morsel of carved wood, or a bit of sculptured stone, never the least reminder that the ancestors of these people had any taste, whether rude or refined, for gracious and beautiful things. It is this which strikes you the most in their superb and hard country: their indifference to that search for seductive forms which is called Art.

"Italy, where every palace, full of masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself; Italy, where marble, wood, bronze, iron, metals, and precious stones attest man's genius, where the smallest old things which lie about in the ancient houses reveal that divine care for grace—Italy is for us the sacred country we love, because she shows us and proves to us the struggle, the grandeur, the power, and the triumph of the intelligence which creates.

"And, face to face with her, the savage Corsica has remained exactly as in her earliest days. A man lives there in his rude house, indifferent to everything which does not concern his own bare existence or his family feuds. And he has retained the vices and the virtues of savage races; he is violent, malignant, sanguinary without a thought of remorse, but also hospitable, generous, devoted, simple, opening his door to passers-by, and giving freely his faithful friendship in return for the least sign of human sympathy.

"So, for a month, I had been wandering over this magnificent island with the sensation that I was at the end of the world. No more inns, no taverns, no roads. You gain by mule-paths hamlets hanging up, as it were, on a mountain-side, and commanding tortuous abysses whence of an evening you hear rising the steady sound, the dull and deep voice, of the torrent. You knock at the doors of the houses. You ask a shelter for the night and something to live on till the morrow. And you sit down at the humble board, and you sleep under the humble roof, and in the morning you press the extended hand of your host, who has guided you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"Now, one night, after ten hours' walking, I reached a little dwelling quite by itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on. The two steep slopes of the mountain, covered with brush, fallen rocks, and great trees, shut in this lamentably sad ravine like two sombre walls.

"Around the cottage were some vines, a little garden, and, farther off, several large chestnut-trees—enough to live on; in fact, a fortune for this poor country.

"The woman who received me was old, severe, and neat—exceptionally so. The man, seated on a straw chair, near the door, rose to salute me, then sat down again without saying a word.

His companion said to me:

"Excuse him, monsieur, he is deaf now. He is over eighty-two years old."

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised.

"I asked her:

"You are not of Corsica?"

* From The Odd Number—Thirteen tales by Guy de Maupassant. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

"She answered:

"No; we are from the Continent. But we have lived here now fifty years."

"A feeling of anguish and of fear seized me at the thought of those fifty years passed in this gloomy hole, so far from the cities where human beings dwell. An old shepherd returned, and we began to eat the only dish there was for dinner, a thick soup in which potatoes, lard, and cabbages had been boiled together.

"When the short repast was finished, I went and sat down before the door, my heart pinched by the melancholy of the mournful landscape, wrung by that distress which sometimes seizes travellers on certain sad evenings, in certain desolate places. It seems that everything is near its ending—existence, and the universe itself. You perceive sharply the dreadful misery of life, the terrible isolation of every one, the nothingness of all things, and the black loneliness of the heart which nurses itself and deceives itself with dreams until the very hour of death.

"The old woman rejoined me, and, tortured by that curiosity which ever lives hidden at the bottom of the most resigned of souls:

"So you come from France?" said she.

"Yes; I'm travelling for pleasure."

"You are from Paris, perhaps?"

"No, I am from Nancy."

"It seemed that an extraordinary emotion agitated her. How I saw, or rather felt it, I do not know.

"She repeated, in a slow voice:

"You are from Nancy?"

"The man appeared in the door, impassable, like all the deaf. She resumed:

"It doesn't make any difference. He can't hear."

"Then, at the end of several seconds:

"So you know people at Nancy?"

"Oh, yes, nearly everybody."

"The family of Sainte-Allaize?"

"Yes, very well; they were friends of my father."

"What are you called?"

"I told her my name. She regarded me fixedly, then said, in that low voice which is roused by memories:

"Yes, yes; I remember well. And the Brismares, what has become of them?"

"They are all dead."

"Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you know them?"

"Yes, the last of the family is a general."

"Then she said, trembling with emotion, with anguish, with I do not know what, feeling confused, powerful, and holy, with I do not know how great a need to confess, to tell all, to talk of those things which she had kept shut in the bottom of her heart, and to speak of those whose name distracted her soul:

"Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother."

"And I lifted my eyes at her, aghast with surprise. And all of a sudden my memory of it came back.

"It had caused, once, a great scandal among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, beautiful and rich, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under-officer in the regiment of hussars commanded by her father.

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he carried his blue dolman very well, this soldier who had captivated his colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him, fallen in love with him, doubtless while watching the squadrons filing by.

But how she had got speech of him, how they had

managed to see one another, to hear from one another; how she had dared to let him understand she loved him—that was never known.

"Nothing was divined, nothing suspected. One night when the soldier had just finished his time of service, they disappeared together. Her people looked for them in vain. They never received tidings, and they considered her as dead.

"So I found her in this sinister valley.

"Then in my turn I took up the word:

"Yes, I remember. You are Mlle. Suzanne."

"She made the sign 'yes,' with her head. Tears fell from her eyes. Then with a look showing me the old man motionless on the threshold of his hut, she said:

"That is he."

"And I understood that she loved him yet, that she still saw him with her bewitched eyes.

"I asked:

"Have you at least been happy?"

"She answered with a voice from her heart:

"Oh yes! very happy. He has made me very happy. I have never regretted."

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, astounded by the sovereign strength of love! That rich young lady had followed this man, this peasant. She was become herself a peasant woman. She had made for herself a life without charm, without luxury, without delicacy of any kind, she had stooped to simple customs. And she loved him yet. She was become the wife of a rustic, in a cap, in a cloth skirt. Seated on a straw-bottomed chair, she ate from an earthenware dish, at a wooden table, a soup of potatoes and of cabbages with lard. She slept on a mattress by his side.

"She had never thought of anything but of him. She had never regretted her jewels, nor her fine dresses, nor the elegancies of life, nor the perfumed warmth of the chambers hung with tapestry, nor the softness of the down-beds where the body sinks in for repose. She had never had need of anything but him; provided he was there, she desired nothing.

"Still young, she had abandoned life and the world and those who had brought her up, and who had loved her. She had come, alone with him, into this savage valley. And he had been everything to her, all that one desires, all that one dreams of, all that one waits for, all that one hopes for without end. He had filled her life with happiness from the one end to the other.

"She could not have been more happy.

"And all the night, listening to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier stretched on his pallet beside her who had followed him so far, I thought of this strange and simple adventure, of this happiness so complete, and so true, made of so very little.

"And I went away at sunrise, after having pressed the hands of that aged pair."

The story-teller was silent.

A woman said:

"All the same, she had ideas which were too easily satisfied, needs which were too primitive, requirements too simple. She could only have been a fool."

Another said, in a low, slow and tender voice, "What matter! she was happy."

And down there at the end of the horizon, Corsica was sinking into the night, returning gently into the sea, blotting out her great shadow, which had appeared as if in person to tell the story of those two humble lovers who were sheltered by her coasts.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Silencing a Sleeper—The N. Y. Sunday Sun

It was on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, coming north from the city of Washington.

All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young man and a baby.

The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard.

The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was fretful, and its voice would not be stilled.

Finally a gray-headed man, who was evidently an old traveller, stuck his head out from behind the curtains and called to the young man in a sharp voice:

"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother. She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother."

"Yes, that's it," echoed other irritated passengers.

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said in a quiet, strained voice:

"Its mother is in the baggage car."

There was an instantaneous hush. The gray-headed man stuck his head out into the aisle. "Let me take it a while," he said, softly; "perhaps I can quiet it."

The Manganetus Index—Sam Davis—S. F. Examiner

The most extraordinary newspaper I have ever had any knowledge of was a paper published up in the Sierra range about fifteen years ago, *The Manganetus Index*.

The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail-box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival.

It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements, and had a bright, bustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of *Manganetus*, as well as of the man who edited the paper.

He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and in everything transpiring in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of bewildering rashness.

I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often wondered why it was that the editor was not some time mobbed or murdered.

At last my business took me in the vicinity of *Manganetus* and I decided to make the editor a call.

It was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was located, and I spurred my horse up the steep mountain, thinking of the warm bed and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying.

My mind was full of the Slavin House, a hotel of very superior accommodations, which advertised liberally in the *Index*, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing.

"Only a mile more," I said to myself, as I thumped my weary beast with a good-sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poor horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I persuaded myself that each mile was the last.

Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkle from cottage windows that in the darkness tell the traveller of the town, but the night crept on, a little faster perhaps than the horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting I walked, stiff and lame, to the cabin and hammered on the door.

A little, bent-up man, with a wrinkled, leathery face, came to answer, and as he opened the door cautiously, I noticed that he had a cocked pistol in his hand.

Seeing the pistol I said: "Here is civilization."

After the little man with the big pistol had surveyed my famished face and tired horse, he opened the door a little wider, and then, swinging it back, with a smile somewhat apologetic in its character, invited me in.

"How far to *Manganetus*?" I asked.

He looked at me in a rather queer way, and then bit his under lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

"Is it far from here? Can I reach it to-night?"

"Hardly think you can make it to-night," he replied with a tone that puzzled me somewhat; "can't you stay all night?" he added. "Better stay; you can't possibly make *Manganetus* to-night."

I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for I was soon absorbing the heat of a cheery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression, and possessed a wonderful fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains.

While wondering who this odd character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of some one rapidly folding newspapers.

My ear did not deceive me, for in a few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and handed my companion a paper which he at once passed over to me. It was damp from the press, and I read the title:

"THE MANGANETUS INDEX."

"By industry we thrive." Devoted to the material interests of *Manganetus*. Subscription \$5.00 per annum, payable in advance.

My host smiled as he handed me the paper.

"Then the town is here," I said. "Let me go to the hotel; the Slavin House, I believe. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stranger."

"You will remain here, sir," he replied. "I blush to confess it, but this is the town of *Manganetus*, and this cabin is the only habitation for twenty miles."

I stared at the man in astonishment.

"You may well be puzzled," he continued. "But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are anxious to place upon the London market. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a way that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing here. See?"

I nodded vaguely and he went on:

"My imagination is not sluggish, and so I manufacture all I write. I leave no stone unturned to make the mythical city of *Manganetus* a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting called to discuss the question of a new bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the *Index*. Here is the wife of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the City Council; here is a runaway team, knocking the smithereens out of a cigar-store.

You will note the advertisement of the cigar-store in another column. Here is the killing of Texas Pete and the investigation of his death by a Coroner's jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of a mining location of fabulous richness. There is also in another portion of the paper, a legal summons advertised calling on a co-owner (one of the principals in the affray) to do his assessment work or lose his interest. All my work dovetails nicely in, has a plausible look and shows no flaw, yet it is all absolutely made from whole cloth."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," I said to him.

"This country is full of extraordinary things," he quietly replied.

"Where does this edition go?" I asked.

"Clara, bring me the mailing list."

I glanced over the list, and saw that it embraced the leading banking houses of London and New York, as well as the centres of finance and mining. My own name was oddly enough on the list. About a hundred copies were mailed, and every one went where it would do the most good.

I found that my friend edited the paper and did the typesetting, and his daughter was learning the art.

"I have no companions except my little daughter—and the town of Manganetus," he added, with a smile.

I passed a very comfortable night. The roar of the wind though the pines and the rocking of the cabin had a deliciously soothing effect, and I lay in the warm bed thinking and resting until morning before I slept.

My friend, the editor, was very talkative at breakfast. He never alluded to his name, but he told me more of the paper and the enjoyment he had in building up a town in the clouds from a purely imaginative basis.

"To-morrow," said he, "I start out on horseback to the nearest mail station, and leave my bundle of papers in the hollow of a tree until the mail buckboard comes along to take them.

"In a few weeks they are being read in London and New York, and the parties in each of these cities who are handling the sale of these mining properties are backed up handsomely by my editorial statements."

Daisy Chicago Pivots—The Chicago Herald

"Say, Petie, if yer goes down ag'in yer stays."

"Aw, close yer face," replied Petie in haughty Milwaukee avenue accents.

"Mind yer, now, my talk goes. I can't have youse belles chasin' in an' out all night, an' if yer goes down ag'in yer screws yer nut—see?" And having thus laid down the law, the doorkeeper pulled vigorously at his poor but brilliant barroom cigar and dropped into a chair at the head of the stairs.

It was the opening of the Milwaukee avenue pivoting season of 1889-90, and was hailed with demonstrations of wild joy by the devotees of that entrancing pastime. The gayly lighted parlors in Bear's Hall, Milwaukee and Chicago avenues, were filled with the cream of the district, floating dreamily on the skim milk of the past to the passionate strains of a slide trombone, one fiddle, and an Italian harp. It was one of those free, untrammeled affairs, where the gentlemen stood round with their hats on and their thumbs hooked in their pockets, while they boasted of their conquests. And the ladies, how they did enjoy themselves as they threw aside all thoughts of the morrow and lived only for the present. Poor girls they were,

most of them, toiling their sweet young lives away in musty, dusty factories that they may live and die above reproach and wear velvet plush to and from the shop. Everybody danced their best through the twenty-two numbers, filling in the intermission with beer.

The Haymarket Pleasure Club was responsible for the event, which was their first party. It was a success in every way, and reflects great credit on the management of the stockholders, of which there are twelve. Speaking of the matter one of the members said:

"We are a pretty good crowd of fellers and can ketch a payin' gang every time. But there is some smooth ducks in the club, and it will be nip and tuck to see who gets the proceeds."

Yet the merry clubmen gave no heed to future trouble, but went ahead and gave their undivided attention to running the ball. The clubmen could be distinguished from non-members by the large, red rosettes which they wore on their left breasts. The floor manager was a slim young man with a very high collar, wearing a plug hat three sizes too large for him and patent leather slippers with ribbons on them. To better enable him to perform his duties as manager he had his trousers legs turned up a couple of inches. Then with a conductor's whistle he signalled the orchestra to go ahead and the pivots commenced to pivot.

Lovers of this dance will be pleased to learn that the style has not changed from last year. The best gentleman pivoter is the one who gets into the hall about 2 o'clock A.M. on a return check which he picks up at the foot of the stairs. As he cannot afford to patronize the gents' wardrobe he wears his overcoat while dancing. First he clasps the girl in his arms, placing his hat between her shoulder blades, and hanging on to the brim with both hands. He is too polite to wear his hat while dancing, and he doesn't like to lay it down anywhere because he wants it when the dance breaks up. She grabs him by the elbows, and away they spin, gazing up at each other's eyebrows, and whirling around the hall like a top. His coat tails and her skirts stick out behind as they pivot, cutting a circle twelve feet in diameter. He usually has a head like a cocoanut, set on an angle of forty-five degrees, with the small end up, and she wears her hair in a Psyche knot as big as a flowerpot. This dance is in itself a poem.

Another pleasing novelty just introduced is the bouquet pivot. The position of the couple is the same except that his right and her left arm is extended full length at right angles, with their hands clutching a large bunch of flowers. This is a style much affected by the belles and threatens to become popular.

It was announced on the programme that three "mettals" would be given, one to the most popular man present and the other to the best lady and gent waltzers. There were four candidates for the popularity "mettal," which was contributed by the management of the Haymarket Theatre. George B. Valentine, West town clerk, received 201 votes and won the "mettal."

The other candidates were nowhere, but then a man who refuses to go security for the hall rent, music, printing, and beer cannot expect to be popular.

At three o'clock A.M. the manager mounted the platform and announced that he would now receive entries for the prize waltz.

"How much is it?" asked a voice from the rear.

"Twenty-five cents 'nition fee, and if you ain't got de stuff you don't dance."

After considerable urging four young men with twenty-five cents and a girl each put their names down for the contest amid great excitement.

"If Rosie was here, I'd take a whirl fer dat prize myself," said a thick-necked young man near the door.

"Rosie can't pivot," said another youth who was trying to borrow a quarter.

"Can't pivot!" echoed the other. "Why, Rosie's a peach. She can give ary dancer on de floor de fifteen ball and win de match."

When all was ready the manager blew his whistle and made the following speech, short and to the point:

"Gents, dis t'ing is on de dead square an' no pivot goes. We wants de straight glide waltz. If dere's any monkey biz we'll stop de music an' call de dance off. Let her go." And she went.

Some humorous gent had taken the precaution to strew the floor with parlor matches, which kept exploding under the dancers' feet like pistol shots, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Five judges who were helped upon the platform decided that John Considine and Lizzie Dunn were the prize waltzers and would make good backgrounds for gold "mettals."

Negro Folk Love—Sam Guden—New York Times

Strange are some of the rigmarel stories told by negroes. One especially impressed itself on my mind because of the name of a character in it called by the old woman who told it as "Sam Guden." Sam had many miraculous gifts, and among them some which the negro story-teller could never have invented. Though not very familiar with the works of the Bollandists, nor prone to use them as books of reference, yet I have read their *Acta Sanctorum*. I am forced to believe that Sam Guden, indifferent to change of sex, must be a relative of St. Gudula.

Somewhat interested in folk-lore, and bearing in mind the transmission and metamorphoses of stories, I took the trouble to trace back as far as I could the origin of the colored woman who told the story. She was a South Carolinian, but her father had come from Florida. I suspect, then, that priests in St. Augustine in former Spanish times had told the legend of St. Gudula to the woman's father. The form of the original story was, however, indistinct, the ornamentations hiding most of it. This is about the story, with little attempts at expressing the idiom, which was not marked:

"Dere was an ole 'ooman as was mighty pious and a fust-class cook, and could 'arn money for herself, be-yont her hirin' out. Dat was in de ole time, and no 'ooman in de settlement could fry fish as could dat ole 'ooman, and de gentermans high and low would come to de folks as hired her and eat her fish. An' when she took up her burden and trabbel on de road to Pa'dise, she toted along a fryin' pan an' a peck measure of salt, fo, says she, 'I might be catch some time where dere was fish to fry, and sakes! what could I do wid-out a fryin' pan and salt?'

"Bimeby she reach dat fine giarden what she b'lieved was Pa'dise, and round it was flowin' a mighty big ribber. De ole mammy she war hungry, so she tuk a fish line outer her pocket and she cut her a cane angle, and she begun fishin' in dat flowin' ribber, and soon she catch good string o' fish, none o' dese ere ornary fish, but rale choice mullet. So she lit a fire and she cook 'em, and befo' she taste a mossel a man he look over de wall oh Pa'dise and he sniff and he snuff and says: 'Ole 'ooman, what you doin'? Sakes, dat smell good

'round heah! Golden plum and silver persimmin is good, but I just hankers after some o' dese yere fruits ob de airth, as I was used to wunst. Mammy, what's dat you're a' cookin' ?'

"Fish," says she.

"Gin us a taste?" says he.

"You're welcome, master," says she.

"Den de man he open de gate keerful wid a big gold key and he come nigh to her and flop down by her side, and he war dat greedy he most burn his finger wid de hot fish, and he eat a stack of fish and when he done he get up to go, and de ole 'ooman, dat hadn't had so far a mossel, she say: 'See here, master, ain't you gwyne to pay me somefin' for dis yere fry?' and says he: 'I ain't got no small change. We don't have no use for money in Pa'dise. But I tell you what I give you. I give you the kiss of peace.' De ole 'ooman, she never hear much about dat, and didn't know its value, and she say I don't keer much for dis yere kiss ob peace. Dat kind o' make de ole man huffy, and he don't say nuffin' mo', but he pick his giarment up and he stroded back and he open de gate and he done gone.

"De ole 'ooman, she wait a while and git wusser hongry, and she fish, and dis time she catch beautiful fish, just like Norf Carliny harrin' (herring), only dey was fatter. She blow up de brand in de fire, hunt around for light wood knot, and by-and-by she had on de frying pan, and de smell ob dem fish float round de s'roundin's. Anudder man he poke he head ober de giarden gate, and he call her de same way as de udder man. He allowed he wasn't such a big eater as de udder man, and dat he didn't hanker after de fleshpots of de airth, but that if de ole 'ooman would jest let him have a little snack o' fish he'd feel obleeged.

"Now de ole 'ooman was good, and she cook a whole lashin' of fish, and when dey was brown and crisp, de man he pitch in. De minute she see how dat man take a fish between his teeth and gib de backbone a flirt and drop dat and de head and tail on de ground, and swallow de meat whole, she say: 'Man, you's from Norf Carliny, from 'way back.' An he kep dat ole 'ooman fishin' and fryin' up to nightfall, until dat ole 'ooman so tired she like to drap. Seein' how de udder man had offer her nuffin', she kind o' 'fraid to ask for money, and de man he get up and say: 'Ise comin' to-morrow,' and he look cross and he say: 'You git up at sunrise and catch me good mess,' and he girded up his giarment and he stroded away.

"De poor ole 'ooman was mighty sad and hongry. She look at her fryin' pan. She hab cook so long and stiddy, it hab hole burn in it. She look at her salt. Dar was just one little grain in de cornder. She like to weep bitter tares (tears). She fish again, and she catch one small mis'bul fish dat no longer dan her little finger, and no more fish rise to her. And she sot down and she warm up dat pore fish.

"Just den a third man, he poke he head over de giarden wall, and she expect he say, too, somefin' befo' he open de gate. But he don't say nuffin, but he come right straight along and he don't have no use for key, for de stone in de wall he open ob he own accord, and de man he stroded through. And he come straight to her and he say: 'Pore ole aunty, dat's a might bad fish for your supper, and I am kind o' fond ov fish. Would you mind sharin' it wid me?'

"Dat was a grand old 'ooman, and she say: 'Dough I was treated bad I don't forget my duty. Fact is, I'm

hungry, too,' says she, 'and if you're honest, and de old pan will cook and de salt will last, I'll fry dat lone fish de best I kin, but don't you eat mo' dan you sheer.'

"Now, dat las' man he did act square. De old 'ooman cut de fish right in two and gib him de best half, which jines de head, and he eat and she eat, each one de half. He wipe his mouf mighty perlite, and den he pull out ob his pocket de golden plums and de silver persimmins which was common truck of Pa'dise, and he offer dem to de ole 'ooman, and she eat em and feel good. Den she ask him what he call he name, and den he say: 'Mens call me Sam Guden.' And he talk lovely to her, and he ask her what happen to her dat day, and she up and tell him how dem two mens had eat her out ob house and home—only she say she hadn't no home, but was making tracks for Pa'dise. And Sam Guden he look eber so sorry and say dem was not so much bad mans, but white trash, not first quality folks in Pa'dise, and dat dey used to be fishermans, and dat she must excuse 'em because seafaring men had low-down ways which was hard to break.

"Just den de moon she rose, and de silber beams she sot all around, and de ribber look like a lookin' glass. De night was warm, and Sam Guden kind o' hot, and he remove his giarmant, and he look round for branch ob tree to hang he cloak on, and he don't see none, because in de lowlands around Pa'dise dar warn't no tree. An' one moonbeam it come right most to de ground, and Sam Guden he took he cloak, and he hang her on de moonbeam, and she stuck thar, she did. Den de ole 'ooman was 'stonished, but she knowed she had struck de right man, and Sam Guden, he took a pa'r ob golden slippers outen he pocket and he baded er put em on, and he said, 'You follow, sister,' and she did, and de wall stones dey slid apart, and dey stroded through, and when dey was inside Pa'dise de old 'ooman she said, 'Master Sam Guden, I hain't dropped my fryin' pan; am I to tote it?' and she looked, an' den she saw dat yere fryin' pan was ob gold, and dat ole 'ooman fry fish to dis berry day in Pa'dise."

Questioned by Lowlanders—M Quad—Detroit Free-Press

On the second night of my stay at Bunker's Ferry a number of people came in by Bunker's invitation, and after a little skirmishing around I discovered that an old man named Gloss had come prepared to ask some hard questions. Only one person in that neighborhood had ever seen a railroad track or a train of cars, and that lucky individual had died soon after. It was forty miles to the nearest railroad, and out of the fifty or sixty inhabitants of the Ferry not one ever had business which called him over three miles from home. With them there was a never ending routine. There had not been a robbery, assault, fire, or other crime or offence in the place for twenty years. I was the first stranger who had come to the Ferry for two years. The only thing to cause a ripple of excitement was a marriage now and then. Only one newspaper was taken in the place, and that was a weekly. The mail only came in twice per week, and on one of the days there was only one letter, and that for me. The keeper of the general store had once or twice "dun gone after stock," but of late years had contented himself with ordering by mail. What was brought in or came out was by flat-boats.

"I reckon you'un has seen the railroad?" queried Mr. Gloss as a starter.

"Oh, yes."

"Hev you ever bin in the kyars?"

"Often."

"Well, I've heard a right smart hooting 'bout railroads, but I never did take stock in 'em. How fast do them kyars run?"

"The usual speed is from thirty-five to forty miles an hour, but they can go at the rate of a mile a minute."

"That's faster'n a mule."

"Yes, twenty times faster."

"Stranger, I can't believe it—dead I can't!" exclaimed the old gentleman as he rose up. "They might go a bit faster'n a mule, but not much. Gwine up and down hill and over rough places would joggle the passengers off in no time."

Then I showed him how a track was constructed. He had "always reckoned" it was of iron, but whether the rails were two or ten feet apart he did not know. He supposed they were somehow laid on the ground, and that the track was as up and down hill as a country road. As some of the group could not yet clearly grasp the idea we adjourned to the yard, and with the new moon to light operations and assisted by a spade and some pieces of lath, I built twenty feet of supposable railroad and made a fill and a cut.

"Well, now, about them kyars?" persisted the old man. "I've heard tell they was like houses, but if they was moving around the plastering would fall off and the chimneys tumble down."

Then I made it pretty plain to the crowd, being greatly assisted by a cut of a passenger coach on a letter head, but the old man was not yet satisfied.

"I git a glimmer," he said, as he laid the picture aside, "but what keeps that kyar on the track?"

"Gravity."

"Never heard of no sich thing in my life."

"Well, what keeps your ox-cart on the road?"

"Its heft."

"Exactly. That's what keeps a car on the track."

"And it can't rain on ye?"

"No."

"And it stops when you want to git off?"

"Yes."

"Wall, it may be so," he sighed as he turned from the subject. "It don't seem as if you'un would want to lie about it, but mebbe you'un has bin cheated."

Later on I heard him saying to one of the women that I looked "sorter" honest and that some one had probably stuffed me about railroads for a joke.

It was Bunker's turn now. He had heard about canals, and he had once met a man who declared that he had seen one and had seen boats thereon, but Bunker was not deceived. He would now take advantage to inquire if I had ever seen a canal.

"Yes."

"Reg'lar canal with boats on?"

"Yes."

"Boats gwine right along?"

"Yes."

"Well, now look yere. If the ground was level it would be all right, but it ain't. Thar's hills and ridges and hollers, and nobody kin make water run up hill."

I tried to chalk it out on the kitchen floor, but they couldn't get the idea, and so we adjourned again to the yard, and by means of several holes in the ground and a bucket of water with a chig for a canal boat, I made the matter of locks so plain that even the oldest woman gave her teeth an extra rub and exclaimed:

"Why, in co'se! We'uns orter be ashamed."

ABSOLUTION—THE STORY OF A SPIRITUAL LOVE*

Three months had passed since she had knelt before
 The grate of the confessional, and he,—
 The priest—had wondered why she came no more
 To tell her sinless sins—the vanity
 Whose valid reason graced her simple dress—
 The prayers forgotten, or the untold beads—
 The little thoughtless words, the slight misdeeds,
 Which made the sum of her unrighteousness.
 She was the fairest maiden in his fold
 With her sweet mouth and musical pure voice,
 Her deep gray eyes, her hair's tempestuous gold,
 Her gracious, graceful figure's perfect poise,
 Her happy laugh, her wild unconscious grace,
 Her gentle ways to old, or sick, or sad,
 The comprehending sympathy she had,
 Had made of her the idol of the place.
 And when she grew so silent and so sad,
 So thin and quiet, pale and hollow-eyed,
 And cared no more to laugh and to be glad
 With other maidens by the waterside—
 All wondered; kindly grieved the elders were,
 And some few girls went whispering about,
 "She loves—who is it? Let us find it out!"
 But never dared to speak of it to her
 But the priest's duty bade him seek her out
 And say, "My child, why dost thou sit apart?
 Hast thou some grief? Hast thou some secret doubt?
 Come and unfold to me thy inmost heart.
 God's absolution can assuage all grief
 And all remorse and woe beneath the sun.
 Whatever thou hast said, or thought, or done,
 The Holy Church can give thy soul relief."
 He stood beside her, young and strong, and swayed
 With pity for the sorrow in her eyes—
 Which, as she raised them to his own, conveyed
 Into his soul a sort of sad surprise—
 For in those gray eyes had a new light grown,
 The light that only bitter love can bring,
 And he had fancied her too pure a thing
 For even happy love to dare to own.
 Yet all the more he urged on her—"Confess,
 And do not doubt some comfort will be lent
 By Holy Church thy penitence to bless.
 Trust her, my child." With unconvinced consent
 She answered, "I will come;" and so at last
 Out of the summer evening's crimson glow,
 With heart reluctant and with footsteps slow,
 Into the cool great empty church she passed.
 "By my own fault, my own most grievous fault,
 I cannot say, for it is not!" she said,
 Kneeling within the gray stone chapel's vault;
 And on the ledge her golden hair was spread
 Over the clasping hands that still increased
 Their nervous pressure, poor white hands and thin,
 While with hot lips she poured her tale of sin
 Into the cold ear of the patient priest.
 "Love broke upon me in a dream; it came
 Without beginning, for to me it seemed
 That all my life this thing had been the same,
 And never otherwise than as I dreamed.
 I only knew my heart, entire, complete,
 Was given to my other self, my love—
 That I through all the world would gladly move
 So I might follow his adorèd feet.
 "I dreamed my soul saw suddenly appear
 Immense abysses, infinite heights unknown;
 Possessed new worlds, new earths, sphere after sphere,
 New sceptres, kingdoms, crowns became my own.

When I had all, all earth, all time, all space,
 And every blessing, human and divine,
 I hated the possessions that were mine,
 And only cared for his belovèd face.
 "I dreamed that in unmeasured harmony,
 Rain of sweet sounds fell on my ravished sense,
 And thrilled my soul with swelling ecstasy,
 And rose to unimagined excellence.
 And while the music bade my heart rejoice,
 And on my senses thrust delicious sway,
 I wished the perfect melody away,
 And in its place longed for his worshipped voice.
 "And at the last I felt his arm enfold,
 His kisses crown my life—his whispered sighs
 Echo my own unrest—his spirit hold
 My spirit powerless underneath his eyes.
 My face flushed with new joy, and felt more fair:
 He clasped me close, and cried, 'My own, my own!'
 And then I woke in dawn's chill night, alone,
 With empty arms held out to empty air.
 "I never knew I loved him till that dream
 Drew from my eyes the veil and left me wise.
 What I had thought was reverence grew to seem
 Only my lifelong love in thin disguise.
 And in my dream it looked so sinless, too,
 So beautiful, harmonious, and right;
 The vision faded with the morning light,
 The love will last as long as I shall do.
 "But in the world where I have wept my tears,
 My love is sinful and a bitter shame.
 How can I bear the never-ending years,
 When every night I hear him call my name?
 For though that first dream's dear delight is past,
 Yet since that night each night I dream him there,
 With lips caressing on my brow and hair,
 And in my arms I hold my heaven fast!"
 "Child have you prayed against it?" "Have I prayed?
 Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer,
 Stopped up my ears with sound of praying, made
 My very body faint with kneeling there
 Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,
 That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep
 Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap
 To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss?
 "Strive against this?—What profit is the strife?
 If through the day a little strength I gain,
 At night he comes, and calls me 'love' and 'wife,'
 And straightway I am all his own again.
 And if from love's besieging force my fight
 Some little victory has hardly won,
 What do I gain? As soon as day is done
 I yield once more to love's delicious night."
 "Avoid him!" "Ay, in dewy garden walk
 How often have I strayed, avoiding him,
 And heard his voice mix with the common talk,
 Yet never turned his way. My eyes grow dim
 With weeping over what I lose by day
 And find by night, yet never have to call
 My own. O God! is there no help at all—
 No hope, no chance, and no escapeful way?"
 "And who is he to whom thy love is given?"
 "What? Holy Church demands to know his name?
 No rest for me on earth, no hope of heaven
 Unless I tell it? Ah, for very shame
 I cannot—yet why not?—I will—I can!
 I have grown mad with brooding on my curse,
 Here! Take the name, no better and no worse
 My case will be—Father, thou art the man!"

* E. Nesbit in Longman's Magazine. Reprinted at the request of new subscribers, from CURRENT LITERATURE for September, 1888.

An icy shock shivered through all his frame—
 An overwhelming cold astonishment ;
 But on the instant the revulsion came.
 His blood felt what her revelation meant,
 And madly rushed along his veins and cried :
 "For you, too, life is possible, and love
 No more a word you miss the meaning of,
 But all your life's desire unsatisfied."

Then through his being crept a new strange fear—
 Fear of himself, and through himself, for her ;
 His every fibre felt her presence near,
 Disquiet in his breast began to stir.
 "Lord Christ," his soul cried, whilst his heart beat fast,
 "Give strength in this, my hour of utmost need."
 And with the prayer strength came to him indeed,
 And with calm voice he answered her at last

"Child, go in peace ! Wrestle, and watch, and pray,
 And I will spend this night in prayer for thee,
 That God will take thy strange deep grief away.
 Thou hast confessed thy sin. *Absolvo-te.*"
 Silence most absolute a little while,

Then passed the whisper of her trailing gown
 Over the knee-worn stones, and soft died down
 The dim, deserted, incense-memoried aisle.
 She passed away, and yet, when she was gone,
 His heart still echoed her remembered sigh :
 What sin unpardonable hath he done
 That ever more those gray unquiet eyes
 Fleeted between him and the dying day ?
 How had she grown so desperately dear ?
 Why did her love-words echo in his ear ?
 Through all the prayers he forced his lips to say ?
 All night he lay upon the chancel floor,
 And coined his heart in tears and prayers, and new
 Strange longings he had never known before.
 Her very memory so thrilled him through,
 That through his being's core a shiver stole
 Of utter, boundless, measureless delight,
 Even while with unceasing, desperate might,
 His lips prayed for God's armor for his soul !
 The moon had bathed the chancel with her light,
 But now she crept into a cloud. No ray
 Was left to break the funereal black of night
 That closely hung around the form that lay
 So tempest-tossed within, so still without.
 "Oh God ! I love her, love her, love her so !
 Oh, for one spark of heaven's fire to show
 Some way to cast this devil's passion out !

"I cannot choose but love—Thou knowest, Lord,—
 Yet is my spirit strong to fly from sin,
 But oh, my flesh is weak, too weak the word
 I have to clothe its utter weakness in !
 I am Thy priest, vowed to be Thine alone,
 Yet if she came here with those love-dimmed eyes,
 How could I turn her all away from Paradise ?
 Should I not wreck her soul and blast my own ?

"Christ, by Thy passion, by Thy death for men,
 Oh, save me from myself, save her from me !" "And at the word the moon came out again
 From her cloud-palace, and threw suddenly
 A shadow from the great cross overhead
 Upon the priest ; and with it came a sense
 Of strength renewed, of perfect confidence
 In Him who on that cross for men hung dead.
 Beneath that shadow safety seemed to lie ;
 And as he knelt before the altar there,
 Beside the King of Heaven's agony,
 Light seemed all pangs His priest might have to bear—
 His grief, his love, his bitter, wild regret.
 Would they not be a fitting sacrifice,
 A well-loved offering, blessed in the eyes
 That never scorned a sad heart's offering yet ?

But as the ghostly moon began to fade,
 And moonlight glimmered into ghastlier dawn.
 The shadow which the crucifix had made
 With twilight mixed : and with it seemed withdrawn
 The peace that with its shadowy shape began,
 And as the dim east brightened, slowly ceased
 The wild devotion that had filled the priest—
 And with full sunlight he sprang up—a man !

"Ten thousand curses on my priestly vow—
 The hated vow that held me back from thee !
 Down with the cross ! no death-dark emblems now !
 I have done with death : life makes for thee and me ! "
 He tore the cross from out his breast, and trod
 The sacred symbol under foot, and cried :
 "I am set free, unbound, unsanctified !
 I am thy lover—not the priest of God ! "

He strode straight down the church and passed along
 The grave-set garden's dewy grass-grown slope ,
 The woods about were musical with song,
 The world was bright with youth, and love, and hope ;
 The flowers were sweet, and sweet his visions were,
 The sunlight glittered on the lily's head
 And on the royal roses red,
 And never had the earth seemed half so fair.
 Soon would he see her—soon would kneel before
 Her worshipped feet, and cry : "I am thine own,
 As thou art mine, and mine for evermore !"
 And she should kiss the lips that had not known
 The kiss of love in any vanished year.
 And as he dreamed of his secured delight.—
 Round the curved road there slowly came in sight
 A mourning band, and in their midst a bier.
 He hastened to pass on. Why should he heed
 A bier—a blot on earth's awakened face ?
 For to his love-warm heart it seemed indeed
 That in sweet summer's bloom death had no place.
 Yet still he glanced—a pale concealing fold
 Veiled the dead, quiet face—and yet—and yet—
 Did he not know that hand, so white and wet ?
 Did he not know those dripping curls of gold ?

"We came to you to know what we should do,
 Father : we found her body in the stream,
 And how it happened, God knows !" One other knew—
 Knew that of him had been her last wild dream—
 Knew the full reason of that life-disdain—
 Knew how the hopeless shame of love confessed
 And unreturned had seemed to stain her breast,
 Till only death could make her clean again.
 They left her in the church where sunbeams bright
 Gilded the wreathed oak and carven stone
 With golden floods of consecrating light ;
 And here at last, together and alone,
 The lovers met, and here upon her hair
 He set his lips, and dry-eyed kissed her face,
 And in the stillness of the holy place
 He spoke in tones of bitter blank despair :

"Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see !
 Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling !
 This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,
 Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing.
 Oh, poor weak heart, forever laid to rest,
 That couldst no longer strive against its fate,
 For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,
 And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

"The chances were the same for us ;" he said,
 "Yet thou hast won, and I have lost the whole ;
 Thou wouldest not live in sin, and thou art dead—
 But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,
 And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well.
 I have cursed God, and trampled on His cross ;
 Earth has no measurement for all my loss,
 But I shall learn to measure it in hell !"

A SWIM FOR LIFE—TRIFLING WITH DEATH*

Naturalists and students of animal life tell us that the hunted deer sheds tears in its agony and fear, and that the hare is ignorant of what is before it, for its eyes are strained back in its dread as it watches the hot stride of the madly pursuing hounds.

The reverse of the latter was the case with Harry Vine, who in his horror and shame could only see forward right into the future. For there before him was himself—handcuffed, in jail, before the magistrates, taking his trial, sentenced, and then he, the scion of a good family, inflated by the false hopes placed before him by his aunt, dressed in the broad-arrow convict's suit, drudging on in his debased and weary life—the shame, the disgrace of those who loved him, and whom, in those brief, awful moments of agony and despair, he knew he dearly loved.

"Better death!"

He muttered these words between his teeth, as in a mad fit of cowardice and despair, he turned suddenly at the end of the rock pier and, without a moment's pause, plunged headlong into the eddying tide.

Whatever the will may wish at such a time, instinct always seems to make a frantic effort to combat this mad will, and the struggle for life begins.

It was so here, for the sudden plunge into the cold dark water produced its instantaneous effect. The nerves and muscles grew tense, and after being borne for some distance straight out to sea, Harry Vine rose to the surface, and in sudden involuntary obedience to the natural instinct of a good swimmer, struck out and tried to regain the rocky pier.

But as he turned he hesitated.

There were the police waiting for him when he landed, and his people were on the shore waiting to see him disgraced—for he was, of course, in utter ignorance of the efforts that had been made by his faithful friends to enable him to escape.

And even as he hesitated for the second he knew that such a proceeding was impossible.

Had he been tenfold the swimmer he could not have reached that point, for the current, after coming from the west and striking full against the rocks, was bearing him seaward at a tremendous rate.

The voices that had been in a clamor of excitement and the shouts and orders were growing distant; the lights that were flashing over the water seemed minute by minute more faint, and as, almost without movement or effort, he floated on, he wondered at the feeling of calm, matter-of-fact reasoning which the cold plunge seemed to have aroused.

Always a clever swimmer from the days when the sturdy fisherman Perrow had tied a stout hake-line about his waist, and bid him leap into the sea from the lugger's side, and taught him to feel confidence in the water, he had never felt so much at home as now. He was clothed, but the strong current bore him along, and the slightest movement of his limbs kept him with his nostrils clear of the golden-spangled water.

What should he do?

He looked seaward, and there, right off the harbor mouth, staring into his eyes, was a lantern.

* From *The Haute Noblesse*, by George Manville Fenn, author of *This Man's Wife*—Frank F. Lovell & Company.

He could not make out the shape of the boat; but his guilty conscience suggested that it was one placed there by the police for his capture; shoreward he could see other moving lights, and he knew as well as if he were there that they were boat lanterns, and that people were putting off in pursuit.

It did not seem to occur to him that they would be essaying to save him; he had committed an offence against the law, and in his then frame of mind he could only admit one thought in connection with them into his brain, and that was that any boat's crew which pushed off would have but one idea—to make every effort to capture him, and so he swam, letting the swift tide carry him where it would.

Shouts arose, sounding faint and strange as they came from where the lanterns gleamed faintly; and there was an answering hail from the light off the harbor—the light toward which he was being borne.

"They'll see me," he thought, and he made a few vigorous strokes to turn aside, but gave up directly, as he felt it possible that he might be carried past by the fierce current and lost in the darkness.

To his horror, he found that he would be taken so close, that he could easily swim to and touch the boat. For one moment fear swayed him of another kind, and he felt that he must give up.

"Better be taken aboard to prison than drown," he muttered; and he swam toward the boat.

"Better be drowned than taken off to prison," he said the next moment.

And then came the thought, "why should I drown?"

His confidence returned as he was borne nearer and nearer to the lugger riding here to its buoy; and he could hear the voices of the men on board talking eagerly as they gazed shoreward.

"Keep a bright look-out," said a rough voice; and Harry ceased swimming after turning over on his back, and let the current bear him swiftly and silently along.

The spangled water seemed hardly disturbed by his presence as he neared the light, then saw it eclipsed by the boat's hull, just as he felt that he must be seen by the men on the lookout.

Then he was past the boat, and in a few seconds the light reappeared from the other side, shining full upon his white face, but the men were looking in the other direction and he was not seen.

Once more the horror of drowning came upon him, and he turned on his face to swim back.

It was only a momentary sensation.

Then as he swam and felt his power in the water he closed the lips firmly that parted to hail, and swam on.

The shouts came and were answered from time to time, he could hear the regular rattle and beat of an oar, and then the blue light flashed out brilliantly, and as he raised himself at each long steady stroke he could see quite a crowd of figures had gathered on the pier, and he was startled to see how far he was from the dim receding line of the shore.

And all this time there upon his left was the bright red harbor-light, glaring at him through the darkness of the night like an eye, which seemed to be watching him and waiting to see him drown.

At times it looked to be so lifelike that it appeared

to blink at him, and as he swam on he ceased to gaze at the dull yellow light of the moving lanterns, and kept on watching that redder eye-like lamp.

The blue light blazed for a time like a brilliant star and then died out; the shouts of the men in the boat floated to him, and the lights of the town grew farther away as he still swam steadily on with a sea of stars above him, and another concave of stars apparently below; on his right the open sea, and on his left, where the dull land was, arose a jagged black line against the starry sky showing the surface of the cliff.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself, as he looked back at light after light moving slowly on the water, but all far behind him, for he was, as he well knew, in one of the swiftest currents, running due east of the quay, and for a distance from that point due south. It was a hard question to answer.

He might swim on for an hour—

He felt as if he could swim for two.

And what then?

He could not tell, but all the time the tide was bearing him beyond the reach of pursuit so fast that the hails grew more faint, and every minute now the roar of the surf grew plainer.

Should he swim ashore—land—and escape?

Where to?

"Hah!"

He uttered a faint cry, for just then his hand touched something cold and slimy, and for the moment he felt paralyzed, as he recalled how often a shark had come in with the tide. For the object he had touched seemed to glide by him, and what felt like a large slimy moving fin swept over his hand.

He struck out now with all his strength, blindly, and moved solely by one impulse—that of escaping from a death so hideous—a chill of horror ran through him, and for the moment he felt half paralyzed.

The sensation was agonizing, and the strokes he gave were quick, spasmodic, and of the kind given by a drowning man; but as he swam on and the moments passed without his being seized, the waning courage began to return strongly once more, he recovered his nerve, and ceasing his frantic efforts swam slowly on.

The efforts he had made had exhausted him, however, and he turned over on his back to rest, and lay paddling gently, gazing straight up at the glorious stars which burned so brilliantly overhead.

The change of position was restful, and conscious that the current swept him still swiftly along, he turned once more and began to swim.

That fit of excitement, probably from touching some old weed-grown piece of timber, must have lasted longer than he thought, for he had toiled on heedless of which direction he took, and this direction had been shoreward, the quickened current had done the rest; and now that he swam it was into one of the back tidal eddies, and the regular dull roar and rush and the darkness ahead taught him that he was only a few hundred yards from the cliffs.

He rose up as he swam and looked sharply from side to side, to see a faint lambent light where the phosphorescent waves broke, and before him the black jagged line which seemed to terminate the golden-spangled heavens, where the stars dipped down behind the shore.

He hesitated for a few moments—not for long. It was madness to strike out again into the swift current, when in a short time he could land or, if not, reach one

of the detached masses of rock, and rest there as best he could, waiting till the tide went down.

But what to do then?

Those who searched for him would be certain to hunt along the shore, and to land and strike inland was, in his drenched condition, to invite capture.

He shuddered at the thought, and awaking now to the fact that he was rapidly growing exhausted, he swam on into the black band that seemed to stretch far into the distance beneath the cliffs.

The blackness and loneliness were now unbearable.

He was weaker than he realized, and, familiar as he was with this part of the coast, it now in the darkness assumed a weird, horrifying aspect; the sounds grew, in his strangely excited state, appalling, and there were moments when he felt as if the end had come. For as he swam on it was every now and then into some moving mass of anchored wrack, whose slimy fronds wrapped round and clung to his limbs, hampering his movements and calling forth a desperate struggle before he could get clear.

Then, as he reached the broken water, in spite of the lambent glare he struck himself severely again and again upon some piece of jagged rock, once so heavily that he uttered a moan of pain, and floated helplessly and half unnerved, listening to the hissing rush and hollow gasping of the waves as they plunged in and out among the cavities and hollows of the rocks. A hundred yards out the sea was perfectly smooth, but here in shore, as the tidal swell encountered the cliffs, the tide raced in and out through the chaos of fallen blocks like some shoal of mad creatures checked in their career and frightened in their frantic efforts to escape.

Then every now and then came a low hollow moan like a faint and distant explosion, followed by the rattling of stones, and a strange whispering, more than enough to appal the stoutest-hearted swimmer cast there in the darkness of the night.

Three times over was the fugitive thrown across a mass of slimy rock, to which, losing heart now, he frantically clung, but only to be swept off again, confused, blinded by the great volume of spray and with the water thundering in his ears.

Once his feet touched bottom, and he essayed to stand for a moment to try and wade across, but he only stepped directly into a deep chasm, plunging over his head, to rise beating the waves wildly, half strangled.

In the strange numbed feeling of confusion which came over him, his efforts grew more feeble, his strokes more aimless, and as once more he went under and rose with the clinging weeds about his neck, the fight seemed to be nearly over.

He could fight this battle with death no longer!

He threw back his head gasping for breath.

Rush! A wave curled right over, swept him from among the clammy weed, and the next moment his head was driven against a mass of rock.

What followed seemed to take place in a feverish dream. He had some recollection afterward of trying to clamber up the rough limpet-bossed rock, and of sinking down with the water plunging about his eyes and leaping at intervals right up his chest.

Some time elapsed before he thoroughly realized his position and dazed and half helpless climbed higher up to lie where the rock was dry, listening with a shudder to the strange sounds of the hurrying tide, and gazing up from time to time at the watching stars.

THE INNER MAN—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

Antipodean Oysters—Edward Wakefield—Once a Week

If I have a deep and lasting affection for anything in this world, it is for oysters. Wherever I go, one of the first inquiries I make is as to the oyster supply. If that is all right, I can look at the rest of things through rosy spectacles. I find a bivalvular view of life is always a cheerful one. I have made many strange acquaintances among oysters in the South Pacific, but never had any great difficulty in adapting myself to my company. You remember how wisely and feelingly dear old Tom Moore sang on that point:

'Tis sweet to know that where'er we rove
We are sure to find oysters delicious, if dear;
And when we are far from the beds that we love,
We have but to make love to the beds we are near.

I may not have quoted the lines quite correctly, but they are near enough. The chosen paradise of the oyster eater is the North Island of New Zealand, for there the oysters are not only delicious but ridiculously cheap. Along the seashore in the lonely, sheltered friths and inlets about Auckland, every rock consists of a mass of oysters clustered together in a wonderful manner, but easily detached and opened when you know how. The best oyster-opening machine is a Maori girl with a brad-awl. The Auckland rock oysters have long, deep, ragged shells, but the oysters themselves are very small, plump, and beautifully shaped, very sweet and not at all coppery or watery. They are equally good raw, stewed, fried, frittered, or in a pie or timbale. If you want to get them in perfection, however, you should sail down to the Island of Waihéké, in the Frith of Thames, fifteen miles from Auckland, a veritable Fairyland. Have your fairy on hand with her brad-awl; pick out a rock just awash at high tide; sit under a tree-fern, or in the shade of the sail of your boat; swallow the oysters alive as they come from the nymph's deft hands in their pearly, cup-like shell; give each just one bite, to bring out all the flavor, as it goes down; and offer up paeans of praise to the Giver of all good things. Charles Kingsley declared a genuine Havana cigar was a thing to thank God for, and Charles Lamb wanted a form of grace to be said after reading an interesting book. The soul of man ascends to Heaven in gratitude, without a shadow of profanity, after assimilating a peck or so of Waihéké oysters. They are the most ethereal of all food. From time immemorial the Maoris have come from all the neighboring parts, and even from long distances, every summer to feast on oysters in a particular bay at Waihéké. I have been there often. It is worth a pilgrimage from the other end of the earth. In the middle of New Zealand there are the famous Queen Charlotte Sound oysters, round and flat, and very firm in flesh, with just that sub-flavor of copper which some connoisseurs set such a value on, but which I confess I am not very partial to. Not but that I can eat a couple of dozen of Queen Charlotte Sound oysters with pleasure at any time—when Auckland rocks are not to be had. In the far south, at Stewart's Island—Providence has been very gracious to those people—superb oysters of quite a different kind are obtained in vast quantities, just when Auckland rocks are out of season. Stewart's Island oysters are large, round, flat, symmetrical oysters,

which look simply splendid on the half-shell, and have a grand flavor and plenty of it, which makes them invaluable for cookery. A timbale or soufflé of Stewart Island oysters is something to make your hair curl. But nothing can shake my devotion to the Auckland oysters. It is founded on a rock. I am quite safe in saying that the biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and the same shape. I have seen them more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or egg and bread-crumbs. But it is a very pleasant sensation, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial in that land of luxuries. I mean, when they are cooked. Many people eat them raw, cutting off pieces with a knife and fork. I draw the line there. I was going to tell you about the Sydney oysters, in New South Wales, on the other side of the Australian Continent; but I must refrain. The memories are too tender. As Mr. Guppy said: "There are chords in the human heart."

A Human Roast—W. Churchill—N. Y. Herald

If Fiji, long viewed as the home of cannibalism, has reformed, no such story can be told of the long chain of islands which stretch a thousand miles off the Australian coast all the way between New Caledonia and New Guinea. Rare indeed are the spots in these wild islands where the missionaries have been able to gain a footing, and even within the spots they have succeeded in reaching savagery rules almost undiminished. Savage man fights as does his civilized brother, only more frequently, and, with a keener sense of the obligation of logical sequence, he eats his fallen foe instead of leaving him on the field of battle a useless corpse. Here in the Western Pacific cannibalism is the accepted rule of life to which all gladly conform, and the trader and the explorer whose business and pleasure call them to these shores soon become hardened and learn to view these wild repasts with unconcern and indifference. New Caledonia as a French penal settlement is, of course, well policed; but as the policemen are mainly Melanesians imported from groups to the northward and rigorous enough in harrying the white convicts, they freely fraternize with the native residents and police, and natives are known to have united on more than one occasion in prolonged feasts, marked more by the number of bodies eaten than for any other feature of the affair. More and Lifou, within easy sight to the eastward of New Caledonia, are haunts of cannibals, and it is no exaggeration to say that in all the Banks, the New Hebrides, the Santa Cruz and the Salomons groups there is not a single village which does not have its town ovens for the cooking of the dead.

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The daybreak marauders have won their victory; they have exterminated their enemy, and the cords of bodies must be moved. The fleets of canoes are brought to the beach; to the stern of each is made fast a tow of corpses fastened by ropes about their necks. No longer by stealth, but by victorious shouts and gleeful songs the homeward voyage is made. The

sonorous ringing of monster conches gives warning of their approach, and as they open up to view the thatched houses of their village the chorus of manly voices carries the news, "We have killed, we have killed." "How many?" is the questioning shout that echoes from the waiting crowd upon the shore. Then over the waters rings out the number of the slain, and in proportion as it is large so is the joy of those within the village. Little boys put out in their tiny canoes to meet the returning fleet and fight among themselves for the privilege of towing some body. So, with shouts echoing across the bay, the fleet draws homeward, and when within ear shot the several warriors begin to recount in Homeric tones and with Homeric exaggeration the many valiant warriors who have fallen beneath their clubs. At last the canoes are beached and the fighters strut the strand admired by all who view them, and not the least by themselves. When the whole force is disembarked they dance in savage fashion to the village and leave the beach to the women. With eager haste the bodies are hauled ashore out of the reach of sharks. The women, both old and young, tail on to the ropes about the neck of each dead enemy and prospective meat. Some old crone sets the time, and with a wild chorus these women drag body after body to the village green over the land and the rough paths. And this is the *bokola* song, the chorus of dead bodies on their way to be cooked, and they pull in quick rhythm with the accented syllables, just as a sailor with his shanty:

A-ba-babale,
A-ba-babale,
Bababe, bababe,
A-a, a, a, a—a!

It's a chorus that can be heard for miles when shrilled by scores of high-pitched voices of lusty women. Ask them what it means and they can give no explanation. It is a tradition, it has been handed down from the fathers, it has been in use always. Wee baby girls may often be seen pulling the midriff of a cocoanut palm leaf from the sea and over the sand, prattling in their infantile treble this horrible chorus, and they think it the pleasantest sport of their young innocent lives.

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Different islands have their several customs of butchery. Some carve the meat into joints before cooking it, but Malaya has the fullest ceremony in this matter, and may be taken as fairly descriptive of the rest. While the butchers are at their task of this evisceration, and the hogs ashore and the sharks in the shallows are snarling and fighting over their food, the women are preparing the ovens for this feast, where the funeral baked meats are at the same time the funerals themselves. Great pits skirt the end of the village green, shallow excavations lined with cobbles, not the work of to-day hastily dug for this one feast, but pits which date back for generations to the time when the first canoe load of savages set up these, its ancestral hearths. In every pit is crackling a hot fire of dried branches. As this kindling burns down into a bed of live coals, husks of cocoanuts and knots of iron wood are heaped upon them to make the fire hotter without flame or smoke, and stones are heated on these coals just as the cobbles below are heated almost to fusing. The disembowelled bodies are brought upon the scene. The cooks seize upon the first, that chosen by the tabu man. The cavity of the chest and belly is lined with

the broad succulent leaves of the taro, within are packed yams, sweet potatoes, taro, breadfruit, and green bananas, and heated stones are placed among them. Meanwhile the pit has been cleared of all its coals, which burn upon its brink a glowing mass of incandescence. Deft hands, trained by long practice, wrap the body in banana leaves and bind it from head to foot with long tough pandanus leaves. A bed of sand is strewn three inches thick upon the vitrified cobbles that line the oven, the body is laid upon this and covered with sand, the coals are raked back over it, soil is thrown over all and the first oven stands a miniature cone puffing out volcanic odors of baking meat. As for the tabu man, so for the chief and warriors in order, the bodies are dressed and the ovens charged. As a rule the island villages rarely number more than a hundred houses, and it is a rare event to find more than a score of bodies brought to be cooked from any combat. Were there more the village could not consume them all, and the intertropical islands afford no chance to keep meat from one day to the next. All must be eaten fresh and tough with the *rigor mortis* or not at all. So in boasting history of the affray, in dancing and in singing, the time of baking passes away without tedium. The savor of the meat hangs about the green, and more than one smacks his lips in anticipation as a favoring slant of the breeze drifts down over the assemblage the heavy reek of the baking bodies. The cooks from time to time drive bamboo canes into the steaming heaps to judge of the progress of their cookery. Two hours go by, the usual time, and the cooks at last raise a shout that their work is done. The earth and smouldering embers are thrown out from the tabu man's oven, and the body, steaming in its brown envelope of leaves, is laid open to view. Gently it is raised upon a hurdle of reeds and canes, the wrappings are cut off, exposing the crisp and brown outside pieces of the meat. Upon the distorted face is laid a mask tipped with feathers, in the cooked left hand is placed a spear and in the baked right hand is grasped a club. Lucky the man whose victim has been chosen by the tabu man, for great is now his honor. The bearers lift the body on its hurdle to their shoulders, the tabu man goes before, the lucky fighter dances after in all his fighting gear. Around the green the toothsome procession makes its way, and before the chief and the elders the fighter recounts the name of his victim and the story of the hand-to-hand battle among the houses. Others may have fought and may have killed some unimportant people, but he alone brought home from the raid the choicest fruit of battle, food worthy of the tabu man's palate. This ceremony ended, the chief's oven is opened and his food placed before him. The other ovens are opened with a hurried rush of women and children, all content to dig away the earth and hot stones for the eager delight of uncovering the juicy roast. They feed in messes in an orderly enough fashion, and there is no such scene of rending the flesh and gnawing the bone, such as the imagination pictures a cannibal repast. The flesh is crisp and white, in appearance something midway between veal and pork, with sufficient of resemblance to the latter to justify its almost universal euphemism of long pig or in some few cases long dog. The bodies are carved by splints of slivered bamboo, which replace knives in the habits of these people, who have not acquired the art of working metals, or who, if they

could build furnaces, have not the iron ore to reduce. The joints, neatly severed, are distributed to the several messes or families just as they prefer, and are carried away on clean banana leaves. Then from every house are brought out the forks laboriously carved for these occasions and sometimes preserved as heirlooms. They are made of the characteristic ironwood of the western Pacific (*Casuarina equisetifolia*) and are almost indestructible in their toughness. The tines are four, not side by side, but arranged at the four corners of a square; each tine is about three inches long and somewhat smaller than a common skewer. The fork is forced into the meat as far as it will go, a bamboo splint is used to cut off a moderate chunk of the flesh about the fork and with this portion the owner sits down to bite off mouthfuls and leisurely enjoy the meat and the vegetables baked in its gravy. The only limit placed on appetite is the limit of the meat on hand, for the people cut and come again and eat and doze and eat again until all is gone. Some ceremony is observed in the distribution of the bodies which are cooked for the chief and the tabu man. Each reserves for himself certain parts, which are supposed to endow him with the manhood and strength of the original owner, and in the main these parts are tabu to women. The rest of the body is cut up and distributed by the military and superstitious heads of the community to warriors whom they particularly desire to honor. There is in the members of the body no apparent distinction, and individual and gastronomic taste alone governs the distribution. The thighs are naturally most sought after, then the ribs and next the upper arms, the skins and forearms are less considered, and after these joints are cut off there is little choice in the remainder. The fingers and toes are always claimed by the children as delicacies, and the women always get the heads, hands, and feet. The feast ends when the last of the meat is eaten, and the village returns to its usual diet of fish and vegetables until another raid furnishes the material for such another enjoyment. There must be dismissed from the mind all thought of wild savagery, of brutal conduct, of license, of rage, of ferocity in contemplating such a feast on human flesh by the ordinary, everyday cannibals. Such things are pictured to us as the customary concomitants of the human diet, but the witnessing of scores of such entertainments goes to show that such things exist only in the repugnant imagination. It is safe to say that a family in the Western Pacific eating the fat thigh of some enemy is, after making the necessary allowances for difference in surroundings and table equipage, no more ferocious than a civilized family grouped about a roasted leg of pork, and certainly the senses of taste, of smell, and of sight would prove valueless in distinguishing any differences in the food set respectively before them.

Now, why do cannibals eat one another?

Why should they not?

In the beginning of the history of each most civilized nation there is no lack of evidence going to show that the infant and savage tribe out of which the civilized nation has sprung was no better than the Solomon Islanders of to-day. The latter is still on that plane of progress from which others have risen. He has no repugnance to his food; if he felt that way he would not eat it. On the contrary, he eats it because he likes it, and liking it he wants more. Ask him about it in his wild state, and he will discuss the practice with

as much freedom as civilization would use in defending the proposition that beef, when roasted, is a proper article of food. The only quadrupeds found indigenous throughout the island subdivision, or the world loosely grouped together as Oceanica, are the pig and the dog, both good articles of food. In one island is found one of these, in another the other, rarely indeed are they found together. The only other mammal available for food is man. "Why not, then," says Maiwai, "eat man? We do not eat our own people in our own village, for that would stir up strife among ourselves, and we should be divided and become weak and an easy prey to our neighbors. But our neighbors—that's a different matter. They will eat us if they can; they steal our yams; they tear down our taro terraces; they are a nuisance in every way; why not eat them?" To explain to Maiwai why he should not eat up the nuisances who steal his yams it would be necessary to begin further back and instil into him several lessons of civilization. What chance does a white man have of being eaten in the Western Pacific? An excellent one indeed. Not that the people will view him primarily as an article of diet and rush wildly to put him to use in that particular, but they will incline to kill him as an intruder and dangerous to their peace, and once killed he will certainly go to pot in its most restricted sense. Gourmands among them profess not to like the white man's flesh as well as that of the native, and found their objection upon his saltiness. This may well be so when one considers the large amount of salt eaten by the civilized, and particularly by those who land upon the islands after a voyage in which salt horse and salt junk have alternated for days and weeks as the staple food. The islanders are learning that the murder of a white is likely to bring retribution in its train, and so refrain from molesting him without cause, but trifles may seem to them good cause, and the white man is clubbed and eaten. The life of the few traders, beachcombers, and missionaries who have effected a lodgment on the islands is therefore at best precarious, and may at any moment end in the cannibal larder. It may seem by thus divesting cannibalism as it is actually practised of all that hyena-like gnawing of human bones, that ferocious glare of bloodshot eyes, that savage growling and snarling which fiction has endowed it with, it may seem as if the cannibal were treated with the same coat of moral whitewash which has made Richard III. a wise and beneficent sovereign, Henry VIII. a tender and devoted husband, Lucrezia Borgia a skilled nurse. However it may seem, these are but incidents of a most intimate experience among the cannibals where human flesh is eaten as a matter of course.

The Parisian Bijoutier—From Galignani's Messenger

Those who know the poorer quarters of Paris are aware that there are places where a plate of meat can be obtained for a couple of sous (equal to one penny), and a plate of vegetables for another sou, and that, lacking this amount of capital, it is possible to procure a draft of bouillon from a spout continually flowing, for just so long as you can manage to hold your breath, for a single sou. Those who prefer more solid food, and are willing of a speculative turn, can for the same small coin, run what is called the "hazard of the fork." That is, a single plunge of this useful instrument into a smoking caldron, with the privilege of banqueting upon whatever you may fish out, should you chance to fish out anything. If, however, you prefer the bird in the hand, and require

to see your sou's worth before you part with your money, you can patronize a "bijoutier" (who is not a jeweller), and invest it in "harlequins," which have no relation whatever to pantomime. The "harlequins" of which we speak are simply scraps of every conceivable edible substance, served up by Parisian cooks, that chance to be left by dainty feeders on the sides of their plates. Of all colors and shapes, when mixed together they present a certain resemblance to the parti-colored garments of the citizen of Bergamo, and hence the name by which they have come to be known. The dealers in these delicacies have contracts with the scullions employed at the different ministries and embassies and in all the more wealthy households and the chief hotels, but more particularly with those engaged at the great restaurants—men who spend the best part of their lives in a species of Turkish bath at a temperature of from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty degrees, for a salary of 25 francs a month, on condition that all the scraps on the plates they have to wash up are their perquisites, said scraps being usually worth at least ten times the amount of their salary. Three francs a basketful is the average price they obtain for the scrapings of the platters that pass through their hands, and all of which, from truffled turkey to trotters, from hare to haricots, is thrown pell-mell into a common receptacle. Every morning the dealer or his agent, dragging behind him a closed cart, furnished with ventilators, visits all the establishments with which there is a contract, and basketful after basketful is flung into the cart, which, later in the day, deposits its contents at a pavilion of the Halles Centrales set apart for the sale of cooked meats. Here each dealer sorts his nameless heap, where *hors d'aevres* are mixed with the roasts, and vegetables with entremets, and where fishes' heads, scraps of cutlets, fricandeaus, and fillets, half picked drumsticks, and portions of ragouts and mayonnaises are intimately blended with fragments of pastry, salads, macaronies, vegetables, cheese and fruits; the whole being, moreover, impregnated with at least twenty different sauces. All that is recognizable in this conglomeration is carefully put on one side, cleaned, trimmed, and placed on plates. Out of regard for the stomachs of their customers, the "bijoutiers" perform this delicate operation of sorting in private, and it is only when all is finished, the discordant pieces duly assimilated, and the "harlequins" arranged in little piles, with the best pieces, or jewels as they are termed, temptingly displayed in front, that the public are invited to inspect and purchase. So much are these "harlequins" in favor among the poorer classes, that by one o'clock in the day every dealer in "harlequins" is nearly certain to be cleared out. That the trade in these odd scraps is a good one, is evident from the fact that there are many retired "bijoutiers" in the city of Paris.

How Appetite Changes—Patten—Consumption of Wealth

Our climate and our food supply are so different from that of Europe that we must learn to eat and drink new articles, and clothe ourselves in a new way, before we can make the best use of our resources with the least pain and suffering on our part. The extreme cold of our winters and the great heat of our summers will necessitate a much greater change in the food and clothing from summer to winter than is needed in the more even climate of Europe. Pork and corn will not be too warm as foods for winter, nor rice and fruits be too cool for summer. Drinking habits which are harmless, or at least not very injurious, in the damp or cool climate

of Europe, become destructive of the health and honor in the dry parching heat of a American summer. The German who sleeps at home all the year through between feather ticks, soon changes his habit of sleeping when he arrives in America. He thinks, however, that he can still drink a quart of beer with as little harm as in his old home. It will take a much longer time to break up his drinking than his sleeping habits; yet the same causes are working in both cases, and will force him, or at least his descendants, to become American in the one respect as in the other. The rapid increase in the use of sugar is now worthy of especial attention, because of its connection with the temperance movement. In past times the diet of the ordinary laborer was made palatable only through the free use of liquor. It was the pleasure-giving portion of the meal, the other coarse and usually ill-prepared articles being washed down by its use. As no other highly pleasurable diet was within the laborer's means, the use of liquor could not be greatly reduced without making his diet unendurable. Now, however, all this is changed. The low price of sugar places a satisfying diet within the means of every one, and it is now much easier than formerly to persuade people to forego the use of liquor, when an equally pleasurable diet can be obtained from other sources. The temperance people as a class live on a sugar diet, sugar being that part of their diet from which they derive the greater part of their pleasure. As consumers, they form a distinct class, and have an order of consumption radically different from their liquor-loving neighbors. With every reduction in the price of sugar, they gain an increasing advantage in the struggle for life over the drinking class, and the day does not seem far distant when the cheapness of their diet will give them an industrial supremacy in the greater part of the field of employment. I do not, however, wish to assert that all the effects of the increased use of sugar are advantageous to the consumer. A greater consumption of sugar is a good in the sense that it will prove beneficial to the race, even though it may injure many individuals. Improved consumption has its evils no less than improved production. The strong appetite for sweets which many persons have doubtless injures their health. The tendency of cheap sugar will be to weaken and then destroy these persons, thus leaving the world to those who have less desire for sugar. Sugar may in time prove so injurious that the moral reaction against it will be as strong as it now is against liquor and tobacco; yet this fact would prove still more clearly the great change in the appetites of men which the free use of sugar for a long time had made. The long-continued use of liquor has changed the appetites of its users; should men entirely cease to drink liquor, the modification in the appetite which it has caused will be permanent, and as a whole they will be better off for what the race has gone through, even though it has destroyed so many individuals. When the reduction in the price of sugar has had its full effect upon the race, another great change of appetite will be caused. All men will be better consumers, because their weaker appetites will compel them to resort to a greater variety of food to supply the demands of their systems. Many articles which we now eat only when they are sweetened, will not go out of use when the craving for sugar is reduced. We shall gradually learn to enjoy them for their own taste, and thus make them more and more an important part of the standard of life.

A MIDNIGHT MURDER ON THE SOUTHERN SEA*

I had scarce uttered these words when, through the silence that followed, and through the whole length and breadth of the brig, as it seemed to me, there rang out so wild and shrill a cry of anguish that the like of it I could never imagine deliverable by human lips. You would have sworn it was a woman's voice, and had not Miss Grant been by my side I must have thought it was she—the only one of her sex on board—who uttered it.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "what has happened?"

Captain Broadwater started to his feet at the sound, but then appeared to be stricken helpless, for he stood staring with a sort of gape in the set of his lips toward the companion ladder. Miss Grant's face was full of consternation, and she kept her eyes fixed on me with a wild look of consternation in them. I listened, expecting to hear a second cry. There was a sound of swift running overhead, a sharp, angry shout in the voice of the boatswain; a minute after the chief mate came staggering down the ladder with his hand to his side, his dark face dreadful to see with the ghastly coloring upon it. He stood while you could have counted ten at the foot of the ladder, swaying, his left hand upon his heart, his right hand extended, his ashen lips inarticulately moving; then dropped without a groan, and lay motionless.

A voice holloa'd on deck. I could not catch the words, but it was easy to recognize Gordon's tone, and it seemed to me that he was bawling for assistance from the wheel, or close to it. The light burned dully in the cabin-lantern; I turned the mesh high that we might see what was the matter with the mate, and then went up to him. He lay on his side, and when I looked at his face I could not question that he was dead. He had run from the cabin in his shirt and trousers on hearing the squealing of the pig, and in that attire had bounded on deck when the boatswain's sudden cry had raised the alarm of collision, and thus was he habited as he lay—a clearly murdered man—at the foot of the cabin-steps. His left side was dark in the lamplight with the saturation of blood, and already there was a large dusky patch slowly sifting out, like ink upon blotting-paper, over the sand-colored planks on which the man rested. His head was uncovered, his eyes half closed, his lips had not yet had time to soften down out of the rigors of their grinning twist of agony and terror; the gleam of his white teeth was as though he snarled, spite of his lying still. God knows, handsome as the lineaments were, it was now a face as villainous for the wrinkled torment and fierce sneer about the mouth, and the sly brutality of the half-closed eyes, and the savageness of the woolly hair that even in life when all was well with him was enough to repel most sorts of sympathy, as imagination could depicture. I know that the memory of it, with its base accentuation of stained deck and dyed shirt, haunts me even now.

This is a passage that takes some time to describe, though the interval between the dropping of the killed man and my bending over him was to have been spanned by twenty or thirty seconds. Broadwater appeared to have been bereft of reason. A professional danger—the thundering down of a squall catching him aback, a big ship under a press close aboard him, white

water under the bows—might have found him equal to its confrontation. The vocational instincts would have gone to work, and preserved him from gaping like a fool. But here was something wide of his experience, a sudden violent shock—a frightful menace too, for it was impossible to say what greater tragedy yet lay secret behind this first and most bloody one.

I found Miss Grant at my side looking at the body, with a white face indeed, but with a bearing perfectly collected and self-possessed.

"Mr. Musgrave," she said, in a quick yet firm voice, "what is to be done? Direct me; I am prepared to assist you in any way."

"So far as this man is concerned," I answered, pointing to the body, "there is nothing to be done. Look at his face. There is no virtue now in stanching or dressing. He has been stabbed to the heart!"

She shuddered, and returned to her seat at the table.

"Captain!" I cried, suddenly, angered by his posture of helplessness, "here is murder—murder, do you hear, sir? If your crew have not mutinied, what else should this signify? There is no leisure at sea, sir, for goggling. For God's sake go on deck, man, and find out what's the matter!"

Had I run at him with a pitchfork, the action could not have started him more effectually than my speech.

"Goggling! who's a-goggling?" he roared. "By this and by that," and here he bellowed out a whole volley of curses, "the man who's done this thing shall swing for it! From my own yard-arm he shall swing for it, though there's ne'er a pair of hands on board but mine to run the villain aloft! Murder! Murder aboard of me! Why, what do they hope to do?"

He made for the companion-ladder with fury in his looks and gestures; but at that instant down thundered the second mate, with his face as white as its dark tincture of weather would suffer it to be, as wild in his manner as a demented man; so distractedly agitated that his quick, distressful breathing broke up his words as they rolled hoarsely from his lips.

"Captain! captain!" he cried, "there's been a murder done. The mate—ay, there he lies—stabbed, sir, stabbed by the half-blood Charles!"

"Where is he?" bellowed Broadwater, who had come to a stand on seeing the boatswain, but who now gathered himself together afresh for a spring on deck.

"Hold, sir!" cried Gordon, "hold! hear me out. For God Almighty's sake deal with them as though an ill word now should turn 'em all into wild beasts! Mr. Musgrave—sir—you've been to sea. You know that when sailor-men are ripe for mischief the sight and smell of blood will change the most peaceable of them into devils. Tell the captain this, sir! beg him to listen to me, sir, or there'll be not a life of one of us now here collected as'll stand the chance of that flame there if you was to try and blow it out."

"Captain," said I, half wild with the thoughts such talk as this put into my head, as I looked for an instant at Miss Grant to mark what effect the incoherent consternation of the boatswain produced upon her, "you must listen to this man. He has something to tell you. There are three of us; I have weapons of my own, and you will not be without arms. For God's sake, don't

* From *Marooned*, by Wm. Clark Russell. Harper & Bros.

let the worst happen without preparation! Sit; be cool. There," I cried, pointing to the body of the mate, "is something to warrant a cold debate!" And with that I grasped him by the arm, with a quick sense of satisfaction coming to me, somehow or other, out of the feel of the mass of muscle my fingers gripped, and shoved him toward a locker. He sat down, with his face as dark as the stain on the cabin-deck, without speaking, with fixed glare of his little eyes at Gordon, and a kind of suffocated heaving of his breast.

"Now, Gordon!" I exclaimed.

"Captain," he said, "this is how it happened. Charles, the half-blood, was at the wheel. When you went below, the mate"—here he turned his eyes with a sickly roll upon the body, and a sharp catching of his breath—"came up to me, and talked of the craft that had nearly run us down. He spoke in a passion, gave me hard words—told me I had no eyes, wasn't fit to take charge of the deck, and swore cruelly that he'd reckon his own eyesight to have been blasted if he'd have missed the shadow long afore they showed the binnacle-light over the side. We argued, and I fell as hot as he. After a long spell of jawing he went forra'ds, and I heard him talking to some of the men there. His words went with a snap in them—bitter, hard words they was, sir!—a sight too fierce for flesh and blood; and the men took courage, I suppose, from the blackness, and gave it him back, till forra'ds it grew into a whole growl of curses, and then," he continued, with another sickened look at the figure, "he steps aft, threatening them with a hundred work-up jobs for tomorrow. He comes up to me, and lets fly again. He talked as if he hadn't his right mind, and I tell ye that I peered for the gleam of a knife in his hand, dark as it was, for he acted as if he was going to run amuck. It was his watch below; there was nothing to keep him on deck; while, if I couldn't boast of his education, there was nothing on God's ocean in the seafaring line as he was competent to teach me." He cast another look of dismay and disgust at the dead man, and stopped to take breath.

"I could follow him," continued Gordon, "by the white of his shirt a-flitting about the deck, and after a bit he walks to the wheel where Charles was, and spoke to him. There was some muttering; then I heard him"—pointing with his finger at the body without looking at it—"talking shrill as a fish-wife, while the half-blood answered sulkily, as a man struggling with his temper; and this went on till, of a sudden, Mr. Bothwell made the cry ye must have heard, and before I could run aft he had slipped to the companion, where I lost sight of him. I found the wheel deserted. The half-blood had gone forward in the murky blackness along the line of the larboard bulwarks, and though I noticed the slapping of shoes, yet, not seeing him, I supposed he was still at the helm. I holloaed for some one to lay aft and take the wheel. The moment he came, I says, 'Where's Charles?' 'In the fo'k'sle,' he answers. 'What's he done?' says I, for I couldn't guess at the truth of the matter from the noise of Mr. Bothwell's yell. 'He's knifed the mate,' says he. 'How do you know that?' says I. 'Why,' he says, 'afore dropping down the scuttle he sings out, "Nat—Dan—Terence—is there e'er a one of you on deck?"' 'I am,' says I. 'By God!' says he, "the mate'll trouble us no more; my knife has found his heart out! It'll be the skipper's turn next!"'

Broadwater started to his feet.

"For Heaven's sake, hear him out!" I cried; "time may be precious; how on earth shall we know what to do unless we get the truth?"

The skipper had lifted his arm with a frenzied gesture, and would have plunged, spite of my entreaty, into one of his now familiar roaring bouts; but happily he was half-suffocated by rage and terror, and scarcely able to articulate. He continued to watch the boatswain, while his extended arm fell to his side.

"When I heard this," continued Gordon, throwing a look up the companion-ladder as if he suspected listeners there, "I went forra'ds, put my head into the scuttle, and called to Charles. He answered without showing himself. I says, 'In God's name, what have you gone and done?' 'I've sent a villain to hell!' he answers, 'let him come back if he can.' Some of the chaps laughed at this. They had trimmed the fo'k'sle lamp afresh, and all hands seemed wide awake, as no doubt they would be after the row of the pig and the danger we scraped clear of; but I tell ye, Captain Broadwater," he continued, with another look up the ladder, "that there was a sound in them men's laughter which gave me to know that a cask of gunpowder, with the head knocked off lying clear for the first spark, wouldn't be a bigger danger in the hold of this vessel than's her fo'k'sle to her as it now stands, sir." He paused, dried his face on a great blue handkerchief, and then went on speaking, hurriedly. "I says, 'Charles, you must come out of that! No use skulking below. There's no stabbing men in this here craft and lying snug after it. Up with ye now!—don't give me the trouble to fetch ye.' He bawled out a curse, keeping hidden all the time. I put my leg over, but ere I could lift the other, four or five men sprang under the hatch, and one of them said: 'See here, Mr. Gordon. We don't owe you no grudge. These are your quarters as they are ounr; but the man's not to be touched. Understand that! By the Eternal! If so be a finger's laid upon him the capt'n'll answer for it with his life! so aft with ye, sir, and give him this piece of news from his fo'k'sle.' I got out of the hatch, and came away to tell ye what's happened."

I had made up my mind to offer no suggestions, and so contented myself with watching Broadwater, wondering what measures such a head as his would be able to devise for the remedying of the horrible mess into which he and his mate had plunged us. He seemed to wake up when the boatswain ceased, and fell to pacing the cabin in silence, measuring twenty or thirty strides before he spoke. He then said: "Better return on deck, Mr. Gordon, and look after the brig, sir. Send Billy here." Broadwater resumed his walk.

One wants a paint-brush instead of a quill for such a picture as this. The dead body of the mate; Miss Grant motionless and composed; the short, square, muscular figure of Broadwater pacing the length of the cabin, staring ahead of him with the blind, wooden look of a figure-head; the play of shadows set dancing by the lamp; the midnight silence on deck; the soft, washing sound of water running in some sobbing black fold along the bends; the creak and jar of the fabric as she rolled on the light swell, with many a muffled note like the short laughs or sullen grumblings of a company of giants below, stealing to our ear from the freighted hold—I say there is nothing in ink to give you the color, the horror, the strangeness of this picture.

SPECIAL VERSE TOPIC—THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Sunrise in January—Tinsley's Magazine

They miss this glorious sight
Who still upon the pillow rest their head,
That first long ray upplanting rosy red
From clouds of night.
Then, like a burnished shield,
The sun's broad disc mounts in the purple sky;
White, white as virgin snow, the hoar frosts lie
On street and field.

The Monarch of the North—John Vance Cheney

Unbarred, to-day, the arctic door!
The royal army marches forth;
Back! angry blasts ride on before
The hoary monarch of the North!
The trumpets sound, the captains glance
From crest to crest, from lance to lance;
Rouse, vassals! clank the biting chain,
Your icy shackles drag amain!
Think ye to move his heart with prayer,
This gray old terror of the air?
He glories in the dying groan,
The shrunken flesh, the staring bone;
He gloats upon each pleading eye,
As savagely he passes by.
Rouse! Up! it is the warrior's day,
Wild hosts of Winter march this way!
Beware! again the trumpets blare!
Lo, answering powers crowd the air;
Dread horde invisible, they drive
Together, wrestle, fiercely strive,
In writhing masses downward leap,
Down,—down the helpless valley sweep.
Onward they ravage. Hark! the roar
From mountain top to ocean shore!
Aha, who bars the arctic door
Forbids his army's marching forth!
Back! back! mad blasts ride on before
Wrath Winter, monarch of the North!

A Night in Winter—Emma Lazarus

Benumbed with cold the windless air;
Beneath my footsteps cracks the snow;
My breath smokes through my beard's crisp hair;
But onward, onward still I go.
How solemnly the fields are hushed!
The moonlight tips the ancient pines,
Which yearn for death; while, downward crushed,
Back unto earth the bough inclines.

In January—Richard Chenevix Trench—Poems

White ermine now the mountains wear,
And shield with this their shoulders bare.
The dark pine wears the snow, as head
Of Ethiop doth white turban bear.
The floods are armed with silver shields
Through which the sun's sword cannot fare;
For he who once in mid-heaven rode,
In golden arms, on golden chair,
Now through small corner of the sky
Creeps low, nor warms the foggy air.
To mutter 'twixt their teeth the streams,
In icy fetters, scarcely dare.
Hushed is the busy hum of life;
'Tis silence in the earth and air.

From mountains issues the gaunt wolf,
And from its forest depths the bear.

The trees, like giant skeletons,
Wave high their fleshless arms and bare,
Or stand like wrestlers, stripped and bold,
And strongest winds to battle dare.

A Sierra Snow-Fall—Charles Warren Stoddard—Verses

Blue dome above us, marvellous hive,
Opaline, crystalline, all alive
With the white bees of Blessed Rita!*

If but these feathery flakes might store
Honey of Hybla in lucent comb,
Bee-like; if only the azure dome
Might harbor and house them more and more,
So that the seeker easily sees
Ever the delicate airy things
Fluttering with invisible wings—
Feathery flakes like bevyes of bees—
Would they better us then, I wonder?
Would they even cover us under
Canopies of immaculate white?
Lodge us in little cells asunder—
Separate cells of honeyed delight.

Winter Sunset in Chamouni—Samuel K. Cowan

Blood-red a sudden splendor fills
The mountains; and the ice-peaks, hit
With the fierce glory, flare and split,
And headlong through the craggy hills
Flash down, in splintering atom-rills.
Flash down; or, melting, in a flood,
Leap into the low vale, while higher
The fierce sun sets the hills on fire:
And down below, the cold white wood
Seems leafed with burning leaves of blood.

The hot hill-snows in vapor rise
Beneath the brazen, blazing sun
And all the valleys one by one,
Roll up an incense to the skies,
The steam of nature's sacrifice.

Blood-red in scarlet-shafted spheres
The huge sun stands: the red-ribbed beams
Blow round him: some huge being he seems
Returning, bleeding, from his wars,
Pierced with a thousand fiery spears.

Back reels the simple shepherd, awed:
He fears to mark, in flaming light,
The huge sun on the lone hill-height,
Where never human foot hath trod,
Stand like the awful form of God.

The Coming of Winter—Ernest W. Shurtleff

Proud Winter cometh like a warrior bold!
His icy lances flashing in the light,
His shield the night, starred bright with glittering gold,
His mail, the silver frost-work, dazzling, bright!
He turns his stern face to the north, and waits
To hear his wind-steeds burst from heaven's gates.
He bringeth at his side the darkening storm,
He sifts white beauty down to deck the plain.
The bleak, dark forest shivers to keep warm,
The brooks are bound with links of crystal chain,
The sheep bleat sadly by the pasture bars;
The night sighs in the darkness for her stars.

* The exquisite legend of Blessed Rita, of Cascia, relates that the day after her baptism a swarm of beautiful, snow-white bees—symbols of her purity and innocence, and of the irresistible sweetness of her words, which drew so many souls to God—was seen issuing from the child's mouth, where they had left behind them a comb filled with luscious honey. Another swarm bore her company.

GOOD GHOST STORIES—THE SILVER LADY *

My father possessed no estates, but his wealth was reputed to be unlimited and a life of affluence seemed assured both to him and to myself, his only son. We avoided, however, every expense; and when his economy did not accord with my wishes, he said dryly:

"Independence is more valuable in my eyes than any other possession; and to retain it, my dear son Huwald, I must be careful of my property."

We remained of a different opinion to the day of his death. I fully believed the universal idea that my father was an absolute Croesus; and I was supported in this opinion by a crowd of friends, who disliked my father's parsimony quite as much as I did. I would have willingly prolonged my stay at the University, where I led a very gay life; but the intelligence of my father's sudden death recalled me home. In spite of his unwelcome economy, I had tenderly loved him; and I felt infinitely more grief at his death, than joy at the prospect of my inheritance. Consequently, I deferred from day to day looking at the papers of the deceased to ascertain the extent of my wealth.

At last, I commenced my examination; which had a very different result from what I had expected. My search soon terminated; and I found to my utter consternation, that my inheritance, so splendid in imagination, scarcely sufficed in reality to satisfy my creditors.

I had heard that on similar occasions dear friends are transformed into bitter foes; but experience alone can give force and comprehension to such a maxim. My little inheritance was soon in the hands of my creditors; and, as I found there was no reversion for me, I resolved to seek some employment by which I might support myself. After many a violent struggle with my pride, I at last applied to the individuals who had already exhibited to me so much selfishness and ingratitude. But, as I had anticipated, I was refused roughly, or sent away with empty promises.

I then determined to enter the Russian service; and to hide my humiliation and wounded feelings, far from my native land. In accordance with this decision, I set forth, and on the third night of my journey I had the dream which decided my fate.

I thought that I was in a most beautiful garden, which I had previously seen in my visions, but never when awake. It was tastefully disposed after the English fashion; though, at that time, the knowledge of this foreign mode of horticultural arrangement was rare in Germany. Among the most fragrant flowers and stately shrubs, the mossy roof of a small hermitage was conspicuous, on which the fiery rays of the setting sun shone flickeringly through the branches of the trees.

While I was examining the flowers, especially a many-leaved dazzling white rose, of a species I had never before seen, the door of the hermitage opened, and a maiden advanced. I shall not describe her further than by saying that I was so struck by her beauty that I stood as if rooted to the spot, and I knew not whether to consider the hermitage an earthly edifice, or the porch of Heaven, at which an angel appeared.

Her dress was white and curiously embroidered with silver stars, as if to signify that her home was not the earth. She took up a watering-pan which stood near

her, and refreshed the drooping plants, an action so human, that it induced me to believe, in spite of her singular attire and preternatural beauty, that she I saw was mortal, though the fairest that had ever wandered among flowers. She now passed, and gracefully inclined her head; but in the delight which this courtesy occasioned me, I awoke.

I was now obliged to think of my journey; but while breakfasting in the public room of the inn, I heard two strangers speaking in ecstasies of a splendid rosa unica, which was now in bloom in the Bentheim garden. I had always been fond of flowers, but was the more desirous to see this rare plant, as its description recalled that which I had beheld in my dream. In consequence of my inquiries, I was directed to a village, in the vicinity of which I found a magnificent garden, laid out, to my surprise, in the English style.

Amidst the brilliant flowers and plants which the gardener pointed out to my notice, I had almost forgotten the rosa unica, when he turned into a side walk. I followed him, and found myself in the well-remembered spot of my dream. The white rose bloomed before me; and conspicuous in the red evening light, surrounded too by the most fragrant flowers and beautiful shrubs, appeared the mossy roof of the hermitage.

While I gazed around me in an amazement almost amounting to terror, the door of this building opened, and an angelic figure, clothed in white, advanced from it. It was the counterpart of the lovely vision! Nothing was wanting but the silver stars on the drapery.

Then, as though fate had ordained that even her actions should correspond, she took the watering-pan, and gracefully refreshed the thirsty plants around her.

The gardener whispered to me,

"That is my young lady, sir. Come away, if you please, we must not disturb her—she likes to walk here among her flowers, in the evening."

When I turned away with my conductor, she perceived me for the first time. She slightly started; and a faint blush overspread her countenance; but quickly recovering herself, with the same gentle grace which had enchanted me in my dream, she inclined her head to me as she passed, and then slowly withdrew.

No words can express the thrilling feelings which this marvellous coincidence excited in me. Even those who may be the least disposed to regard dreams as possessing any mystic connection with the world of reality, yet, in my place, could not have failed to acknowledge that this entire fulfilment of all the minutest particulars of mine, was almost miraculous. In my heart, I confess, it engendered the idea that some close intercourse between the lady and myself was destined to ensue; and already my wishes rambled out of the dusty sphere of anxiety, into the bright land of hope.

I heard now from my conductor that the name of this lovely creature was Adelaide; and that she was the daughter of the Baron Bentheim, to whom the castle and the extensive lands around belonged.

"Beautiful as she is," said he, "her loveliness is almost eclipsed by her goodness of heart. A celebrated general lately solicited her hand; and the young lady, solely to please her father, gave her consent. But an extraordinary circumstance broke off the engagement.

* From an anonymous MS. dated 1810.

The bridegroom retracted his promise, and quarrelled with the father of his bride, who challenged him; but, before the day fixed for the duel, the general died."

Again, the current of my feelings changed; the demon of curiosity was now at work within me, and I was anxious to hear the particulars of this strange circumstance. After repeated urgency, and much mysterious hesitation, he narrated this story:

One evening, when there were many guests in the castle, and also a detachment of military, the general insisted on occupying an apartment which went by the name of The Silver Lady's chamber. It had been long uninhabited, as it possessed a very evil repute, in consequence of the ill deeds which, it was asserted, had once been perpetrated within it.

All the histories, however, that were related to the general, respecting the apartment, only served to excite his ridicule, and to render him more anxious to fulfil his resolution. At last, the baron, who, probably, did not himself give credence to the reports, yielded, and ordered the room to be prepared for his guest.

What occurred to the general in that fatal night, not even the baron himself had ever learned. The old gardener could only repeat the result of that stormy interview between the father of Adelaide and her prospective bridegroom, when the latter absolutely refused to wed the beautiful girl with whom he had before professed himself so deeply in love. But this was certainly enough in itself to justify the suspicion of some mystery; and to excite in my mind most eager curiosity.

The consequence of this strange tale was, that I became doubly anxious to be introduced to the baron. But he was then at court: and, after some consideration, I remembered that my present circumstances were not such as to obtain for me a favorable reception. I, therefore, resolved to continue my journey.

I lay down to rest, with the wish to see once more, at least in my dreams, the lovely Adelaide. But my disquietude of mind banished both dreams and sleep. Innumerable were the projects that floated in my brain. After forming and rejecting many rash plans, I at last resolved to introduce myself to the baron, and to offer him my services under a feigned name.

With this purpose, I rose early; and proceeded to the Bentheim garden, to endeavor to ascertain precisely when its noble owner might be expected. After wandering about for some time, I met the gardener.

"How fortunate, sir," exclaimed he, "that you are here. The baron is returned, and you may be introduced to him now, if you wish it."

This announcement for the moment confounded me. How had this man divined my unexpressed wish? Was I still dreaming and was the Bentheim garden with its lovely presiding spirit and this, her humble old servitor, one and all a part of my singular dream?

But the gardener dispelled my weird fancy by the perfectly commonplace statement that the baron was always most hospitable to strangers who came to admire his famous gardens, and hearing of my visit of the previous evening expressed regret that he was absent, and desired to see me should I return. I resolved to comply. Here was an unhooped for opportunity!

The baron received me very politely. In spite of all my previous preparation, I colored deeply as I introduced myself under the borrowed title of Ferdinand. I then told him the course of my studies, adding, that I was now in search of a situation. The baron ap-

peared pleased by this declaration; and, in a very kind manner, gave me to understand that he required an agent to assist him in conducting his affairs; adding, with affability, that this office was at my service.

I was most grateful; and our arrangements were soon concluded; though it was so painful to me to receive a stated salary, that my hesitation on this point would, probably, have betrayed me, had not Adelaide fortunately at that moment entered the room. I looked upon her and quickly agreed to the terms. I thus became an inmate of her abode, and daily saw the idol of my heart, who every moment appeared to me more lovely and fascinating. I was soon thoroughly acquainted with the affairs committed to my charge, and conducted my superintendence to the perfect satisfaction of the baron; and where my knowledge failed, Adelaide assisted me with her advice.

But whenever I proposed any alteration in a ruined tower which was by far the oldest and the only really dilapidated part of the castle, the baron invariably interrupted me by saying hastily:

"Let it remain as it is for the present."

I soon observed that the most persuasive arguments failed to induce him to consent to any change or embellishment in the dilapidated building. On such occasions, recollection often occurred to me of that chamber, where, according to the gardener's report, Adelaide's bridegroom had suffered from some mysterious power. No one had been able to communicate to me any additional particulars. But an unexpected occurrence brought it more under my view.

The Seven Years' War at that time was frequently the cause of our receiving military guests. Two young officers were quartered in the castle, who were the more welcome as they were acquaintances of the baron's son, and could give much welcome information with regard to him. One evening, while they were present, the conversation chanced to turn on ghosts, and the younger of the officers at last mentioned having heard of a Silver Lady who haunted the castle; and asked the baron whether she had ever appeared to him.

My curiosity was instantly intensely excited.

The baron evaded the question, and related many anecdotes of apparitions which had always been eventually explained as deceptions, occasioned either by accident or by fear. The baron, as it seemed to me, was designedly pursuing this theme, when the officer, who was slightly inebriated, suddenly demanded:

"Were the circumstances which befell the general in the tower of your own castle also a deception?"

Bentheim became visibly agitated.

"To me, at least," he replied angrily, "the general never related the events of that night, and I see," added he more calmly, "no necessity for attributing our most painful trouble to a ghost."

Both officers now entreated the privilege of passing a night in the haunted chamber, and I eagerly offered to share their nocturnal watch, but the baron positively refused to accede to our request and we were obliged to retire to our accustomed apartments unsatisfied.

Both officers indulged their wit at the expense of ghosts and ghost seers during the remainder of their stay. The baron listened patiently to every jest and treated his guests with all his accustomed courtesy. On the night following their departure, he sent for me.

"Ferdinand," he said gravely, "why did you desire to pass the night in The Silver Lady's Chamber?"

Unable to declare the real motive of my curiosity I burst into an enthusiastic explanation of my life-long desire to track a spectre to its lair—to which Bentheim listened with unchanging gravity. I felt disturbed at the silence which followed and infinitely astonished when he broke it with the abrupt question:

"Do you still desire to carry out this absurd experiment?" adding hastily, "consider well." I answered eagerly in the affirmative, whereupon he sighed.

The baron's manner made a deep impression upon me. It certainly argued a belief in the supernatural, and his next words confirmed this impression. Rising and placing his hand solemnly on mine, he said:

"I expected this firmness from you, but I fear that you may this night be compelled to encounter sights which pass human understanding. Prepare, therefore, to meet with intrepidity whatever awaits you. I repeat to you, that I know nothing myself of the appalling secrets of that room; for I, as well as my parents, were solemnly enjoined by our ancestors, never to enter it; and my unhappy friend, the general, never revealed to any one what he saw within it."

At supper, the baron was unusually gloomy and taciturn. He left me at an early hour and alone I repaired to the fateful chamber.

Here were all the traces of desolation written on mouldering furniture, and faded moth-eaten hangings. In the recess of a walled-up gothic window there stood an altar of ancient architecture, richly carved with figures of saints. There was only one other window in the room, whence nothing was visible but an opposite wing of the castle, in which not even one solitary light denoted the vicinity of a living being.

I arranged myself for the night as comfortably as possible. I imagined all the most horrible possibilities, in the hope of surpassing the reality; and thus prepared for the worst, resolved to encounter any phantom or terrific object that might present itself, with composure.

Midnight now drew near. I closely examined every corner of the room and proved myself entirely alone in the mysterious chamber, and gradually there crept over me the horror which must seize even the most intrepid mind, in such a situation, and at such a time. In vain did I endeavor to compose myself to sleep and summon unconsciousness to my aid. My excited imagination drove me from my seat, and I wandered restlessly through the room. How often did I then execrate the idle curiosity which had led me to investigate the mysteries of this fearful chamber. The slightest creaking in the mouldering, worm-eaten furniture, startled me as announcing the near approach of some phantom; and at such moments, I could scarcely refrain from rushing from the room to seek refuge and protection in the inhabited parts of the castle.

I now feared to look, to move, almost to breathe, for it seemed to my enervated mind as though the slightest motion might conjure into existence some loathsome vision. A faint, glimmering light, that I for the first time perceived through the window in the opposite wing of the castle, which before had been perfectly dark, was consolatory. It seemed to denote that there was one waking being besides myself in the vicinity of this fearful chamber; perhaps stationed there by the baron, through anxiety for myself.

While I was rejoicing in my reanimated courage, I suddenly heard a low, but distinct knocking at the door! A slight shudder prevented me from immedi-

ately admitting my visitor; and the knocking was repeated more loudly. I took a pistol under my arm; and, with a light in my hand, I approached the bolted door. In the mean time, I heard behind me, a low call; and turning round, a female figure met my eyes, in the act of entering the room, by a concealed door in the tapestry. She wore a veil curiously embroidered with silver stars; and her height and appearance strikingly reminded me of the figure I had seen in my dream. For a moment, I gazed upon her in doubt, amazement, and awe; but she re-assured me by uncovering her face; and—and Adelaide stood before me!

The mystery of the chamber was now disclosed to me. Adelaide was a somnambulist! My surprise was so intense that I nearly cried aloud; but my dear love advanced to my side, smiled, and said:

"Dear Huwald, those who sleep will not disturb us."

I started uncontrollably when she addressed me by my real name, and with such strange words. But not observing my astonishment, she continued,

"Believe me, I sincerely wish for your happiness: it is as dear to me as my own."

I was enchanted by these words and by her confidential tone. I was therefore most careful not to be excited by my feelings to give utterance to her name; which it is said invariably awakens sleepwalkers.

How long we conversed I know not; for the minutes flew with an inconceivable swiftness.

Much that she said to me of my future seemed strange to me, and she continued to address me affectionately by my real name, but although this I could not understand I attributed everything else to the conditions of somnambulism, and rejoiced with my whole heart that she thus revealed her own so freely.

At last, she prepared to depart; first asking me whether I would grant her one request. Eagerly and passionately I promised to fulfil any wish of hers, and entreated her to name it. She then requested me to give her my ring, as a remembrance of that hour. The pledge she desired was an extremely old family jewel; and so valued by me, that I parted with it reluctantly. I took it quickly from my finger; and placed it on her fair white hand. Her fingers were as cold as ice, and at their touch an indescribable chill passed over me.

"When you next see this ring on my finger," said she, with sudden, singular, appalling solemnity, "think of this pledge and divine my wishes and scrupulously fulfil them, even if I should not utter them."

We were then standing directly before the gothic window which contained the altar with its carved saints.

I entreated her to give me also a remembrance of our meeting; and pointed to one of her golden locks. She looked sadly at me; and said,

"Do not persist in this request, Huwald. Believe me, my compliance with it would not increase your happiness. Trust to my words, and urge me no more."

She then quickly escaped through the secret door by which she had entered. When, however, I endeavored to open it to catch at least a last glance of her, the lock withheld all my efforts.

I passed the hour before daybreak in a confused dream of ecstasy, and morning had scarcely dawned, when Bentheim sent to inquire for my safety.

I was most anxious to see Adelaide, but a considerable time elapsed before she made her appearance at breakfast, and I thought her looking unusually pale. I asked whether she had passed a restless night?

"On the contrary," she replied, "I slept so soundly, that I heard nothing of the violent storm."

"Has there really been a storm?" I asked.

"Well, certainly," rejoined the baron laughing, "no one can doubt the intrepidity of a person, who, in expectation of a mysterious adventure, could sleep through such a storm as that which occurred last night. The storm almost knocked down the old tower. I assure you, I was in much anxiety on your account; and was once even on my way to your room."

I thought of the light which I had seen during the night in an opposite window, and related how welcome this gleam had been to me. "Impossible," exclaimed the baron and Adelaide together. "That wing of the castle is uninhabited!" added Bentheim.

"Probably a reflection, then," I said without further argument, for I feared I might betray my secret.

When we were alone, Adelaide asked if no mysterious circumstance occurred in the dreadful chamber?

I assured her that on the contrary the fairest images had hovered near me. And then I rallied her a little on her evident fear of the haunted room. But she refused to jest and informed me that never, in her life, had she ventured to enter that room. "I do not," she added, "even know the way which leads to it."

"Perhaps," said I, "there are various passages which lead to it. You may imagine yourself to be in a distant part of the castle, but, seeing a bolt in the wall, you touch it, a secret door opens, and you find yourself in the mysterious chamber."

"For God's sake do not alarm me," said Adelaide, "but such an occurrence is impossible. The rooms which I occupy are too well known to me; and can lead to no secret chamber."

I had too certain proof of a connection between that very room and her own apartment, but of course I made no attempt to contradict her statement.

At this moment a fearful crash smote the air and without, great white clouds rose from the ground, obscuring the sun-light and gradually filling the room with a sort of dust, singularly white and dense. Adelaide clung trembling to my arm and involuntarily I folded her to my breast. Suddenly old Hartmann, the gardener, rushed into the room, crying:

"Where is the baron? The tower has fallen!"

Bentheim now appeared in the doorway, and Adelaide withdrew, blushing, from my willing embrace.

I followed the baron and Hartmann to the ruins. We went thither in absolute silence. We found the excited servants, in whom curiosity proved stronger than superstition, standing about the fallen mass of stone and mortar in little groups of two and three. One of them kicked something from out the ruins at his feet. Then he stooped and picked it up—a small iron casket incrusted with mortar and bits of stone as if imbedded in the wall. Seeing the baron approaching, the man came forward and handed the casket to him.

Bentheim ordered it carried into his study, and soon afterward he invited me to go there with him and examine the contents—which proved to be only papers—but papers of great value—especially to me.

For there were the deeds and settlements of the whole vast domains of Bentheim in favor of my remote ancestor Wolf von Huwald, his son and his son's heirs, and the autobiography of one Adelaide von Huwald, mother of the said Wolf and widow of Wolf von Huwald the elder, who was slain in the Crusades. After the

death of her husband this unfortunate lady had been incarcerated in the tower and cruelly persecuted for a witch, by her unnatural brother, Johann Bentheim, who then defrauded her and her child of their rights. The story of her suffering was told with simple pathos, and concluded with the hope that some day these written words, which, with the help of a faithful servitor, she intended to conceal somewhere in the tower, would meet the eyes of one who would right her son's heirs. She also begged that, if her bones were found beneath the tower, they should be given Christian burial, which her brother had sworn should be denied her.

On finishing his perusal of these extraordinary papers, Bentheim, who was the most generous and just of men, immediately thanked Heaven for having ordained that this disclosure should be made to him at a time when, with the enormous wealth he had himself accumulated, it would cost him so little effort to restore the unjustly acquired estate to its rightful heirs—if such, indeed, were living. Once he sighed deeply when his eye roved through the casement over his beloved garden but though my heart throbbed in sympathy, I said nothing of my plans which would insure this home to him forever.

The baron was no less astonished than was I at discovering the name of Von Huwald in the old MS. when I revealed to him my true name. But by a reference to my papers, I substantiated my claims; the whole of my genealogy was complete: and I stood before the wondering baron, no longer the obscure, penniless adventurer, and patronized menial, but the rightful and legal possessor of these proud domains.

The kind-hearted and generous noble attempted to offer me his congratulations; but I replied that all the riches in the world were worthless to me without Adelaide. The blushes of that dear girl then revealed to me a secret already half betrayed. Bentheim manifested no opposition; and thus our love was pledged.

While I was occupied in laying before the baron the various evidence of my right of inheritance, I recollecting the ring which I had given to Adelaide, during her nocturnal visit to the haunted chamber.

"Another collateral proof of my descent," said I, smiling, "my bride can give you; on whose hand I placed it in a very memorable hour."

Adelaide appeared completely mystified, and an explanation was demanded by the baron; I now asked Adelaide whether she had never observed on her finger a ring which was unknown to her? To my surprise she answered in the negative. I then minutely described it, but she had no remembrance of it. At my instigation she then repaired to her own chamber to search for it among her ornaments; but she quickly returned, stating that she could discover no ring at all resembling mine. Consequently, I was forced to conclude, what was by no means agreeable to me, that this valued bequest of my remotest ancestors had dropped from the hand of the fair sleepwalker while returning to her room.

I was now obliged to relate every particular of this gift. The baron was much perplexed by the intelligence of the apparition of his daughter in the mysterious chamber; and Adelaide gravely assured us that she had never in her life been a sleepwalker. But even if she had unconsciously been subject to this dangerous propensity, there was no communication whatever between her own apartment, and the haunted one.

But I was too certain of the fact, to suffer myself to be much affected by this denial. I then begged her

to examine carefully the way to the chamber of the Silver Lady; when she might not only discover some secret communication, but even find the ring.

Adelaide yielded at last, though reluctantly, to my entreaties; and, accompanied by the baron, we passed through a long closed, desolate passage. A small flight of steps led upward, until we came to a door in the tapestry; when my assertion was confirmed. This door communicated with the dreaded chamber; where, instead of a horrible spectre, the lovely Adelaide had appeared to me. Upon examination, however, it became incomprehensible how the fair night wanderer could have contrived to open the locked and rusty door.

After a minute but ineffectual search, I was compelled to admit that the ring was irrecoverably lost. We then prepared to quit these scenes of desolation; but the ruins of the fallen tower made any path through the room impossible. Consequently, we were obliged to retrace our steps, and return by our former route.

At that moment, the unholy sepulture of the lady whose dark fate we had just learned recurred to my mind; and I resolved to search for her remains.

I immediately summoned Hartmann and some workmen with the proper implements; when the process of excavation commenced. We soon found traces in a portion of the walls still standing, and, when a large stone was removed, a coffin was discovered.

I commanded the lid to be removed; and the lovely shape I had beheld in my dream, Adelaide's counterpart, lay bodily before me! She was clad in the well-remembered drapery, embroidered with silver stars; her countenance was fair, as if untouched by death, and smiling in magic loveliness. Thus had Adelaide appeared to me on that eventful night, and in the dream which first led me to her beloved presence.

"The Silver Lady!" cried Hartmann, in horror.

This exclamation, and the drapery with silver stars, which I had never seen Adelaide wear, now first awakened in me a terrific doubt whether the night wanderer were really a mortal being! My glance, at that accursed moment of ineffable agony, while the blood stagnated in my veins, and the hair bristled on my head, fell on the hands of the corse; when—O God!—all my fears were fatally confirmed!

My ring was on its finger! and I—was the affianced husband of a dead bride!

I had stood, perhaps, for some minutes, dumb and motionless, when Hartmann asked me tremblingly what was to be done with the body?

I heard him distinctly; yet I was utterly incapable of reply. My grosser faculties were sensible to his demand; but my reason was paralyzed, and my disordered imagination was morbidly banqueting in the grave, amidst mould and worms and all the elements of corruption. With a harrowing minuteness was I recalling each successive event of that terrific night, when, in an unhallowed and loathsome communion, the quick wooed and won the dead; when, in the fulness of my heart and my confidence, I expended all the best feelings of my nature, lavished all my tenderest and purest affections on a fair but foul deception, a treacherous incarnation of a resentful spirit, an outcast inhabitant of the dark and ghastly regions of the grave!

Now, all that was mysterious in the conduct of the figure, while—O horror!—I had believed it to be have been my own fair love, was but too easily explained. She received my ring as a proof of my intention to

fulfil her desires; but she would make no gift to me which might exist as a fearful pledge of the union of the dead to the living. Her injunction too, that when I should next "behold my ring on her finger," I was to "guess her unspoken wishes and scrupulously fulfil them," was now equally intelligible. And when I gazed again upon the remains of this long persecuted and suffering being, lying in her lonely and unholy grave, afar from all the coffins of her race, and thought that to her vigilance and affection I was indebted for the happiness which I now possessed, much of the horror of my retrospection subsided. I felt that she ought to appear to me what she really was, the protecting spirit of my love and my fortunes. I resolved that I would scrupulously fulfil what I believed to be her wishes; her body should straightway be removed from its ignominious and unhallowed abode, and interred in consecrated ground, with all holy honors and rites.

I was now alive to the anxious inquiries of the baron and Adelaide, whom my strange trance had much alarmed. Unwilling, however, to incur the risk of renewing the horrible sensations which I had escaped, I evaded explanation at that moment; and, addressing myself to Hartmann, desired that the corse should be conveyed to the castle, and preparations commenced for its solemn interment in the family vault.

The baron approved of my design; for both he and Adelaide believed that in the inhabitant of the coffin they beheld the ancestress of my house.

Previously to the conclusion of the performance of the ceremonies, I resolved to look once more on the ring which had occasioned me so much horror, and still caused me anxious thoughts. For this purpose, the lid of the coffin was raised, when I discovered that the corse, lately so lovely, had fallen to ashes; a painful, yet a consolatory change, for I believed it to indicate that the soul of the wronged wanderer was at last at rest. Among this mortal dust, however, my ring had disappeared. The sacred service now proceeded; the lid of the coffin was secured, and all that was material of the Silver Lady was left to its final repose.

* * * * *

On the night before my betrothal to Adelaide was solemnized I had a singular dream.

Once again, I thought, I entered the Silver Lady's chamber in the old demolished tower. I saw the same faded hangings which time had blurred to one nondescript hue, the same mouldering furniture and the carved saints on their altar behind the crumbling screen. But I felt no sense of fear nor yet of desolation. I went over to the Gothic window and stood before the altar. I seemed to be waiting for some one. A beautiful, clear light fell about me and gradually I saw the form of the Silver Lady all in her star-wrought drapery gently detach itself from this dazzling light and stand, or rather float near me. For even her most delicate beauty was now etherealized and her beautiful, shadowy form wore but the transparent semblance of human shape. Her lips parted and a voice like far music murmured the names of Adelaide and Huwald, while her translucent eyes shed their mysterious light about me. With her spirit hands she placed on one of my own the ring of my ancestor Wolf von Huwald, and, with that soft, cool, mysterious touch upon me, I awoke.

I was alone—in my own room—but in the soft radiance of the night lamp burning beside my bed the jewels of my ancestral ring sparkled on my finger.

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

The Assassination—Unidentified

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, pale moon,
Beneath the rugged elms he strode,
And whistled, and shifted his weary load;
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that crouched and bowed,
A cold white blade, that gleamed and shone,
Like a ray of daylight, downward thrown;
And the moon went behind a cloud.

The moon came out, so broad and good,
The barn-fowl waked and crowed,
Then rustled his feathers in drowsy mood;
While the brown owl called, to his mate in the wood,
That a dead man lay in the road.

Real Devotion—The Hussar—Walter Thornbury

Minny, reach me out your hand—
'Tis a true pledge, understand,
Love is our eternal lot;
Mind these words, "Forget-me-not."
Minny, I will think of you
Till this sabre snaps in two.

Lizzy, when away from thee
I am steeped in misery;
Without thee my life is lost
All the summer long in frost.
Lizzy, I will dream of you
Till this sabre snaps in two.

When to the parade I go,
Fanny absent, all is woe;
In my heart love's arrow burns
Till the moment she returns.
Though this sabre snaps in two,
Fanny, I will think of you.

Last night I'd a dream of thee,
Mary, if you'll credit me;
You had loved me dearest, best,
Chosen me from all the rest.
Mary, I will think of you
Till this sabre snaps in two.

Had I in this world the gold
Of King Croesus, ay, twice told,
Would it be as dear to me,
Sweetest, as the love of thee?
Bessy, I will think of you
Till this sabre snaps in two.

Kitty's little sugar mouth
Stops love's very keenest drouth
Kitty (don't let people hear),
You must be my wife, my dear.
Kitty, I will think of you
Till this sabre snaps in two.

No Death—J. L. McCreevy—Arthur's Home Magazine

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintr' hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers—
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad their scene of sin and strife
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the Trees of Life.

And when He sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to the world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there is no Dead!

The Walker of the Snow—Charles Dawson Shanley
Speed on, speed on, good master!
The camp lies far away;—
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the shadow-hunter
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear
That lay for miles between me
And the camp for which we steer.

"Twas silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I,—" Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome,
If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.

Not far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchin of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger
As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snowdrift
Where the shadow hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter,
And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us !
The sun is falling low—
Before us lies the Valley
Of the Walker of the Snow !

Old Grimes is Dead—A. G. Greene
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view;
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
He lived (as all his brothers do),
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

The Drop of Water—The Inquisition—Harry Stacpoole

They have chained me in the central hall,
And are letting drops of water fall
On my forehead so close to the granite wall,
Drop—drop.

They were cold at first, but they now are warm,
And I feel a prick like the prick of a thorn,
Which comes with the fall of each drop so warm,
Drop—drop.

A circle I feel beginning to form,
A circle of fire round each drop so warm,
A circle that throbs to the prick of the thorn,
Drop—drop.

The circle is growing between my eyes,
Each drop that falls increases its size,
And a flame of fire upward flies,
At each
Drop—drop.

It's growing larger, my God ! the pain
Of this awful, damnable, circular flame,
Cutting its way through my throbbing brain,
Drop—drop.

It's growing larger, dilating my brain,
Before its circular throbbing flame,
Till I feel like a universe of pain,
Drop—drop.

Suns of fire are falling fast,
Drop—drop.
On to my brain, O God, can this last ?
Drop—drop.

The stars of the universe all beat time,
As each raging sun of heat and flame
Falls with a measured throb on my brain,
Drop—drop.

Time has grown as large as my brain.
Drop—drop.

Ten million years of agonized pain
Lie between the fall of each sun of flame
Drop—drop.

Something is coming !
Drop—drop.
Something is going to happen !
Drop—

Something has snapped
The falling suns cease !
O God ! can it be that you've sent me release ?
Is this death, this feeling of exquisite peace ?

It is death !

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, AND GENERAL

Your Billions of Ancestors—St. Louis Republic

Did you ever think how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? First, it was necessary that you should have a father and mother—that makes two human beings. Each of them must have had a father and mother—that makes four more human beings. Again, each of them must have had a father and mother—making eight more human beings. So on we go back to the time of Jesus Christ—fifty-six generations. The calculation thus resulting shows that 139,235, or 17,489,534,976 births must have taken place in order to bring you into this world! You, who read these lines. All this since the birth of Christ. Not since the beginning of time. According to Proctor, if from a single pair, for 5,000 years, each husband and wife had married at twenty-one years of age, and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915 followed by 144 ciphers. It would require to hold this population a number of worlds, the size of this, equal to 3,166,526 followed by 125 ciphers. The human mind shrinks in the contemplation of such immense numbers.

Locating Divorce—Samuel W. Dike—Independent

The appearance of the report to Congress on marriage and divorce, published by the Department of Labor, throws more light on this and some other interesting questions than we have before had. It is mingled with the legitimate movement of population in a country where in 1870 nearly one-fourth the native-born population, exactly 23.2 per cent, and in 1880 almost as many, or 22.1 per cent, had moved from the State where born to some other. The chief light that the report throws upon this mooted point comes from a comparison of the place of divorce with the place of marriage. For it is safe to assume that practically all persons whose marriage and divorce have both occurred in any State were living there in good faith at the time of divorce. This takes out at once a first large class. The remainder belongs to three other classes. For, secondly, there are those who were married in foreign countries and came here in the course of immigration, and then obtained divorce. Thirdly, there are those who were married in the State of their residence, and then moved to another with the object of permanent citizenship. When they appear in California, or Indiana, or a new Territory for divorce, the libel of course shows, if it shows anything on the point, that the marriage took place somewhere else. Fourthly there are those who have sought divorce in the courts of States whither they have gone or sent for this express purpose. That is to say, there are four classes in all, of which those who go to other States expressly for divorce are the fourth. For the second and third classes there is considerable time to be allowed. For it is found that the average length of married life before divorce in all the 328,716 cases of divorce in the United States during the twenty years, 1867–1886, included in the investigation, was 9.17 years for the period, and that this average is steadily increasing. The average continuance of a married life before the death of one of the parties to it is not known, but has been estimated to be from twenty-two to twenty-five years. It will be seen, then, that the second and third classes in a mov-

ing population like ours must be very considerable. With this explanation let us look at this table taken from the report, in which the figures are given for each State and Territory, with the exception of forty-two cases in the Indian Territory and Alaska. The unknown includes less than ten per cent of the whole. One-fourth of these are reported from Connecticut alone, as that State shows the facts in only forty-nine instances, and it seems plain that most of the others are due to imperfect returns, and must therefore be supposed to fall into the usual course of the figures.

SUMMARY OF CLASSIFIED PLACE OF MARRIAGE OF COUPLES DIVORCED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1867 TO 1886.

Where Married.

Where Divorced.	In State named.	In other State.	In Foreign Countries.	Un- known.	Total.
Alabama	4,755	294	2	153	5,204
Arizona	99	115	4	27	236
Arkansas	4,812	770	12	442	6,036
California.....	7,429	3,347	645	694	12,115
Colorado.....	1,168	2,224	201	94	3,687
Connecticut.....	41	6	2	8,493	8,542
Dakota.....	188	762	86	51	1,087
Delaware	165	77	1	46	289
District of Columbia	648	362	22	73	1,105
Florida.....	1,664	294	40	130	2,128
Georgia.....	3,212	176	3	567	3,958
Idaho	132	224	9	3	368
Illinois.....	25,482	6,924	1,203	2,463	36,072
Indiana	18,198	3,867	140	2,988	25,193
Iowa.....	9,231	4,573	425	2,332	16,561
Kansas.....	3,616	3,158	68	349	7,191
Kentucky.....	8,121	801	22	1,304	10,248
Louisiana.....	1,424	72	13	188	1,697
Maine.....	7,122	1,053	180	57	8,412
Maryland.....	1,866	240	28	51	2,185
Massachusetts	7,668	1,842	324	19	9,853
Michigan.....	14,491	3,015	758	169	18,433
Minnesota.....	2,026	1,228	257	112	3,623
Mississippi.....	4,588	226	3	223	5,040
Missouri	11,979	2,500	267	529	15,275
Montana	292	441	49	40	822
Nebraska	1,152	1,577	68	237	3,035
Nevada	433	568	62	65	1,128
New Hampshire....	3,631	1,045	66	237	4,979
New Jersey.....	1,855	680	102	5	2,642
New Mexico	96	141	6	11	254
New York	13,149	1,435	621	150	15,355
North Carolina....	1,177	25	136	1,338
Ohio.....	21,161	3,345	553	1,308	26,367
Oregon	1,433	922	57	197	2,609
Pennsylvania.....	12,742	1,334	174	1,770	16,020
Rhode Island.....	3,187	796	83	396	4,462
South Carolina	144	16	1	2	163
Tennessee	8,403	547	27	648	9,625
Texas.....	7,702	963	95	2,690	11,450
Utah	1,267	1,889	387	534	4,077
Vermont	2,466	394	58	320	3,238
Virginia	2,425	171	8	31	2,635
Washington	390	501	45	59	995
West Virginia.....	1,564	582	16	393	2,555
Wisconsin	6,976	1,919	527	566	9,988
Wyoming.....	106	238	19	37	40
United States.....	231,867	57,679	7,739	31,389	328,674

We find, then, that the marriage of 289,546 occurred in some State in our own country, and but 7,739 were married in foreign countries. Out of the 289,546 married in our own land, 231,867, or 80.1 per cent, were divorced in the very State where they were married, and 57,679, or 19.9 per cent, in some other State. In

other words, four-fifths of the people who were married in the country beyond doubt got their divorces in the States where they were married. Most of the foreigners, too, must, according to this, seek divorce in the State of their actual abode. But we must add to this four-fifths a considerable part of the remaining one-fifth who were married in some State other than the one in which the divorce was granted. For the ordinary emigration from State to State may generally be assumed to be made up of more than the average proportion of married couples and also with fewer children and married persons in advanced life. And in this 9.17 years, or from one-third to two-fifths of the probable duration of marriage, no small part of the 19.9 per cent would be legitimately divorced from those who had made up this migration. It is significant, at least, that in the census year of 1870, when the per cent of natives of the United States living in States beyond their birthplace was 23.2, the per cent of divorces from marriages in other States was 19.4; and that in 1880, when this per cent of migration of population had fallen to 22.1, the migration of divorced couples from the State where they were married fell to 19 per cent. The year 1877 gives instructive figures. That year the divorces from marriages outside the State of the divorce rose to 22.26 per cent. It was in that very year that the divorces of this class in Utah reached their highest figure, being 714, or nearly one-fourth of all this kind in the United States. For three or four years the divorce lawyers of certain Eastern cities had sent hundreds of sets of papers into Utah to the clerks of one or two probate courts, who were in league with them. An omnibus clause of the loosest kind existed, and "the formal expression of an intention to become a resident was all that was required." The repeal of these laws reduced the divorces of the Territory from 914 in 1877 to 298 in the following year. I have examined the yearly returns from Maine, to discover the effect of her new law of 1883, in reducing the divorces of persons married in other States, for which the old law afforded good facilities. On the average for the period since they were sixteen per cent of the whole, against seventeen in the few years preceding 1883. The report has a most interesting table showing the reverse side of the facts as brought out in the one I have given above. The report shows where the people who were married in any one State obtained divorce. For example, there were 20,844 couples who were married in Indiana within twenty years who obtained divorce in or out of that State, 2,646 belonging to the latter class. From the marriages of New York 22,354 divorces had come, of which 9,205 were granted beyond the limits of that State. But we must remember that if this is a large per cent of the 57,679 of this class, New York has sent almost that proportion of her natives to people other parts of the country. The comparison of these two tables does indicate some States toward and from which migration for divorce flows. But they also point pretty strongly to the conclusion that this migration, though it may count up hundreds of cases each year, is, after all, only a small percentage of the total number granted in the country or in even the worst States. Of course, there are in some localities more or less of absolutely spurious divorces, bogus affairs, which never appear upon the records of the courts. But we must conclude that four-fifths of those who obtain divorce do it in the State where they have lived since their marriage, and

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The Current Literature of India—Chautauquan

The latest official returns of the issues of the Indian press are for the year 1886. The total number of books and periodicals published in that one year is 8,961. In the Indian vernaculars alone there are published annually about 200 newspapers, the most of them being dailies. The variety of subjects treated in Indian literature is astounding. It reflects not only the polyglot character of the race-stems, but also the mixture of faiths. Among the books issued in 1886, in the Punjab we find such a heterogeneous compound as the following: The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Praises of Mohammed by His Followers, Attacks on the Prophet by the Christians, Stories of Krishna, and Talismans from the Koran. In the same region, the Northwest Provinces, there is one treatise on astrology and another on electroplating. In Burma the list of books includes a volume of songs in praise of the New Umbrella for the Dægen Pagoda. In the Central Provinces a collection of astrological calculations was published in an edition of 500 copies. The Bengali publications comprise works on polygamy, the Brahmo discourses, and songs on the loves of Krishna. A gratuitous edition of 1,059 copies of a work on astrology, in the Tamil, appears on the list of issues for 1882. Several other books on the subject are published for general sale, among them one in an edition of 400 copies. It is claimed to be an ancient work 2,000 years old. Another Tamil work denounces Christianity, animal food, and intoxicating drinks. An edition of 500 copies of this work appeared in 1882. In the same language appear two other books of antagonistic tendencies, one a book of verses in favor of the Virgin Mary, and another a prose tale of a demon with a thousand heads. Among the works published in the year 1886 are the following: A book on architecture, containing notes on the lucky and unlucky times for beginning a building, a biography of Faraday, adaptation of Shakespere's Comedy of Errors, Winter's Tale, and Merchant of Venice, Milton's Paradise Lost, The Diseases of the Elephant, Cholera and Its Cure, a Marhatti version of Goldsmith's Hermit, the Perils of Youth, a work telling young men not to run off to Christianity or any other religion before examining their own, and annotated editions of Goldsmith's comedies, The Good-Natured Man and She Stoops to Conquer. There is a large increase of important missionary publications, of works by the Hindu reformatory associations, and of native attacks on infant marriages and other lingering abuses. Another important triumph must be added to the long catalogue of philological achievements of missionaries. In Bhamo, Burma, a Kachin spelling-book has been published by two missionaries. It is the first attempt to reduce the savage Kachin dialect to grammar. Many of the native publications classed as religious are purely controversial. They are attacks on Christianity. Both Hindus and Mohammedans are quite willing to attack Christianity in print. From the first, missionaries have indulged pretty freely in controversy. This spirit has been latterly on the decline, as if the missionaries were now

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thinking the game hardly worth the chase. In some sections Hindus and Mohammedans have taken up the cudgels against one another. On the other hand, controversial works have been written, in a very hostile spirit, by rival sects within the same religious fold.

Counting our Noses—W. A. Croffut—Syndicate

The last census report comprised twenty-two very bulky quarto volumes, some of them very nearly as large and heavy as Webster's unabridged dictionary. When placed upon a shelf side by side, these volumes, with maps and other documents, measured eight feet from end to end. I am able to give an estimate of the location where the census of next June will place the centre of population. It is a curious study and an interesting showing. I have roughly drawn a map for that purpose, carrying this wandering point through the States of Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky into Indiana, where it rests at the present moment. By the centre of population is meant, of course, the human centre of gravity—the pivot on which the inhabitants of the United States would balance if they could be weighed on an imponderable plane where they stand, and if all were of the same weight. It is not important that anybody should live at this centre of population. This little map makes several surprising revelations. The first is that only during thirty years out of a hundred has this centre of population lain within the so-called Northern States. The second is that it has all the while stuck closely to the thirty-ninth degree of latitude. If it had been a ring ten miles in diameter, it might have been strung upon this imaginary line and gone whistling westward without once leaving it in a century. In 1790 this centre of population was a few miles northeast of Baltimore. In 1800 some of the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky had been settled and the frontier was receding, and the centre moved through Baltimore and settled a little north of Washington. In 1810 Jefferson had purchased Louisiana and the centre moved to Harper's Ferry. In 1820 it went to Winchester; in 1830, with a half dozen new States made, it migrated 100 miles westward; in 1840 it journeyed on, and in 1850 landed on the banks of the Ohio. In 1860 and 1870 it journeyed through Ohio, and in 1880 was in Kentucky, just south of Cincinnati. It is now in Middle Indiana; in 1890 it will be in Illinois, and in 1910, it will be on the Mississippi. The space of its migration is now increasing. The loss in New England, shown by the coming census, is expected to be very striking. Beside bringing to the management of the census such executive ability for the rapid dispatch of business as a successful editor is pretty sure to possess, and the knowledge of the relation of things as a persistent student of economics ought to acquire, Mr. Porter, the commissioner, brings an unusually wide acquaintance with public men and the advantage of experience as one of General Walker's aids in the compilation of the tenth census. He will be primarily flanked in his work by twenty special experts, having salaries ranging from \$1,800 to \$3,000, each having charge of one of the grand divisions of the census. The law provides for 175 supervisors in the different States, with a salary of \$500 each for the month or so during which they will be busy. The 40,000 enumerators will have about \$75 apiece, and they will be engaged only during June. In the East they will get two cents for each name, and in sparsely populated regions a small per diem allowance besides. The census will

be begun on June 1st, and in all cities of more than 10,000 it must be finished within two weeks. The clerks and messengers employed here in the work of preparing instructions for the supervisors and of compiling and correlating the bewildering returns which the enumerators are expected to furnish, will get salaries ranging from \$500 to \$1,800 a year; but they will not be regarded as in the permanent service of the government, and at the completion of the work they will be peremptorily dismissed. It is the intention of the superintendent to make the eleventh census more complete than any that has preceded it. Some subjects not hitherto covered will be exhaustively treated, and some interests will be presented much more compactly than in 1880. The preliminary plans are as yet somewhat nebulous, and I can speak but of tentative purposes. Investigation into vital statistics will be more thorough than ever before. Most of the physicians of the country have been supplied with blanks on which to keep a current record, instead of depending on memory at the end of the year. The division, "mortality," will be dropped, as being merely a subdivision of vital statistics. So with deafness, blindness, insanity, etc. Church statistics will be gathered in such form as to be promptly available, inquiry touching the following salient points: organization, communicants, church edifices, seating capacity, value of property. The attention of the superintendent has been called to the fact that the most important item, namely, average attendance, has been omitted, and this may yet be added. Under "occupations" a much fuller treatment of the activities and industries of the people is contemplated than has hitherto been undertaken. An entirely new inquiry, specially authorized by Congress, will be the record of Union veterans of the civil war and the widows of the soldiers. The investigation of indebtedness is to be pushed further than has hitherto been attempted, particularly in the inquiry into "recorded private indebtedness" specially authorized by Congress. This is expected to settle the mortgage question, so much agitated. It is intended to take account of the draft animals of cities, and of all horses, mules, and cattle not kept on farms. This is an addition. An attempt will be made to secure a rigidly statistical census. Arguments, deductions, and references will be excluded, or at least, will be minimized. Matters hitherto treated exhaustively will not now receive the same attention. Cotton, which occupied two volumes of the tenth census, and the cereals and tobacco, which made up another, will probably be included under one cover. General information concerning forestry will not be repeated. Mineral resources will probably be put into one volume instead of three. So with water power. This is dealing with fixed characteristics, and much of the previous work will not be repeated. But electricity, natural gas, etc., will receive increased attention. The superintendent purposes to have for the first time a full census of the public schools. Wages, which occupied a volume in the last census, will be remitted to the annual reports of General Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor. But there will be an important report on machines and machinery. Speaking of machinery I must not forget to say that the census returns will next year be, for the first time, in large part, compiled by machinery and tabulated by electricity. In fact all of the future censuses of the world will doubtless be managed the same way. This machine is the device of one of

the special agents of the census bureau. The chief cost of the census is its tabulation from the sheets returned by the enumerators. In 1880 this work cost \$2,385,000, and if the same methods are employed, will next year cost \$3,000,000. The machine method consists in first recording the data relating to each person by punching holes in strips of paper (an electric non-conductor) and then tallying these data, separately or combined, by means of mechanical counters operated by electro-magnets—the circuits controlled by the perforated strips. The machine is patented, but as nobody will use it but governments, the inventor will not get very rich. The census will require a vast amount of paper—not less than fifty tons for preliminary work and 700 tons of cardboard for use in compilations

Receipts of Internal Revenue—Commissioner's Report

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury a report of the operations of the Internal Revenue service for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1889. The aggregate receipts for the last fiscal year were \$130,894,434, or \$6,567,958 more than the receipts for the previous year. The receipts for the first three months of the present fiscal year aggregated \$34,684,526, an increase of \$3,470,807 as compared with the receipts for the corresponding period of the last fiscal year. The commissioner says that if this ratio of increase is maintained, the receipts for the present fiscal year will amount to over \$142,000,000. He does not, however, think that such will be the case, and he estimates the collections for the current year at \$135,000,000. The increased collections were mainly on spirits distilled from materials other than apples, peaches, or grapes. The only object of taxation showing a decrease during the first quarter of the present year is oleomargarine, which dropped from \$148,623 in 1888 to \$124,730 in 1889. The total cost of collection during the past fiscal year was \$4,185,729, a fraction less than 3.2 per cent of the amount collected. The commissioner estimates the total expenses of the service for the next fiscal year at \$4,266,590. The increase in the quantity of tobacco and snuff and in the number of cigars and cigarettes was: Manufactured tobacco, 11,535,636 pounds; snuff, 626,631 pounds; cigars, 22,658,990; cigarettes, 288,789,860. The export account shows an increase in manufactured tobacco of 118,183 pounds, an increase in the number of cigars of 266,700, and an increase in the number of cigarettes of 65,909,950. The number of cigars imported during the year was 90,087,407. The value of the manufactured tobacco imported was \$70,353. The total number of special tax payers is given as 830,134, of whom 590,013 are dealers in manufactured tobacco. The number of gallons of spirits produced from grain during the year was 87,887,456 gallons, showing an increase of 19,499,296 gallons over the product of the previous year, or 4,161,150 gallons more than the average produced (83,726,306 gallons) for the last ten years. The quantity of rum distilled from molasses during the year was 1,471,054 gallons, showing a decrease of 420,192 gallons from the product of the previous year, or 416,510 gallons less than the average product (1,887,564 gallons) for the last ten years. The commissioner renews the recommendation of his predecessor in regard to the expediency of taxing all fractions of a gallon of distilled spirits, and expresses the hope that legislation will be had to effectually remove all opportunity for evasions of existing law on this subject. The report

contains elaborate analyses of suspected whiskey, and says that there appears to be a class of distillers who desire to market their product as soon as possible, and who, by heavily charring their barrels, adding a little caramel or prune juice, or by some of the so-called aging processes, endeavor to so color their new and colorless whiskeys as to deceive the consumer. The quantity of distilled spirits in the United States, except what may be in customs bonded warehouses, on Oct. 1st, 1889, was 102,650,982 gallons, this quantity being distributed as follows: In distillery and special bonded warehouses, 62,674,200 gallons; in hands of wholesale liquor dealers, 15,255,882; in hands of retail liquor dealers, 24,720,900. In making the above computation, the average stock of each retail liquor dealer in the United States is estimated at 150 gallons. The average monthly production of oleomargarine during the fiscal year was 2,972,002 pounds; the average monthly production for the previous year was 2,860,460 pounds, and the average monthly production during the eight months ended June 30th, 1887, was 2,711,828 pounds. There was an increase in the number of persons engaged in the sale of oleomargarine during the fiscal year ended, as well as an increase in the production of the article.

New York Ministers and their Money—The Epoch

The wealthiest single church organization on this side of the Atlantic is the Trinity corporation of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It embraces old Trinity, at the head of Wall street, and eight parish chapels—St. Paul's, St. John's, Trinity Chapel, St. Augustine's, St. Cornelius's, Zion Church, Zion Chapel, and Trinity Church, Morrisania. To support these churches there are ample funds. The income of the corporation is between \$750,000 and \$800,000 a year. Yet this amount does not adequately represent the corporation's capital. A large portion of its lands were leased long ago, when property was not as valuable as at present. The leases were to run ninety-nine years. When they expire the income of the Trinity corporation will be double what it is now. Dr. Morgan Dix is the rector of old Trinity, and exercises a general supervision over the parish chapels. His salary is \$15,000 per annum. The assistant rector of the same church receives \$6,000, while the assistants who have charge of the chapels receive \$4,000 a year each, excepting Dr. Swope, of Trinity Chapel, who gets \$8,000. These are pretty high salaries, but the Episcopalians of New York are renowned for generosity toward their pastors. The last rector of St. Thomas's was paid \$18,000. Dr. Brown, who fills the pulpit at present, gets \$15,000. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, which Vice-President Morton attends when living in the city, has, perhaps, the most desirable parish of all. His salary is \$15,000, and he occupies a beautiful parsonage, rent free, next to his church, which is architecturally one of the handsomest residences in the city, and is certainly worth an extra \$5,000 a year to the pastor. Another church that pays \$19,000 to its rector is St. Bartholomew's. Dr. Greer is the fortunate clergyman. He possesses private means, and returns his entire salary to his church. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's receives \$10,000 a year. He also is possessed of a private fortune, and, like the rector of St. Bartholomew's, turns his salary over to his church. There are at least a dozen other Episcopal parishes in the metropolis which pay their rectors salaries ranging from \$4,000 to \$8,000 per annum. The Bishop of the diocese of New York is

paid \$15,000. In the Methodist Episcopal churches large salaries are not the general rule, but the ambitious minister can aspire to become one of the agents of the Book Concern established here or the secretary of one of the many branches of church work, or, for that matter, a Bishop. The Bishop of New York receives \$5,000. All the other Bishops receive \$4,500 annually, excepting the Bishops of Africa and India, who are paid \$4,000 and \$3,500 respectively. The agents of the Book Concern get \$5,000. The same sum is given to the various secretaries. The pastor of St. Paul's, on Fourth avenue, the largest Methodist church in the city, gets \$5,000 and a large parsonage comfortably furnished to live in rent free. All the Methodist churches furnish their pastors with residences. The Madison Avenue Church also pays its pastor \$5,000. The Presbyterian pulpit in New York is filled by some of the ablest preachers in America. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Church, draws a salary of \$20,000. Dr. Paxton is said to receive \$10,000, Dr. Parkhurst, \$8,000, and Dr. C. C. Thompson, \$8,000, while T. De Witt Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, whose influence is as great in New York as it is in Brooklyn, is paid \$12,000. The Rev. Robert Collyer of the Park Avenue Unitarian Church receives \$10,000. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle, a Congregational organization, is said to have a like salary.

English Causes of Insanity—The Scientific American

An interesting table showing the assigned causes of insanity in the cases of all patients admitted into public and private asylums in England and Wales during the ten years 1878-87 is given in the report of the Commissioners in Lunacy just issued. These causes are not taken from the statements in the papers of admission of the patients, but are those which have been verified by the medical officers of the asylums. The total number of admissions during the ten years was 136,478, being 66,918 of the male and 69,560 of the female sex. The totals in the following table exceed the whole number of patients admitted, as in some cases there was a combination of causes.

Causes of Insanity.	Male.	Female.	Total.
MORAL :			
Domestic trouble (including loss of relatives and friends).....	2,787	6,782	9,569
Adverse circumstances (including business cares and pecuniary difficulties).....	5,493	2,567	8,060
Mental anxiety and "worry" (not included above); overwork.....	4,435	3,843	8,278
Religious excitement.....	1,693	2,076	3,769
Love affairs, etc.....	456	1,768	2,224
Fright and nervous shock.....	639	1,314	1,953
PHYSICAL :			
Intemperance in drink.....	13,286	5,004	18,290
Sexual diseases.....	2,684	763	3,447
Over-exertion.....	449	312	761
Sunstroke.....	1,557	129	1,686
Accident or injury.....	3,497	702	4,199
Diseases of women.....	—	11,315	11,315
Puberty.....	170	412	582
Fevers.....	489	391	880
Privation and starvation.....	1,112	1,495	2,607
Old age.....	2,568	3,205	5,773
Other bodily diseases or disorders....	7,420	7,299	14,719
Previous attacks.....	9,565	13,138	22,703
Hereditary influence ascertained.....	12,703	15,360	28,063
Congenital defect ascertained.....	3,461	2,420	5,881
Other ascertained causes	1,584	738	2,322
Unknown.....	14,286	13,955	28,271

The total number of lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind in England and Wales on January 1st,

last was 84,340, being an increase of 1,697 on the figures of the previous year. The ratio to the whole population has risen from 28.87 to 29.07 per 10,000, the highest point at which it has stood. The rate of recovery to the admissions is calculated at 38.71 per cent.

Statistics of the Chinese Army—The London Times

With regard to the military organization and resources of China much might be written, but, to summarize the chief facts, it may be said that the military organization on paper is only slightly less elaborate than the civil administration, and that the Emperor controls forces of nearly 1,000,000 armed men—only to a large degree the arms are out of date and the men untrained. Although events have compelled the authorities to show greater activity, and to increase the number of troops by the formation of fresh corps, such as Li Hung Chang's trained regiments and the garrison in Manchuria and Central Asia, the division of the army remains unchanged, and goes back to the date of the Manchu conquest, when it became necessary to organize the permanent forces of the empire. They were then divided into three separate bodies, composed of the races to which they belonged—Manchu, Mongol, and Chinese. The Manchus number 678 companies of 100 men each, or nearly 70,000 fighting men. The Mongols furnish about 80,000 men; and the two combined give what has been generally called the Tartar army. The Chinese, or Green Flag, army numbers between 600,000 and 700,000 men, but no attempt has yet been made to organize this force for modern war. China is strong in numbers even with respect to her army, which has always been delegated to an inferior position in her community, priding itself on the pre-eminence of the educated civilian, but she is lamentably deficient in organization. Of late years strenuous efforts have been made to render efficient those portions of the Chinese army which are intrusted with duties that are considered of exceptional importance. The army of Li Hung Chang, garrisoning the metropolitan province of Pechihli, has for twenty years been subjected to a stricter discipline than the rest, caused as much by Li's experience of war, gained against the Taeping rebels in co-operation with Gen. Gordon, as by the desire to save the capital. This force, known as the model corps, or Black Flag army, numbers about 50,000 men, and is intrusted with the special duty of garrisoning Port Arthur, the forts at Taku and on the Peiho, and Tientsin. If China possesses such a thing as an efficient *corps d'armée*, it is to be found in this force, which is mainly recruited from the Chinese population. The men are well armed, and there are many foreign instructors, among whom Germans are the most numerous. The late Gen. Prjevalsky was very sceptical of the military value of even this force, but other and equally competent critics entertain no doubt that it is a fairly efficient body of troops, and that the work to be done—namely, the defence of forts—is peculiarly suited to them. The garrison of Peking is still composed exclusively of the Tartar or Banner army. The Pekin field force is always commanded by a Manchu of high rank, and latterly it was under the personal orders of Prince Chun himself. The organization of this force is backward, and only feeble attempts have been made to bring up its armament to the exigencies of modern war. On the other hand, the raw material is the best in China. It consists of the élite of the Manchu and Mongol Banners, men of fine phy-

sique, who, unlike the Chinese, believe that the sword is better than the pen, and that courage is superior to chicane. If their training were taken seriously in hand, China would possess in her northern province an army which could safeguard Peking against any conceivable invasion. Greater progress has been made with regard to the Tartar army garrisoning the all-important province of Manchuria. Twenty years ago the garrison of that part of the empire consisted of the tribal levies armed with bows and arrows and spears. A flintlock appeared an engine of destruction. To-day there are nearly 200,000 Bannermen on the rolls in Manchuria alone, and of these it is stated that one-third are armed with Winchester and other rifles, and are performing garrison duties at Moukden, Kirin, and on the Ussuri. It is not contended that these troops are yet as carefully trained as the model corps of Li, but they probably possess superior fighting qualities. Leaving a wide margin for exaggeration, there is the important fact that China now has one strong army to defend her capital against attack from the sea, and another to oppose any assault by land from the Amour and Russian Manchuria. This really means a complete revolution in the military position of China. Prince Wang considers that the system of military competitive examinations should be wholly altered. The present dynasty owes its existence to the practice of archery, but the conditions of warfare have greatly altered, and in place of the bow and arrow we have the iron sword and the terrible cannon, so that reliance can no longer be placed upon antiquated weapons. In western countries, says Wang, every man, from the prince down to the humblest person, learns the art of using firearms; and even foreigners in China practise rifle shooting periodically. In this manner they become skilled marksmen and formidable soldiers. He recommends, therefore, that in the military examinations, in addition to the practice with the bow and arrow, lifting stones and other heavy weights, the competitors be required to shoot at a target with a rifle, and that great honor be bestowed upon the best marksman. The successful competitor should then be appointed to teach rifle shooting to townspeople and others in the neighborhood of his home, so that all the people may eventually understand the use of firearms, and he proposes that a decree be issued that promotion in the army should in future depend upon the skilled use of firearms.

Edison Patents—W. J. Hammer—Electrical World

Telegraphy.—Printing and automatic, 52; chemical and perforating, 34; perforating machines, 6; chemical stock printer, 1; multiplex, 17; relays, 8; switches, 2; phonoplex, 3; induction relay telegraph, 2; acoustic, 2; amr. and ind. signal apparatus, 4.

Electric Lights.—Incandescent lamps and their manufacture, 104; arc lamps, 4.

Distribution.—Systems of regulation and indicating devices, meters, sockets, switches, 66.

Generation.—Dynamos, motors, 3; transmission of power, 54; regulation, 50.

Railways.—Electric motor and tracks, 8.

Conductors, underground and overhead, 3.

Telephones.—Transmitters and receivers, 32.

Batteries, galvanic and secondary, 3.

Phonograph, 21. *Ore Milling*, 4.

Miscellaneous.—Electric pen and stencil app., 66; typewriter, 3; shafting, 1; malleable iron, 1; vocal engine, 1; preserving fruit, 1. Total, 493. Besides

these he has over 300 applications for patents pending on all subjects. The various interests bearing his name own many hundred other patents covering details and modifications of Mr. Edison's inventions.

Modes of Execution—American Notes and Queries

Austria, gallows, public.

Bavaria, guillotine, private.

Belgium, guillotine, public.

Brunswick, axe, private.

China, sword or cord, public.

Denmark, guillotine, public.

Ecuador, musket, public.

France, guillotine, public.

Great Britain, gallows, private.

Hanover, guillotine, private.

Italy, capital punishment abolished.

Netherlands, gallows, public.

Oldenburg, musket, public.

Portugal, gallows, public.

Prussia, sword, private.

Russia, musket, gallows, or sword, public.

Saxony, guillotine, private.

Spain, garrote, public.

Switzerland: Fifteen cantons, sword, public. Two cantons, guillotine, public. Two, guillotine, private.

United States, other than New York, gallows, private.

Chinese Banking—"The Woo-ey"—Chicago Herald

The Chinese have a way of borrowing and lending money under a system that they call a Woo-ey, that allows its members to borrow in a stated sum and repay it by instalments. Any member of a Woo-ey who takes a share and does not wish to borrow himself obtains a good interest on the money he invests. The plan of a Woo-ey is as follows: Ah Sing wants to borrow \$100 and repay it in instalments, so he starts a Woo-ey; his first step is to find 20 persons who are willing to take a \$5 share in a \$100 Woo-ey. Ah Sing is known as the Woo-ey Tow, or head of the Woo-ey; the shareholders are known as Woo-ey Chi, or children of the Woo-ey. The Woo-ey lasts for 20 months; each Woo-ey Chi pays in \$5 to the Woo-ey Tow, so that Ah Sing obtains his \$100. At the end of the month Ah Sing goes to each of the shareholders and asks for bids for the next loan; each member writes his name and the amount of interest he is willing to pay on a slip of paper. Every member has the right of borrowing money once during the Woo-ey. After the bids are all received they are opened and read and the money lent to the highest bidder. We will suppose that 2 per cent is the highest bid. Ah Sing, who now pays the first instalment, has to pay in the full amount of \$5, while the others deduct the 2 per cent and pay in \$4.90. When the next instalment falls due there are two members who have to pay in the full amount, and so the Woo-ey runs on. At the end of 15 or 16 months the interest offered is often as high as 25 or 30 per cent, but as 15 of the members have borrowed and so have to pay in the full amount of \$5, it is only the four or five left who get the benefit of the heavy interest. Sometimes toward the last of the Woo-ey, when two or three different ones wish to borrow, the rates offered are often as high as 75 per cent, and in one instance 100 per cent was bid on a \$5 Woo-ey. As there were three members that had not borrowed, the Celestial had only to pay the heavy premium to two men. Sometimes the Woo-ey is as low as 50 cents a share and I have known of Woo-eys as high as \$50 a share.

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

Birds at Sea—Sir Edwin Arnold—London Telegraph

Every day we see playing round the ship and skimming up and down the wave-hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roammers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who "lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky flying foam, and the broken sealace which forms, and gleams, and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast. Marvellously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to his roost!

Summer and Winter Sleep—The London Standard

The unwonted warmth which we are at present enjoying is affecting some of our native animals in a peculiar fashion. The land shells, we are informed, are beginning to aestivate, while the vipers, which during the long chill of last summer were inactive almost to the stage of torpidity, are already lively to a degree which is by no means comfortable to those who accidentally tread upon them. Frogs and toads are also very numerous. As every one knows, a number of the northern species escape the rigor of winter by retiring into holes, there to pass the season during which food is scarce, in a condition of dormancy. Some, like the squirrels and the dormice, sleep as if they were dead, then suddenly revive on a fine day, visit their hoards of food, and retire to hibernate for several weeks more. All our native reptiles lie in a torpid condition until the summer sun stimulates them into renewed life; while the snails creep into holes in the walls or into the ground, there to lie, foodless and apparently lifeless, until the period of leafing comes back again. But as we go further south hibernation ceases. There, however, what exactly corresponds to it—namely, aestivation, or, as the Germans term it, summer sleep—takes its place, and serves the same purpose. When the heat of a tropical or semi-tropical summer dries up every pool, and parches the ground to such an extent that it is difficult for animals not endowed with great powers of locomotion to find the

wherewithal for existence, they compromise with Nature by sleeping off the season of heat and scarcity. This sleep, like the winter one, is akin, no doubt, to that in which all animals and many plants indulge for several hours either during day or night. But it is deeper, more death-like, and not much resembling in reality the rest which a tired brain and body require. It has been claimed that during hibernation the life of the sleeper is sustained by the nourishment stored up in a special gland. This may, no doubt, be true of some species. But, unfortunately for this theory, the hibernating gland does not exist in all hibernators. Nor does anything akin to it find a place in the organization of the summer sleepers. Moreover, many of the latter, like several of the former, do not seem to require any nourishment during their period of somnolence. The functions of digestion, assimilation, and excretion are suspended until they awake. This, at least, is the view held by the northern naturalists. The winter sleepers are all pretty well known. But owing to the aestivators being, for the most part, inhabitants of tropical countries far removed from the path of trained observers, we are less acquainted with the species practising that means of shunning the heat and drought of summer. Indeed, at present only one mammal is known which does so. This is the tenrec, a hedgehog-like beast of Madagascar, which retires to its burrow and sleeps during the three hottest months of the year—these months, it must be remembered, corresponding to the northern winter. However, it is believed that a West African dormouse is a summer sleeper, though this species when brought to England hibernates, like its northern cousin. No doubt, also, some of the sub-antarctic mammals sleep during the coldest portion of the winter, though as yet the tuco-tuco of Patagonia and a gray rat native to the Kermadec Islands are about the only two species of which this can be affirmed with any certainty. In not a few respects, the suspended animation of these creatures during the intense heat of summer is even more remarkable than that which obtains when frost dulls every function of life. Some microscopical animals—the wheel animalcules for example—can be dried up into a dust-like substance, and yet revive as soon as they get access to water, the germ on which their vitality depends being evidently protected in some manner not yet clearly understood. In South America and Africa various reptiles aestivate, if not in the manner described, at least so perfectly that their summer somnolence is quite comparable with the winter sleep of the northern forms. In the llanos or plains of Venezuela, the alligator, the land and fresh-water tortoise, the huge boa constrictor, and several of the smaller kinds of serpents, lie motionless in the indurated mud during the hottest period of the tropical summer. But their dormancy is by no means so perfect as that of some hibernators. A marmot, or a hedgehog, when in the depth of its winter torpidity, may be kicked about like a ball, and yet, exhibit scarcely any sign that it is conscious. The black bear of America can scarcely be awakened in the middle of its hibernation, though the badger is by no means difficult to arouse, and the brown bear of Siberia is a light sleeper, and extremely dangerous if prematurely disturbed. In

Brazil, Australia, and the Cape Colony, lizards, frogs, tortoises, and insects pass months of the rainless season inclosed in hard earth, and in India, many species of fishes, during the dry season and long-continued droughts, live in a torpid condition, imbedded in the indurated clay. Dr. Day has, indeed, put on record instances in which fishes have survived in this condition for more than one season, ponds known to have been dry for several months having swarmed with scaly inhabitants as soon as the accumulation of water released them from their hardened bed. In Arizona, a land of great summer heat and drought, much the same phenomenon has been noticed. Pools in the desert, surrounded on every side by an arid region, across which it would have been barely possible for water-fowl to convey the living spawn of fishes or batrachians, as soon as the thunder showers fill them are found to contain fishes, frogs, and fresh-water molluscs, of which not a trace could previously be seen. But perhaps the most extraordinary, as well as the best known, of such instances of aestivation are those of the mud-fish of Africa, and its allies in the rivers of South America and Queensland, which are provided not only with gills, but with a rudimentary lung. They can thus breathe ordinary atmospheric air, and, at the time when they are encased in mud, they leave a small opening through which they can inhale it. But what our correspondent chiefly calls attention to is the aestivation of the land shells. Of these molluscs there are many species living within the British Isles. All of them retire into winter quarters, after closing the mouths of their shells with a thin plate, in which is left a little opening for the entrance of air. During very warm weather these species imitate their southern relatives by aestivating for a greater or shorter period of time, though the reptiles, being of a more tropical habit, never find the northern heat too much for their warmth-loving constitutions. Some land molluscs are singularly sensitive to heat and moisture, and are equally tolerant of their absence. The desert snail is hidden during the day. But when the sun goes down, and the heavy night dew covers the herbage, it creeps forth to feed, retiring before the heavens are ablaze with light. The same species has been known to remain glued down to a board in a museum case, and, after a lapse of four years, to the amazement of the curators, revive on being plunged into water. At this moment every prickly acacia shrub in North Africa is covered with clusters of various species of helix, which are clinging to it in a half-dormant and wholly motionless condition, waiting until the rains revive them. Hibernation and aestivation—winter sleep and summer sleep—are thus practically the same, the only difference being that one is practised in the north and the other in the south. Yet this definition will not suffice, for we have seen that the same animal may embrace both methods of escaping the inconveniences of climate. The entire subject is still open to further investigation; for, in spite of a somewhat voluminous literature, and a mass of theories which bear an undue ratio to the facts at the disposal of the generalizer, we are as yet familiar with the habits of very few hibernators, and still less with those of aestivators. In some respects, both kinds of sleep appear akin to the drowsiness which overcomes the higher animals during severe cold and great heat. But while the hibernator does not die—though it is just as apt as any other animal to be frozen to death—the

man who succumbs to the longing for sleep during a snow storm is certain never to wake again. As a provision for enabling animals which cannot migrate to survive within the area they inhabit, both modes of avoiding the extremes of the weather are extremely useful, and as we find land shells and the bones of reptiles in the trunks of fossil trees, we are justified in concluding that hibernation and aestivation prevailed in the most remote times, the animals having crept into the places where their stony remains are now found, to escape the rigors of the carboniferous climate.

Hunting Sim Davis's Pig—The New York Sun

I was in Lumberville, down in Pennsylvania, recently, and they were having a sort of jubilee among themselves there. I asked a native why everybody was feeling so good. "We've ketched Sim Davis's pig," he replied. Further inquiry as to what there was about Sim Davis's pig that its capture should cause a whole village to have a regular jollification over it elicited quite an interesting little narrative. It seems that on the Fourth of July the citizens of Lumberville remembered the day by a grand celebration. Among the devices provided to increase the native love for the country and the old flag was a greased pig chase, to foster and stimulate enthusiasm in which a prize of two dollars was offered to the person whose agility, speed, and grip should enable him to capture and hold the object of the chase. For the purpose of the sport an active and wiry ten-months-old shoat belonging to one Sim Davis was chosen. The pig was smeared from snout to tip of tail with grease, and when the time arrived for inspiring Lumberville's patriotic soul with the sight of the oleaginous porcine sweeping over the plain, with all of Lumberville's young and vigorous manhood in full cry, intent on capturing it and the contingent two dollars, the pig was turned loose and the chase began. The pig, as the sequel would seem to indicate, had a spirit of its own, and resented the indignity that had been put upon him, and did not sweep over the plain as it was intended he should, but, lifting his voice in loud protest, had broken for a neighboring wheat field. He got through the fence, and thence a wide swath in the ripening grain marked his course through the field. From the field he escaped to the woods. The rest of the day was spent in searching the woods for the pig that had so unceremoniously turned expectant glee and gladness into dire disappointment. But he couldn't be found, and as he was worth a great deal more to his owner than the prize which had driven him into exile, the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air, which gave proof in the evening that the celebration was still there, were but slight recompense to Mr. Sim Davis for the pig's sudden taking off. The search for the pig was resumed the day after the Fourth, although the prize had been withdrawn, and all bets declared off, but the fugitive shoat's wrongs still rankled within him, and he laid low. The second day after the pig had shown his indignant heels to Lumberville patriotism, a gentle shepherd was driving a flock of forty sheep along a road two miles from Lumberville when suddenly a loud snort startled him, and from a puddle by the roadside a pig jumped suddenly into view and as suddenly rushed into a piece of woods. The snort and the sudden appearance of the unexpected pig stampeded the sheep. The head one in the flock turned and leaped over a fence into a wheat field, and after the leader vaulted the other thirty-nine as a mat-

ter of course. Away went the frightened flock across the field, tramping into the earth the golden grain ready for the reaper, and leaving the field an almost barren waste. Then the scampering sheep leaped the fence on the other side, and mowed down an adjoining field of corn in their course. At the further end of the corn field they stopped, and when the panting shepherd had come up with them and succeeded in rounding them up, he could not help but note that they had surely anticipated the owner of the wheat and corn in the harvesting of a good share of his crops. The news of this disastrous appearance of the wandering shoat started anew the hunt for him, but, like Hamilcar of Carthage, pursued by the barbarian hosts, when the hunters thought they had him, they hadn't, and the next thing they knew he would be heard of somewhere else, feasting in a corn field here and a garden patch there, until he came to be looked upon as an evil compared with which the dry rot, the weevil, the potato bug, the drought, and the tax collector were trifles. Certain pessimistic tillers of the soil prophesied famine unless the porcine outlaw could be run down without delay. And so it went until the 12th of August, when, the shoat having been heard from as levying on the products of a farm in the northern part of the township, a force of seventy men marched out to either capture the devastating pig or drive him to some other bailiwick. On that day success had made the pig over confident, or else the corn on the farm where he was reported to be was particularly succulent, for he was surprised at his feast. The hunters came upon him while he fed. He broke for cover. His pursuers scattered in all directions to head him off. From the manner in which he made his way through and over fences and, when surrounded, broke through the ranks of his eager pursuers, it seemed to them that he was one of that ancient herd which once upon a time ran down into the sea, and that he was still possessed of the individual that prompted them to their undoing. The hunters might have killed the pig, but his owner needed him for the fall's butchering, and they respected the owner's needs notwithstanding their extremity. Over five large farms the chase continued, until at last the shoat was cornered, and he turned at bay. One venturesome young farmer, Job Staner by name, sprang upon him. Job shouldn't have done it, for the pig fought like fury, and in marvellously quick time the rash husbandman was as completely bereft of clothing as was at one time that pioneer in agriculture, the original Adam. But might at last prevailed, and the long-defiant porker was overpowered, bound, and carted back to his sty, from which he had emerged five weeks before, ostensibly to be the sport of the populace, but really to become its scourge. That was what the people of Lumberville were jubilating about when I was there on the 12th of August. I heard a good many of them say that if Lumberville ever again remembered the ever glorious and never-to-be-forgotten birthday of Independence, they would so far sacrifice themselves as to leave the greased pig off the programme.

Food at the London "Zoo"—Pall Mall Gazette

The best all-round article in the Quarterly is decidedly the account of the consumption of food at the Zoo. Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of our famous gardens, has supplied some interesting facts. "It is rather instructive," says the writer, "to consider that one of the daily items consists of 100 pounds of fresh

whiting, while the number of meal worms required for the birds and some other creatures is counted in many thousands daily. The cost of feeding an elephant in captivity in England differs considerably from the cost incurred in India, where it sometimes lives entirely on coarse grass, earning its own food as it wanders about in a watery marsh full of its favorite pasture." The daily provision for a full-grown elephant is calculated by Mr. Bartlett at 150 pounds altogether in weight, consisting of hay and straw, roots, rice, bread, and biscuit. Elephants are fond of spirits, but the Zoo elephants are Wilfrid Lawsonites. The food of the hippopotamus is estimated to be about 200 pounds a day in weight, and consists chiefly of hay, grass, and roots. The daily provender of a giraffe weighs about 50 pounds. It is rather a dainty feeding animal, and prefers clover, chaff, bran, and oats, and green food in summer. The lions and tigers obtain eight or nine pounds of meat per diem. This is usually horseflesh, as there is a constant supply of carcasses of horses to be bought at a cheap rate. The following figures represent the sums paid in 1887 for the principal items that constituted the food of the animals:

Horseflesh.....	£265	Corn.....	£236
Goatflesh.....	95	Biscuit	165
Live fish.....	128	Oats.....	128
Dead fish.....	488	Bran.....	162
Insects, worms	184	Maize and rice.....	100
Fruits and vegetables.....	233	Hay.....	642
Potatoes and roots.....	70	Clover	603
Eggs.....	85	Nuts.....	35
Bread and groceries	152	Chaff.....	30

There are a few other articles which are classed as miscellaneous, while the gardens themselves supply several small items, such as the surplus guinea pigs or the young sparrows, which are hatched in nests that the old birds impudently build on the premises. There is scarcely an animal in the gardens that is not ready to catch the live sparrows that audaciously enter their cages. A lion has been seen to seize and swallow an impudent sparrow that was pecking at the bones in his den. As to the jackals and foxes, they make very short work with any bird that has trespassed in their cages, while the monkeys are still more excited when they catch a victim, and, with the inherent cruelty of their race, they usually torture the miserable bird by pulling out its feathers before they bite its head off.

Deep-Sea Fish—Prof. Theo. Gill—Washington Post

"Very strange-looking creatures there are at the bottom of the sea," said Prof. Theodore Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, to a reporter a few days ago. Prof. Gill is one of the highest authorities on fishes in the United States, and in his little den up in the tower of the Gothic pile built with Mr. Smithson's money he has lots of books and pictures relating to all manner of creatures which inhabit the deep. "Our knowledge of deep-sea fishes is quite recent," continued Prof. Gill. "Indeed, a quarter of a century ago some maintained that life to any extent did not exist at great depths; that it could not exist, in fact, because the sunlight could not penetrate so far beneath the surface. From time to time, however, strange and unfamiliar forms of fishes were found by accident, either floating on the surface or caught by fishermen. These forms bore every impress of coming from great depths, and naturalists had the suspicion forced upon them that they had not by any means explored the domain of the sea. These new-found fishes had loose, flaccid structures;

their bones were fibrous and so soft as to be easily penetrated by a needle, and their eyes were large. Experiments in deep-sea dredging were begun by a number of gentlemen at their own expense, and the result showed that the ocean was literally alive with fish. Finally the Challenger expedition was sent out, and it has taken thirty large volumes to recount all its discoveries. Fish have been brought up from the depth of 2,900 fathoms, or nearly 18,000 feet below the surface. At that depth the pressure of the water is nearly three tons to the square inch. The difference between this pressure and that at the surface leads to many curious results. For instance, in the Madeiras the fishermen catch with a hook and line a fish known as the cherne, which lives about 1,200 feet below the surface. When the fish is brought to the top it is nearly dead, and looks as if it had a cataleptic spasm. Its eyes are forced from their sockets and look so peculiar that when a person has prominent eyes the fishermen say he has eyes like a cherne. Sometimes, from this same cause of difference in pressure, it rises faster as it approaches the surface than the line can be hauled in, and then it bobs up out of the water for some distance, just like a cork or bladder. Very frequently, fishes which are brought up in dredges or trawls from greater depths burst in pieces before they can be examined." "Are fishes specially equipped for living in such deep water?" "Certainly. In the first place they have, as a general rule, large eyes. We can hardly imagine that there is any light at 10,000 or 15,000 feet below the surface, and yet there must be some, or else the fishes would be blind. Cavefishes, which exist in total, absolute darkness, have no eyes at all, and I am certain that it would be the same case with deep-sea fishes if the same conditions existed. Of course, if a man could descend to such a depth he would see nothing, but I am convinced that there is a diffused light sufficient to enable the fishes to see. In order, however, to more fully equip the fishes nature has provided them phosphorescent spots like eyes." "What are they for?" "I can hardly tell you. All I know is that these eyes are ranged along both sides of the fish and are perfect lenses. They either illumine the path of the fish through the abyssal depths, or else they serve to attract prey. I incline to the latter belief. There is no vegetable life in the region inhabited by these fishes, and they are carnivorous. They feed upon each other, and I have no doubt, also, but that a vast quantity of animal matter starts at the surface of the ocean and sinks steadily downward, like a constant rain, until it is devoured by these deep-sea fishes." "Are the deep waters of tropics more populous than those elsewhere?" "So far as the great depths are concerned, there is no indication at present that such is the case. The fishes of the deep sea are not subject to those laws of distribution which regulate those of the shallow waters. Now in the shallow waters we have them divided or distributed into distinct zones—the tropical, temperate, north or south temperate, and arctic or antarctic. But in the deep seas the climate which determines on the surface the distribution of fishes is so nearly uniform that the same forms may be found all over the great depths. Another interesting thing is that fishes that are found at these great depths in the tropics may be found near the surface in the arctic or antarctic. A fish so rarely found in Scandinavian waters that nobody gave it an English name, has been discovered in large quanti-

ties about 12,000 feet below the surface further south, fifty different species being now recognized." "Would this not indicate that fish travel for great distances under the sea?" "Well, it shows at least that they all sprang from a common centre, and then, you know, they have had ages and ages in which to disperse themselves over the globe." "This fish," continued Prof. Gill, pointing to a picture in a book, "is an angling fish. This little bulb at the end of the long tentacle is phosphorescent. Fanciful and speculative naturalists have imagined that the fish uses this little attachment to explore dark holes in which his prey may lurk, as if he were a policeman armed with a bull's-eye lantern. I do not go as far as this. The bulb is evidently to attract other fish to their destruction. The man who patented luminous bait," added the professor, laughingly, "was just several thousand years finding out something that nature could have told him at first." In the National Museum is a specimen of another odd form of deep sea fish known as the black swallower. It seizes by the tail a fish many times larger than itself and climbs over it with its immense jaws, using first one and then the other. As the captive is taken in, the stomach of the swallower stretches out until at last the entire fish is accommodated within its distended sides. Very often, however, this rapacity brings its own punishment. The decomposition of the captured fish fills the swallower's stomach with gas, and the greedy captor floats like a helpless balloon to the surface. Three specimens have thus been found, and the one in the National Museum contains in its stomach a fish twice as long and eight times bulkier than itself. Its domain averages a depth of about 9,000 feet." "Of what use are all these fishes in the deepest seas?" asked the reporter. "Quite a number of them," was the reply, "are fit for food, but as it costs about \$500 to get a single specimen, you can easily see that they would be expensive eating. We know so little about them, however, that we actually are ignorant of the part they play in the economy of nature. The only deep-sea fish that could have been utilized has disappeared entirely. This was the tile fish. It was unknown until 1879, when specimens were brought to Boston by fishermen from a previously unknown bank about eighty miles southeast of No Man's Land, Mass. In the fall of 1880 it was extremely abundant along the coast of Southern New England at a depth of from 450 to 2,400 feet. After a severe gale in March, 1882, millions of fish were discovered on the surface of the sea for a distance of 300 by 50 miles, and since then it has not been seen." Deep sea fishes are nearly always black in color. This might be accounted for by the fact that they live in abyssal darkness, were it not that cave-fishes, which have no light at all, are pale-colored. The fish that live at the depth of 600 feet are suffused with red, a color which is very prominent at this depth, and even at lower distances the filaments and fins are scarlet. As one descends toward the bottom of the ocean the number of different kinds of fish perceptibly decrease. At 18,000 feet there are only twenty-three species, as against 232 at 600 feet. The temperature of the water ranges from 40 deg. to 28 deg., the latter being the freezing point of salt water. The fish brought from this frigid environment are generally smaller than those nearer the surface, but this may be, as Professor Gill says, because the big fish, as in all other well-regulated fishing expeditions, are not the ones to be caught.

FOR RECITATION—IN CHARACTER AND DIALECT *

The Whistling Regiment—James Clarence Harvey—Lines and Rhymes

When the North and South had parted, and the boom of the signal gun
 Had wakened the Northern heroes, for the great deeds to be done,
 When the nation's cry for soldiers had echoed o'er hill and dale,
 When hot youth flushed with courage, while the mother's cheeks turned pale,
 In the woods of old New England, as the day sank down the west,
 A loved one stood beside me, her brown head on my breast.
 From the earliest hours of childhood our paths had been as one,
 Her heart was in my keeping, though I knew not when 'twas won;
 We had learned to love each other, in a half unspoken way,
 But it ripened to full completeness when the parting came that day
 Not a tear in the eyes of azure, but a deep and fervent prayer,
 That seemed to say: "God bless you, and guard you, everywhere."
 At the call for volunteers, her face was like drifted snow;
 She read in my eyes a question and her loyal heart said, "Go,"
 As the roll of the drums drew nearer, through the leaves of the rustling trees,*
 The strains of Annie Laurie were borne to us on the breeze.
 Then I drew her pale face nearer and said: "Brave heart and true,
 Your tender love and prayers shall bring me back to you."
 And I called her *my* Annie Laurie and whispered to her that I
 For her sweet sake was willing—to lay me down and die.
 And I said: "Through the days of danger, that little song shall be
 Like a pass word from this hillside, to bring your love to me."†
 Oh! many a time, at nightfall, in the very shades of death,
 When the picket lines were pacing their rounds with bated breath,*
 The lips of strong men trembled and brave breasts heaved a sigh,
 When some one whistled softly: "I'd lay me down and die."†
 The tender little ballad our watch-word soon became
 And in place of Annie Laurie, each had a loved one's name.
 In the very front of battle, where the bullets thickest fly,*
 The boys from old New England oft-times went rushing by,
 And the rebel lines before us gave way where'er we went,
 For the gray coats fled in terror, from the "whistling regiment."
 Amidst the roar of the cannon, and the shriek of the shells on high,
 You could hear the brave boys whistling: "I'd lay me down and die."†
 But, Alas! Though truth is mighty and right will, at last, prevail,
 There are times when the best and bravest, by the wrong outnumbered, fail;
 And thus, one day, in a skirmish, but a half-hour's fight at most,
 A score of the whistling soldiers were caught by the rebel host.
 With hands tied fast behind us, we were dragged to a prison pen,
 Where hollow-eyed and starving, lay a thousand loyal men.
 No roof but the vault of Heaven, no bed save the beaten sod,
 Shut in from the world around us, by a wall where the sentries trod,
 For a time, our Annie Laurie brought cheer to that prison pen;
 A hope to the hearts of the living; a smile to the dying men.
 But the spark of Hope burned dimly, when each day's setting sun
 Dropped the pall of night o'er a comrade, whose sands of life were run.
 One night, in a dismal corner, where the shadows darkest fell,
 We huddled close together, to hear a soldier tell
 The tales of dear New England and of loved ones waiting there,
 When, Hark! a soft, low whistle, pierced through the heavy air,*
 And the strain was Annie Laurie. Each caught the other's eye,
 And with trembling lips we answered: "I'd lay me down and die."
 From the earth, near the wall behind us, a hand came struggling through,
 With a crumpled bit of paper for the captive boys in blue.
 And the name! My God! 'Twas Annie, my Annie, true and brave,
 From the hills of old New England she had followed me to save.†
 "Not a word or a sign, but follow, where'er you may be led.
 Bring four of your comrades with you," was all that the writing said.
 Only eight were left of the twenty and lots were quickly thrown,
 Then our trembling fingers widened the space where the hand had shown,
 With a stealthy glance at the sentries, the prisoners gathered round,
 And the five whom fate had chosen stole silent underground,
 On, on, through the damp earth creeping, we followed our dusky guide,

* In this recitation the effect can be heightened by an accompaniment on the piano and by the whistling of strains from Annie Laurie, adapting the style to the sentiment of the verses. The melody should be played very softly, except where the battle is alluded to, and the whistling should be so timed that the last strain of Annie Laurie may end with the words, "would lay me down and die." It is well to state before reciting, in a few prefatory words, that the escape described is not entirely imaginary, as many prisoners made their way from Andersonville, Libby, and other rebel prisons through underground passages during the Civil War. An asterisk at the end of a line denotes where the whistling should effectively commence, and a dagger where it should cease.

Till under a bank o'erhanging, we came to the river side :
 "Straight over," a low voice whispered, "where you see yon beacon light."
 And ere we could say : "God bless you," he vanished into the night.
 Through the fog and damp of the river, when the moon was hid from sight,
 With a fond, old, faithful negro, brave Annie had crossed each night;
 And the long, dark, narrow passage had grown till we heard close by
 The notes of the dear old pass-word : "I'd lay me down and die."
 With oar-locks muffled and silent, we pushed out into the stream,
 When a shot rang out on the stillness. We could see by the musket gleam,
 A single sentry firing, but the balls passed harmless by,
 For the stars had hid their faces and clouds swept o'er the sky.
 O God! How that beacon burning, brought joy to my heart, that night,*
 For I knew whose hand had kindled that fire to guide our flight.
 The new-born hope of freedom filled every arm with strength,
 And we pulled at the oars like giants till the shore was reached at length.
 We sprang from the skiff, half fainting, once more in the land of the free,
 And the lips of my love were waiting to welcome and comfort me.
 In my wasted arms I held her, while the weary boys close by
 Breathed low, "For Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."†

Ould Docther Mack—The London Spectator

Ye may tramp the world over
 From Delhi to Dover,
 And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon,
 Circumvint back
 Through the whole Zodiack,
 But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.
 Have ye the dropsy,
 The gout, the autopsy?
 Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez ;
 No ways infario
 In skill, but supario,
 And lineal postario of Ould Aysculapious.
 He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety :
 Here's to his health,
 Honor and wealth,
 The king of his kind and the crame of all charity !
 How the rich and the poor,
 To consult for a cure,
 Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their carriages,
 Showin' their tongues
 Or unlacin' their lungs,
 For divle one symptom the docther disparages,
 Troth, and he'll tumble
 For high or humble,
 From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety ;
 Makin' as light
 Of nursin' all-night
 The beggar in rags as the belle of society.
 And as if by meracle,
 Ailments hysterical,
 Dad, wid one dose of bread-pills he can smother,
 And quench the love-sickness
 Wid wonderful quickness,
 By prescribin' the right boys and girls to aich other.
 And the sufferin' childer—
 Your eyes 'twould bewilder
 To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails unravellin'.
 And aich of them fast
 On some treasure at last,
 Well known' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out travellin'.
 Then, his doctherin' done,
 In a rollickin' run
 Wid the rod or the gun, he's the foremost to figure.
 By Jupiter Ammon,
 What Jack-snipe or salmon
 E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger !
 And hark ! the view-hollo !
 'Tis Mack in full follow
 On black Faugh-a-ballagh the country-side sailin'.
 Och, but you'd think
 'Twas ould Nimrod in pink,
 Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park-wall and palin'.

He and his wig, wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;
 Here's to his health,
 Honor and wealth !
 Hip, hip, hooray ! wid all hilarity,
 Hip, hip, hooray ! that's the way,
 All at once, widout disparity !
 One more cheer
 For our docther dear,
 The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.
 Hip, hip, Hooray !

De Jay Bird—William G. Eggleston.—Chicago Herald

The negroes firmly believe that all jay birds are condemned to go to hell on Friday afternoons, as noted in the fourth stanza.

De sweet morkin' bird in de rosebush sot,
 Lissen wile I tell you now ;
 An' he sing ter his mate 'bout de true-love knot,
 Lissen wile I tell you now.
 He po'd out dat song like de sweet 'tawba wine,
 Hush wile de song bird sing ;
 Es fresh es it come from de long grape vine,
 Hush wile dat song bird sing.
 De jay bird he lissen from de arb'viter tree,
 Keep yo' year open for ter hyear ;
 An' de sparre he put in his chick'r-de-dee,
 Keep yo' year open for ter hyear.
 Dis is w'ut de sparre hyear de jay bird say—
 Up dar in de arb'viter tree—
 "I se de pretties' bird dat fly in de day,"
 Up dar in de arb'viter tree.
 An' den de morkin' bird he say ter hisse'f—
 Hyear w'ut de song bird say—
 "Now dem es ain't blind, but is powerful deaf"—
 Hyear w'ut de song bird say—
 "Mout think dat jay bird was made by de Lawd"—
 Dat's what de song bird say—
 "An' dat he did'n kill de Christ by fraud"—
 Dat's w'at de song bird say—
 "Dar's nothin' he don' rob 'cep' his own nes"—
 De morkin' bird's preachin' mighty true—
 "Wen Friday ev'nin' come he can' git no res"—
 De morkin' bird's preachin' mighty true—
 "Twas long time ergo, fo' de Bible was writ"—
 Hyear dat song bird sing—
 "Dat de jaybird roun' dat cross did flit"—
 Oh ! hyear dat song bird sing.
 "Twas Friday mornin' we'en de debbil got loose,"
 Dat's jes' w'ut de morkin' bird say—
 "Ah' dey killed dat Christ dout enny excuse"—
 Dat's jes' w'ut de morkin' bird say.
 "An de jay bird he come an' he curse at de dead"—
 Min' w'ut de morkin' bird say.
 "An dat's why he's got dat blood on his head"—
 Dat's de very thing de morkin' bird say.

FAMOUS CHAPTERS—ESCAPE OF CAPT. WHARTON*

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.—COWPER.

The road which it was necessary for the peddler-clergyman and the English captain to travel, in order to reach the shelter of the hills, lay for a half-mile in full view from the door of the building that had so recently been the prison of the latter; running for the whole distance over the rich plain that spreads to the very foot of the mountains, which here rise in a nearly perpendicular ascent from their bases.

To preserve the supposed difference in their stations, Harvey rode a short distance ahead of his companion, and maintained the sober, dignified pace that was suited to his assumed character. On their right, the regiment of foot that we have already mentioned, lay in tents; and the sentinels who guarded their encampment were to be seen moving with measured tread under the skirts of the hills themselves.

The first impulse of Henry was, certainly, to urge the beast he rode to his greatest speed at once, and by a coup-de-main not only accomplish his escape, but relieve himself from the torturing suspense of his situation. But the forward movement that the youth made for this purpose was instantly checked by the peddler.

"Hold up!" he cried, dexterously reining his own horse across the path of the other; "would you ruin us both? Fall into the place of a black, following his master. Did you not see their blooded chargers, all saddled and bridled, standing in the sun before the house? How long do you think that miserable Dutch horse you are on would hold his speed, if pursued by the Virginians? Every foot we gain, without giving the alarm, counts a day in our lives. Ride steadily after me, and on no account look back. They are as subtle as foxes, ay, and as ravenous for blood as wolves!"

Henry reluctantly restrained his impatience, and followed the direction of the peddler. His imagination, however, continually alarmed him with the fancied sounds of pursuit; though Birch, who occasionally looked back under pretence of addressing his companion, assured him that all continued quiet and peaceful.

"But," said Henry, "it will not be possible for Caesar to remain long undiscovered. Had we not better put our horses to the gallop, and by the time they can reflect on the cause of our flight, we can reach the woods?"

"Ah! you little know them, Captain Wharton," returned the peddler; "there is a sergeant at this moment looking after us, as if he thought all was not right; the keen-eyed fellow watches me like a tiger lying in wait for his leap. When I stood on the horse-block, he half suspected that something was wrong. Nay, check your beast—we must let the animals walk a little, for he is laying his hand on the pommel of his saddle. If he mounts, we are gone. The foot-soldiers could reach us now with their muskets."

* From *The Spy* by J. Fenimore Cooper. The scene is laid in Westchester County just north of the present city of New York and during the Revolutionary War. Capt. Wharton, an English officer, has been captured by Major Dunwoodie's troop of Virginia Horse and is condemned to death as a spy. Before execution he is visited by "The Spy"—Harvey Birch—personating a neighboring clergyman, who assists Wharton to escape in the disguise of his old negro servant Caesar, who is left in confinement in his stead.

"What does he now?" asked Henry, reining his horse to a walk, but at the same time pressing his heels into the animal's sides, to be in readiness for a spring.

"He turns from his charger, and looks the other way; now trot on gently—not so fast—not so fast. Observe the sentinel, a little ahead of us—he eyes us keenly."

"Never mind the foot-man," said Henry, impatiently; "he can do nothing but shoot us, whereas these dragoons may make me a captive again. Surely, Harvey, there are horses moving down the road behind us. Do you see nothing particular?"

"Humph!" ejaculated the peddler; "there is something particular, indeed, to be seen behind the thicket. Turn your head a little, and you may see and profit too."

Henry eagerly seized this permission to look aside, and the blood curdled to his heart as he observed that they were passing a gallows, which unquestionably had been erected for his own execution. He turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

"There is a warning to be prudent," said the peddler, in the sententious manner that he often adopted.

"It is a terrific sight, indeed!" cried Henry, for a moment veiling his eyes with his hand, as if to drive a hateful vision from before him.

* * * * *

"What see you, Harvey?" he cried, observing the peddler to gaze toward the building they had left with ominous interest; "what see you at the house?"

"That which bodes no good to us," returned the pretended priest. "Throw aside the mask and wig; you will need all your senses without much delay; throw them in the road. There are none before us that I dread, but those behind will give us a fearful chase."

"Nay, then," cried the captain, casting the implements of his disguise into the highway, "let us improve our time to the utmost. We want a full quarter to the turn, why not push for it at once?"

"Be cool; they are in alarm, but they will not mount without an officer, unless they see us fly—now he comes, he moves to the stables; trot briskly; a dozen are in their saddles, but the officer stops to tighten his girths; they hope to steal a march upon us; he is mounted; now ride, Captain Wharton, for your life, and keep at my heels. If you quit me, you are lost!"

A second request was unnecessary. The instant that Harvey put his horse to his speed, Captain Wharton was at his heels, urging the miserable animal he rode to the utmost. Birch had selected his own beast; and although vastly inferior to the high-fed and blooded chargers of the dragoons, still it was much superior to the little pony that had been thought good enough to carry Caesar Thompson on an errand. A very few jumps convinced the captain that his companion was fast leaving him, and a fearful glance thrown behind him informed the fugitive that his enemies were as speedily approaching. With that abandonment that makes misery doubly grievous, when it is to be supported alone, Henry cried aloud to the peddler not to desert him. Harvey instantly drew up, and suffered his companion to run alongside of his own horse. The cocked hat and wig of the peddler fell from his head the moment that his steed began to move briskly, and this development of their disguise, as it might be termed,

was witnessed by the dragoons, who announced their observation by a boisterous shout, that seemed to be uttered in the very ears of the fugitives.

"Had we not better leave our horses?" said Henry, "and make for the hills across the fields, on our left?—the fence will stop our pursuers."

"That way lies the gallows," returned the peddler; "these fellows go three feet to our two, and would mind the fences no more than we do these ruts; but it is a short quarter to the turn, and there are two roads behind the wood. They may stand to choose until they can take the track, and we shall gain upon them there."

"But this miserable horse is blown already," cried Henry, urging his beast with the end of his bridle, "he will never stand it for half a mile further."

"A quarter will do; a quarter will do, a single quarter will save us, if you follow my directions."

Somewhat cheered by the cool and confident manner of his companion, Henry continued silently urging his horse forward. A few moments brought them to the desired turn, and as they doubled round a point of low under-brush, the fugitives caught a glimpse of their pursuers scattered along the highway.

At the foot of the hills, and for some distance up the dark valley that wound among the mountains, a thick underwood of saplings had been suffered to shoot up, where the heavier growth was felled for the sake of the fuel. At the sight of this cover Henry again urged the peddler to dismount, and to plunge into the woods; but his request was promptly refused. The two roads before mentioned met at a very sharp angle, at a short distance from the turn, and both were circuitous, so that but little of either could be seen at a time. The peddler took the one which led to the left, but held it only a moment; for, on reaching a partial opening in the thicket, he darted across into the right-hand path, and led the way up the steep ascent which lay directly before them. This manœuvre saved them. On reaching the fork, the dragoons followed the track, and passed the spot where the fugitives crossed to the other road, before they missed the footprints. Their loud cries were heard by Henry and the peddler, as their wearied and breathless animals toiled up the hill, ordering their comrades in the rear to ride in the right direction.

The captain again proposed to leave their horses.

"Not yet, not yet," said Birch, in a low voice; "the road falls from the top of this hill as steep as it rises; first let us gain the top." While speaking they reached the desired summit, and both threw themselves from their horses, Henry plunging into the thick underwood which covered the side of the mountain for some distance above them. Harvey stopped to give each of their beasts a few severe blows of his whip, then drove them headlong down the path on the other side of the eminence, and then followed his example.

The peddler entered the thicket with a little caution, and avoided rustling or breaking the branches.

There was but time only to shelter his person from view, when a dragoon led up the ascent; and on reaching the height, he cried aloud—

"I saw their horses turning the hill this minute."

"Drive on; spur forward, my lads," shouted Mason; "give the Englishman quarter, but cut down the peddler, and make an end of him."

Henry felt his companion gripe his arm hard, as he listened in a great tremor to this cry, which was followed by the passage of a dozen horsemen, with a vigor

and speed that showed too plainly how little security their over-tired steeds could have afforded them.

"Now," said the peddler, rising from the cover to reconnoitre, "all that we gain is clear gain; for as we go up, they go down. Let us be stirring."

"But will they not follow us, and surround this mountain?" said Henry, rising, and imitating the labored but rapid progress of his companion; "remember, they have foot as well as horse, and at any rate, we shall starve in the hills."

"Fear nothing, Captain Wharton," returned the peddler, with confidence; "this is not the mountain that I would be on, but necessity has made me a dexterous pilot among these hills. I will lead you where no man will dare to follow. See, the sun is already setting behind the tops of the western mountains, and it will be two hours to the rising of the moon. Who, think you, will follow us far, on a November night, among these rocks and precipices?"

"Listen!" exclaimed Henry; "the dragoons are shouting to each other; they miss us already."

"Come to the point of this rock, and you may see them," said Harvey, composedly seating himself down to rest. "Nay, they can see us—observe, they are pointing up with their fingers. There, one has fired his pistol, but the distance is too great even for a musket."

"They will pursue us," cried the impatient Henry.

"They will not think of such a thing," returned the peddler, picking the checker-berries that grew on the thin soil where he sat, and very deliberately chewing them, leaves and all, to refresh his mouth. "What progress could they make here, in their heavy boots and spurs, and long swords? No, no—they may go back and turn out the foot, but the horse pass through these defiles, when they can keep the saddle, with fears and trembling. Come, follow me, I will bring you where none will think of venturing this night."

So saying, they both arose, and were soon hid from view among the rocks and caverns of the mountain.

The conjecture of the peddler was true; Mason and his men dashed down the hill in pursuit, as they supposed, of their victims, but on reaching the bottom lands, they found only the deserted horses of the fugitives. Some little time was spent in examining the woods near them, and in endeavoring to take the trail on such ground as might enable the horses to pursue, when one of the party descried the peddler and Henry.

"He's off," muttered Mason, eyeing Harvey with fury; "he's off, and we are disgraced. By heavens, Washington will not trust us with the keeping of a suspected Tory, if we let the rascal trifle in this manner with the corps; and there sits the Englishman, too, looking down upon us with a smile of benevolence! I fancy that I can see it. Well, well, my lad, you are comfortably seated, I confess, and that is better than dancing upon nothing; but you are not west of the Harlem River yet, and I'll try your wind before you tell Sir Henry what you have seen, or I'm no soldier."

"Shall I fire, and frighten the peddler?" asked one of the men, drawing his pistol from the holster.

"Ay, startle the birds from their perch—let us see how they use the wing." The man fired the pistol, and Mason continued—"Fore George, the scoundrels laugh at us. But homeward, or we shall have them rolling stones upon us, and the Royal Gazettes teeming with an account of a rebel regiment routed by two loyalists. They have told bigger lies than that before now."

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY—ETERNAL QUESTIONS

The Individual Life: Henri Frederic Amiel.

All origins are secret; the principle of every individual or collective life is a mystery—that is to say, something irrational, inexplicable, not to be defined. We may even go farther and say,—Every individuality is an insoluble enigma, and no beginning explains it. In fact, all that has become may be explained retrospectively, but the beginning of anything whatever did not become. It represents always the *fiat lux*, the initial miracle, the act of creation; for it is the consequence of nothing else, it simply appears among anterior things which make a *milieu*, an occasion, a surrounding for it, but which are witnesses of its appearance without understanding whence it comes. Perhaps also there are no true individuals, and, if so, no beginning but one only, the primordial impulse, the first movement. All men on this hypothesis would be but man in two sexes; man again might be reduced to the animal, the animal to the plant, and the only individuality left would be a living nature, reduced to a living matter, to the hylozoism of Thales. However, even upon this hypothesis, if there were but one absolute beginning, relative beginnings would still remain to us as multiple symbols of the absolute. Every life, called individual for convenience' sake and by analogy, would represent in miniature the history of the world, and would be to the eye of the philosopher a microscopic compendium of it.

The Mystery of Life: Thomas Carlyle.

How true is that old fable of the sphinx who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which if they could not answer, she destroyed them! Such a sphinx is this life of ours to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty, which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom, but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet imprisoned; one still half imprisoned,—the inarticulate, lovely, still encased in the articulate chaotic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, "Knowest thou the meaning of the day? What thou canst do to-day, wisely attempt to do." Nature, universe, destiny, existence, howsoever we name this great unnameable fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them, a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself: the solution of it is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring.

The Thought of Death: Sir Richard Steele.

There is a sort of delight which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow in the contemplation of death. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a cheerful, a generous or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with these respective

manners of behavior as we secretly believe the part of the dying person imitated by ourselves. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are to the ordinary race of mankind rather subjects of admiration than example. However, there are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imaginations than those raised from reflections upon the exits of great men.

The Teachings of Death: Charles Dickens.

There is nothing, no, nothing, innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves. When death strikes down the innocent and young for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of Mercy, Charity, and Love to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

Christian Immortality: Sir Thomas Browne.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assumed our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature.

Is Man Immortal? Dr. Thomas Dick.

Upon this short question, "Is man immortal or is he not," depends all that is most interesting to man as a social being and as a rational and unaccountable intelligence. If he is destined to an eternal existence, an immense importance must attach to all his present affections, actions, and pursuits; and it must be a matter of infinite moment that they be directed in such a channel as will tend to carry him forward in safety to the felicities of a future world. But if his whole existence be circumscribed within the circle of a few fleeting years, man appears an enigma, an inexplicable phenomenon in the universe, human life a mystery, the world a scene of confusion, virtue a mere phantom, the Creator a capricious being, and his plans and arrangements an inexplicable maze.

FACTS AND FIGURES—THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.—The gold beaters of Berlin, at the Paris Exposition, showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable by the strongest electric light; if these leaves were bound in book form it would take 15,000 to fill the space of ten common book leaves.—There are nearly 18,000 newspapers and periodicals in this country; a gain of 800 in twelve months, and of 7,136 in ten years.—The hottest region on the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name; for 40 consecutive days in the months of July and August, the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees, night or day.—Seven million persons are employed in the cultivation of the vine in France.—A bundle of spider webs, not larger than a buckshot and weighing less than one drachm, would, if straightened out and untangled, reach a distance of 350 miles.—On dark nights a white light can be seen farther than any other color; on bright nights red takes the first place.

In Paris, which shows a comparatively good health record, the mean annual death-rate is 22.10; in Berlin it is 27.5; in Vienna, 26.7; in Munich, 32.9; and in St. Petersburg, 43.7; in Brussels, which appears to be the healthiest of Continental cities, it is 18.9.—Sweden is perhaps the most Protestant country in the world; of a population of 6,000,000 there are only 2,000 Roman Catholics, the remainder of the population belonging almost entirely to the Lutheran Church.—Vegetable flannel is a textile material now largely manufactured in Germany from pine leaves; the fibre is spun, knitted, and woven into undergarments and clothing of various kinds.—Aboriginal Australians have the smallest heads of any nation.—According to the eminent physiologist Sappey, the stomach contains five million glands by which the gastric juice is secreted, and a few others which secrete only mucus.—In the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Ore., is Great Sunken Lake, the deepest lake in the world; it is said to average 2,000 feet down to the water on all its sides; the depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is as smooth and unruffled as a mammoth sheet of glass, it being so far below the mountain rim as to be unaffected by the strongest winds; it is about fifteen miles in length and 4½ wide.

Two-thirds of all the steel made, is used for railway lines.—Twenty-one observatories are now engaged in the international undertaking of photographing the entire heavens; each observatory will have to take about seven hundred photographs in the zone assigned to it, and it is hoped to finish the work in three or four years.—The new census of India gives the population in March, 1888, as 269,477,728, of which 60,684,378 belonged to the native states; distributed according to religion, in round numbers, the Hindoo population, in millions, is about 190, the Mohammedans, 81; Aboriginals, 6½; Buddhists, 3½; Christians, nearly 2; Sikhs, nearly 2; Jains, 1½; while Parsees, Jews, and

others are comparatively very few.—In the milt of a codfish, or in water in which vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalculi so minute that 100,000 of them would not exceed in bulk a single mustard seed; and these infinitesimal creatures are supplied with organs as complete as those of the whale or elephant.—Of 13,000,000 barrels of salt annually consumed in the United States Michigan furnishes two-sixths, New York one-sixth, ten other salt-producing States one-sixth, and two-sixths are imported.—The total Indian population of the United States is 247,761.

The smallest republic in the world is Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides; the inhabitants consist of forty Europeans, and five hundred black workmen employed by a French company.—Peanuts contain nearly half their weight in oil; this oil is largely expressed in the South and also in France, where it is used as an adulterant and substitute for olive oil.—The City of Chicago in its present boundaries contains 173 square miles.—England is the greatest pin-making country of the world; its product is about 50,000,000 pins a year, and Birmingham is the centre, with an outturn of 37,000,000.—Tax stamps have been established in Switzerland to enable the poorer classes to pay their taxes in small instalments; the taxpayer can buy weekly a few twenty-five or thirty centime stamps, and so gradually clear off his debt to the Government.—A century ago only three hundred species of orchids were known, and those very imperfectly; now the latest authority gives the number of known species as ten thousand.—The longest reach of railway without a curve is that of the New Argentine Pacific Railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes; for 211 miles it is without a single curve, and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two feet or three feet.

The average pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60; the pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.—It is said that forty-eight languages are spoken in Mexico, the greater part of which are Indian.—Not including Alaska, Brazil is larger in extent than the United States, it possesses within its limits an area of 3,287,964 square miles, with a population of 12,338,375.—Postal cards are made at the rate of 4,000 per minute.—The amount of coloring power stored in coal is such that one pound of the mineral yields magenta sufficient to color 500 yards of flannel, aurine for 120 yards of flannel, 27 inches wide, vermillion scarlet for 2,560 yards of flannel, or alizarin for 255 yards of Turkey-red cloth.—The largest collection of coins in the world is in Vienna; they are placed in the Public Cabinet of Antiquities, and number over 125,000.—The population of Switzerland, as per last year's census, is 3,000,000.—The French are now able to put in the field seven armies of a total strength of 1,300,000 men; this is five times the force that Napoleon III. could muster in 1870.—It is calculated that a range of mountains consisting of 176 cubic miles of solid rock falling into the sun would only maintain the heat for a single second; a mass equal to that of the earth would maintain the heat for only ninety-three years, and a mass equal to that of the sun itself falling into the sun would afford 33,000,000 years of sun-heat.

* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

PRATTLE—CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

Our Little Queen—Overland Monthly
 Could you have seen the violets
 That blossomed in her eyes ;
 Could you have kissed the golden hair,
 And drank those holy sighs ;—

You would have been her tiring-maid
 As joyfully as I,—
 Content to dress your little queen,
 And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
 Hide in their graves of snow ;
 Drawn all that gold along your hand
 While she lay smiling so ;—

Oh, you would tread this weary earth
 As heavily as I !—
 Content to clasp her little grave,
 And let the world go by.

Fast Asleep—Sam T. Clover—Chicago Herald
 Backward and forward the rocker goes,
 Wafting the baby to sweet repose ;
 Close by the cradle the mother croons
 Lullaby, rock-a-bye nursery tunes ;
 Dreamily singing she patiently tries
 Sleep to bring to the baby's eyes.
 Minute by minute the evening flits,
 Still in the chair she drowsily sits ;
 Soothing and rubbing the aching gums,
 Longing for slumber that never comes ;
 Rocking the baby that fretfully lies,
 Filling the room with its nervous cries.
 Weary with watching the mother sings,
 Wooing the god with the leaden wings ;
 Softer and softer the ditty grows,
 Now the little one's eyelids close ;
 Sinking at last into dreamland deep—
 Mother and baby are fast asleep.

The Land of Little People—Cooper Willis—New York Press
 Yes ; the land of little people is a lovelier land than ours,
 With its mine of new-found treasures, mossy glades and fairy bowers ;
 Earth her robe of choicest beauty spreads to woo the tender feet,
 And the angels whispering round them thrill the air with accents sweet.
 Memory brings no pang of sorrow, troubles lightly pass away,
 Hope's horizon is to-morrow, and the sun is bright to-day ;
 Every moment has its blessing, sweeter thoughts, and fairer flowers,
 Yes the land of little people is a lovelier land than ours.
 But from o'er the silent river comes to us a purer glow—
 Purer even than the sunbeams that the little people know ;
 And the love-song of the heavens steals upon the wearied ear,
 Sweeter than the angels' whispers that the little people hear :
 And the wanderer, overstriven, humbled as a little child,
 Knows the past is all forgiven, and his God is reconciled,
 When around his faltering footsteps comes the blessing of the dove,
 From the fairest world of any, from the home of peace and love.

Baby's Pigs—Eudora S. Bumstead—Wide Awake
 Ten little pigs that grow and thrive,
 Rosy and plump and clean ;
 Two little pens, each holding five,
 And the owner is Baby 'Gene.
 They wriggle about and root and dig,
 And push again and again,
 Till at last we find one dear little pig
 Is out of the little red pen.
 Baby 'Gene is a little old man,
 Bald and serious, too,
 He looks to the pigs whenever he can,
 But he has a great deal to do.
 And this little pig says he'll get some corn,
 And the next one cries, " Oh where ! "
 And the little one says : " In grandpa's barn ! "
 And the great one knows it's there.
 Four pearly grains he can plainly see :
 Have them he must and will ;
 He strains and struggles—but " quee—quee—quee,"
 He can't get over the sill !
 So he's given it up, and off he goes
 (With Grandfather 'Gene before).
 Snubbing and rubbing his little bare nose
 On the way to the pantry door.
 You queer little pig, you're ever so bold,
 But it never, never will do !
 The great wide world would be cruel and cold
 To a little pink mite like you,
 Mamma must bring her needle and yarn
 And build up the fence again,
 For the five little pigs would be quite forlorn
 Outside of the little red pen.

The International Band—Olive Harper—Sunny Hour
 Mamma's got a headache pain,
 And had to go to bed again ;
 And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff
 As if poor mamma hadn't enough !
 And we must be the best of boys,
 And never make a bit of noise :
 And we will be just terrible good,
 I promised Mary that we would :
 So come on boys and lend a hand,
 And we will play at German band ;
 I know 'twon't hurt dear mamma's head,
 Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
 Now Ted you take the big tin pan,
 And bang it hard as ever you can ;
 And Jack will take the shovel and tongs,
 And beat the time to all our songs ;
 The dinner horn will just suit me,
 And how I'll blow it you shall see ;
 And I will be the leader too.
 And strike the table one-and-two,
 Now, we are ready to begin,
 Ted here's a spoon to strike the tin,
 Now, tootle-too ! and a bim, bim, bang !
 And a too-who-who ! and a rum, bum, clang !
 And a cling-a-ling ! and with foot and hand.
 Hooray ! for the American German band.
 * * * * *
 " Why mamma, we didn't never know
 Our music could have hurt you so !
 We 'fought—you know you said so, Fwed—
 Zat you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
 And we was bein' the bestest boys—
 And nobody calls music noise ! "

THE UNUSUAL—GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Thirty-three Chinese Ghosts—San Francisco Chronicle

At Wright's station is a long tunnel in which thirty-three Chinamen were blown to the Great Somewhere Else by an explosion while the tunnel was being built. For some years such of the remains as were picked up were buried in a plot of ground near the railroad track. Some time ago, however, the bones were shipped to China by the companies which brought the unfortunate Celestials to this country. Now for my experience: It was a dark and stormy night when I was on my way from a neighbor's, where I had been detained longer than usual. They did not want me to go home, but as I insisted, my wife and children being alone, they interposed no further objection. I had a good team, a comfortable buggy, and an intense desire to reach home as quickly as possible, as I knew my family would be anxious for my appearance. The rain came down in torrents, filling the road with water and causing me to take more than usual care, so that I would not drive off the road into any of the ravines below. It was a few minutes after midnight when I drove near the mouth of the tunnel. All at once my team stood still. I plied them with the whip, but they refused to budge an inch. I held my breath and glanced around. What did I see? You may believe me or not; you may call it a fairy tale or what you will; you may term it a freak of imagination, but all the same I give it for what it is worth. I saw emerging from the tunnel thirty-three Chinamen attired in ghostly habiliments. I call myself a brave man, as brave as the average male being; but the sight thrilled my blood; I was speechless with amazement; my feelings were indescribable. I could plainly see them slowly threading their way out of the tunnel; then like a flash disappear. Others who have been near the tunnel at midnight say they have seen the same ghostly march. After the disappearance of the unearthly visitors my team started up, and unmindful of the mud they did not stop until home was reached.

Lycanthropy—The Loup-Garou—Pittsburgh Leader

By lycanthropy, strictly so called, is meant the transmutation of a man into a wolf, the man still retaining his human reason and knowledge, but becoming imbued with the fierce animal instincts of the brute into which he has been transformed. In ancient times the same distinctions are to be observed. Lycanon, King of Arcadia, is transmuted into a wolf, but Io becomes a heifer, the companions of Ulysses, swine; Actaeon, a stag; Nisus, a hawk. The number of transmutations, indeed, is so numerous that one of the great Latin poets has written a long poem descriptive of them. In the Hindoo mythology Indra is represented as transmuting Rabandha into a monster, while the sons of Vasishtha convert Frisankla into a bear. In Scandinavian legends Sigmund becomes a wolf, but Tragli a wild boar. From the same sources La Mothe Fouqué has derived his wild and beautiful tale of the Eagle and the Lion. There it is represented as being the common practice of northmen at their pleasure to lay aside their human forms and take those of some beast or bird. The braver and nobler spirits become lions or eagles, and achieve deeds of high daring; the meaner are transformed to wolves and bears. According to the Persian myths, the ape, the serpent, and the dog are

usually the animals into which the changes are made. In the Arabian Nights Zobeide's sisters become black dogs and the second Calender an ape. Among the Scythians and Greeks, again, the wolf is the brute chosen for these transmutations, as is the case in other parts of Europe. Herodotus tells us that among the Neuri, a race dwelling contiguously to the Scythians, every one for a few days in the year becomes a wolf, at the end of that time returning to his ancient shape. Pliny quotes Evanthus, an author of some reputation, as affirming that, among the Arcadians, the family of one Anthus drew lots among themselves which of them should repair to a certain pond, undress himself on the edge of it, hang his clothes on an oak, swim across the pond and go into the deserts, where he would be changed into a wolf and live with that species for nine years. If in the course of that time he did not devour a man he might return to the same pond, recross it and resume his original form, being, however, nine years older than when he laid it aside. In short, there are endless fables in circulation among the natives of almost every country, and to all of them the general title lycanthropy will apply. Olaus Magnus, early in the sixteenth century, tells a story of a nobleman travelling through a forest. He and his servants lose their way and can find no house where shelter and food are to be obtained. In the extremity of their need, one of his retinue discloses to him, under a promise of secrecy, that he has the power of turning himself into a wolf, under which form he can doubtless obtain food. The promise is given; the man goes into the forest, under the semblance of a wolf, and returns with a lamb; after which he resumes his human shape. John, of Nuremberg, in his book *De Miraculis*, relates how in like manner a priest travelling in a strange country loses himself in a wood. Presently he sees a fire in the distance and makes for it. On reaching it he finds a wolf sitting by it, who informs him that he is an Ossyrian, and that all his countrymen are obliged by a law imposed on them by an over-ruling power, to spend a certain number of years in the shape of wolves. In the year 1573 Giles Garnier, a native of Lyons, called from his secluded habits of life The Hermit of St. Bonnet, was accused before the tribunals of being a loup-garou. It was affirmed that he prowled around like a wolf at night and had devoured several infants. It was alleged that on three occasions, under the guise of a wolf, and once in his own proper form, he had seized, killed, and mangled children. It was, of course, difficult to establish identity in three of these instances, but in the fourth several witnesses well acquainted with his person had seen him strangle a boy and afterward tear his flesh with his teeth. He was arrested and put to the torture, when he confessed to the truth of the charges against him and was burnt at the stake. A few years afterward a tailor named Roulet, living near Angers, was tried on a similar charge of having slain and then mangled with his teeth a lad of fifteen. It was declared in evidence that he had been seen, while in the shape of a wolf, to tear the body, and, pursuit having been made, he was caught in a thicket, but having now resumed his human form. At his examination he confessed that he had anointed himself with a magic

salve, which turned him into a wolf, when it was his delight to seize and lacerate his human victims. He was condemned, and would doubtless have been burned at the stake if he had not appealed to parliament. They wisely and mercifully declared him to be a maniac, and placed him under confinement. The case of Jean Grenier in the next generation very nearly resembles the above. He was a peasant lad of St. Antoine de Pizon, near Bordeaux. He was charged, on what seemed credible evidence, with having torn to pieces several children. He made an elaborate confession, in which he declared that a black man whom he met in the forest had given him an ointment which had the effect of making him a wolf for a time, and while in that condition he had killed and mutilated several children. The judges in this instance also pronounced the man to be a madman, and placed him in a convent to be cured and reformed. Earlier in the same century a story, in most particulars very like the two just related, but with a more shocking termination, is told of a farmer near Pavia. He set upon some men, whom he lacerated with his teeth, but was seized and brought to trial. Here he made a confession to the effect that he was a half man, half wolf, one side of his skin being human, and the other covered with bristles. By magic power he was enabled to turn this as he pleased, and so become man or wolf, as the fancy possessed him. It is doubtful whether he made this declaration in the hope of terrifying his captors, or was like the others—insane. But the result was calamitous to him. His examiners, half believing his tale, cut off his arms and legs in order to test the truth of his assertion, and the unhappy man soon bled to death. A very shocking history is that of a lady of Auvergne in 1588. Her husband, when returning from the chase, was accosted by a stranger, who informed him that he had been attacked by a savage wolf, from which he had freed himself by cutting off its fore paw. He produced the paw from under his sleeve as he spoke, and, lo! it had become a woman's hand with a ring on it. The gentleman thought he recognized his wife's wedding ring. He went straight home, and found his wife with her apron thrown over her arm. The apron being removed it was seen that her hand had been recently cut off. She was accused of being a loup-garou, was convicted and burned. Baring Gould relates a still more horrible tale of a Hungarian lady of rank, who was proved to have killed and mangled several hundred girls in order to suck their blood. There is also the well-known case of De Retz, marechal of France in the time of King Charles VII., who had murdered and revelled in the blood of, it was supposed, eight hundred children. The truth of the charge was proved beyond the possibility of doubt. He himself affirmed that he had been seized with the uncontrollable craving for human blood while reading Suetonius's description of the cruelties of Tiberius. These stories might be multiplied to any amount, but, as has been already remarked, there is a great similarity between them, and the above are enough to enable us to arrive at an intelligible, if not a very satisfactory, conclusion respecting them. It is clear that bodily disease is largely connected with them. An insatiable craving for blood is not by any means the only unnatural appetite known to science. There is nothing unreasonable in believing that the same craving which induces many animals to mangle a succession of victims in preference to devouring any one of them

might take possession of a human subject, also, whose physical system had become greatly deranged. As late as 1849 the case of Bertrand, a junior officer in a regiment quartered in Paris, attracted attention. The facts are too repulsive for full narration. In frantic fits of uncontrollable desire he frequented the burial ground of Père la Chaise and exhumed and lacerated a great many bodies. After a while the guardians of the cemetery were alarmed. Bertrand was fired at. The police then captured him, and he made a full confession. He was put under medical treatment and recovered.

Petrified Dead—Grace Greenwood—N. Y. Herald

Italy has not nowadays as much to do with human genius and art as she had in the splendid time of her grand poets, philosophers, sculptors, and painters; but she has, as she has always had, much to do with human anatomy, and above all nations busies herself with the ugly problem, "What shall we do with our dead?" The anatomical museums of Italy are peculiarly rich in curious preparations and models, some of them too horrible and ghastly for any one with only ordinary nerve to inspect. Cremation, in spite of the opposition of the church and thunders from the Vatican, is flourishing. For cheapness and despatch this heroic process of disposing of the dead has no rival, though attempts are made to introduce censutation and electroplating of the entire body, by both of which methods our poor mortal organisms, which become when apparently lifeless most alive with nameless, noxious activities, are reduced to a state of innocuous desuetude, imprisoned pestilence, arrested putrefaction. Another process, as yet far more experimental than practical, is that of petrifaction, partial or perfect, the latter state of which may be called marbleization. Italians have of late years had lively discussions on the question of *conservazione* or *cremazione*—the preservation or destruction of the body. It is more of a theological than a sentimental question with them. Professors Marini and Gorini, eminent scientists, have for several years been experimenting in the line of petrifications. It was one of them, I think, who treated the body of Joseph Mazzini, turning it into almost transparent marble, having the great pear-shaped head and the dark, intense, worn, but still handsome face, so wonderfully lifelike in color, contour, and expression that they who loved him could scarce be reconciled to the sealing up of the coffin. On the fifth anniversary of his death that coffin was opened in the presence of some of his faithful followers, and one of them told me that they found the face of their beloved chief quite unchanged. He seemed to have fallen asleep but yesterday. Dr. Marini has received several medals from expositions for his discovery, which, after all, is only a partial rediscovery of the secret process of Segato, the Florentine, and which he in turn keeps to himself. At the fairs in Turin and Milan, of a few years ago, he exhibited in a special cabinet many specimens of what seemed an occult art. Some were solid, permanent petrifications; some provisional, capable of returning to a fresh condition, all preserving the fulness and transparency of life, while most were in a pliable condition. All the varied members of the bodies are, it is said, hard at first, but become after a time supple, and even capable of furnishing studies in anatomy of muscles, veins, and nerves. Nélaton, the great French surgeon, examining a petrified foot, wrote of it: "It has regained its suppleness to such a degree that I was easily able to dissect the

fifth toe." The most impressive of Dr. Marini's preparations is a beautiful little girl, dressed as in life and lying on a sofa, apparently asleep, her long curls spread over the pillow. The face is pale, but round and dimpled, and the limbs are soft and flexible. The professor affirms that thus the gentle form of little Maria Courier remains fixed forever for those who loved her to gaze on when they will—a painful privilege, I should say. Paolo Gorini, of Lodi, has had his preparations in petrifaction and embalming reported on by the Paris Academy of Medicine as "wonderfully beautiful and perfect." But the pioneer in this field and the master of all the workers was Girolamo Segato, who died at Florence in the early part of this century, taking with him his secret. Before his time there were only embalming and mummification—the means arsenical and balsamic—the results more or less ghastly. Few visitors to Florence have the curiosity to see the old hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, which dates from 1288. It is an interesting fact that this was founded by Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, moved by the pleading and example of a good woman, Monna Tessa, his daughter's nurse, who had begun by receiving a few poor sick people in her humble home and there ministering to them. She finally dedicated the savings of a life of faithful service to the endowment of two beds in the hospital, which at first was part of a convent. In a cloister we were shown a quaint bas-relief of this devoted woman, whose good work lives and multiplies itself from century to century. In the museum of this hospital are treasured the matchless preparations of Segato. He was a most enthusiastic experimenter, believing that his discovery would be of immense benefit to science, especially to anatomy. He first experimented on small animals and reptiles—which still remain, perfect examples of petrification—but when he would apply his method to the marbleization of the human body he raised a storm of superstitious opposition. Priests accused him of sacrilege, of seeking to throw obstacles in the way of Omnipotence in the final work of the resurrection of the dead, and his brother anatomists lacked the courage to stand by him. It is a sad story—the experience of Galileo was repeated in the persecution he had to endure—and yet he asked for no great thing, only the dead body of a criminal or a pauper to petrify entire. He had been allowed portions of bodies, fragments fallen from the tables of the hospital anatomists, among them the head of a girl and the bust of a peasant woman—the first an astonishing piece of preservation, all the features remaining as in life, the hair exquisitely soft and lustrous, the teeth dazzling; the second is a marvel of beautiful color and contour, and ivory-like in smoothness and firmness. At last he obtained from the Grand Duke Leopold permission to use for his purpose an entire body of a criminal; but just as he was going to work the gracious hand was withdrawn through the influence of the archbishop. Segato was in despair. It was known that he had carefully written out his process, intending after more fully demonstrating it and testing it by time to make it public; but one day his private study or laboratory was broken into and his drawers and chests ransacked for papers. Those containing his secret were not discovered, but in his indignation and desperation he burned them. Soon after this he died. On his deathbed he tried to describe his process to his most intimate friend, to whom he had promised the

revelation, but voice and sight failed him, and murmuring, "It is too late," he closed his weary eyes on a life of vain struggle and disappointment. Among the preparations left by Segato is the slab for a small table of various rich colors and highly polished surface, apparently marble, but really a mosaic formed of fragments of human members, viscera, etc., not very extraordinary to behold until you know it is so fearfully made.

The Haunted Pitcher—Athens (Georgia) Banner

About five miles from Aiken, S. C., on the Charleston dirt road, and in sight of the railway, is a little place that was first christened Pole Cat, but afterward changed to Montmorenci, the French for that odorous little animal. Many years ago a young woman came with her pitcher to draw a bucket of water from a well at Montmorenci, and set the vessel in the hollowed top of a stone post that some of the railroad men had moved there. While drawing the water a flash of lightning came that struck the chain to which the well-bucket was attached and the woman was killed in her tracks. Her remains were removed, but the pitcher was left just where the dead girl had set it. To this day the pitcher remains in the same place, and so far from being removed it is said that no living hand has ever touched it save its owner's, although near the side of the public road. But the most wonderful thing is the superstition attached to the pitcher. There is an indescribable influence surrounding it that prevents its touch. Hundreds of people have gone with the firm determination of lifting the pitcher, but when they approach it a strange repugnance comes over them and they hurriedly depart without carrying out the object of their visit. One night a bully in the neighborhood, while under the influence of whiskey, made a bet with some friends that he would go and bring back the pitcher. He left to do so, but soon returned as pale as a sheet and empty-handed. "Boys," he remarked, "no person alive can lay hands on that pitcher, and I wouldn't attempt it again for the whole of Aiken County." He refused to tell his experience, and said he would not talk about it. Other parties have gone to see it, but meet with the same repulsive feelings.

Differing Views of Death—New York Tribune

It is an interesting inquiry why civilized man has for so long a time manifested a horror of sudden death. The Pagans knew no such feeling, but, on the contrary, they prayed for the mode of death which to Christians has appeared so dreadful that they have formulated special petitions for protection from it. This fear and repugnance are certainly not grounded in experience or reason, nor can they be said to represent an altruistic sentiment. For it is indisputable that, so far as the subject is concerned, a swift and painless death is preferable to that which comes as the close of lingering illness and much physical suffering. Nor can there be found any support in philosophy for the apprehension of sudden and instantaneous death, for it is clear that such a taking-off does away with all the fearful looking forward, the agonizing anticipations, the morbid and gloomy thoughts, which beset the sufferer who journeys slowly toward the Valley of the Shadow. Nor indeed is the common-sense of mankind so far astray on this subject as the conventional position indicates. Speaking in the freedom of private conversation many persons are heard to express the thought that they would prefer this form of death to any other for themselves. Curiously enough, they fail to apply what is a natural sentiment with them

to the cases of others, and when a relative or friend is laid on a bed of suffering, the majority would think it shockingly inhuman to wish for their speedy deliverance. Evidently the fundamental idea here is that life under any conditions is better than death. But upon what view of death does this idea depend? Surely not upon the Christian view. In effect the whole way of thinking represented is Pagan. That which is so shrunk from is the most material and unspiritual of visions. To die, from this point of view, is "to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;" and all the time to be conscious of what is going on. Philosophy, religion, physiology, psychology, are each and all defied and set at naught by so crude, confused, fantastic, and impossible a conception. The old Greeks knew better. Their fine sense of æstheticism saved them from the grotesque combinations of mediæval superstition and barbarous ignorance which the modern races have inherited, and to which they cling with scarcely a suspicion of the incongruity of their belief. Lessing's essay upon the manner in which the Greeks represented death is full of instruction and suggestion upon the subject. The grisly skeleton of the Middle Ages was represented among the Hellenes by a beautiful boy bearing an inverted torch. Instead of symbols of mourning, such as have come to typify mortality, those old Pagans delicately suggested the passage from matter to spirit by the figure of the butterfly rising above the rent chrysalis. Death and Love were with them never far separated, and the "Angel of the Darker Drink" in their graceful and subtle mythology came often as a friend, with smiling lips and welcoming hands, and never as the frowning fiend our morbid fancy paints him. There was more unselfishness in that archaic view than in the modern one, moreover. The ancients looked at death with the eyes of the dying, and not from the position of the survivors. Tears and grief for these there must be, but the sorrow which pictured the departed as a gainer by his removal was less likely to endure than that which virtually, and despite conventional fictions of belief, regards the dead as not only gone forever from the rays of the sun, but as relegated to some vague and misty form of existence beyond comprehension and realization, and therefore useless for consolation, or hope.

The Advent of Twins—The London Daily Standard

Few things are more mysterious than the undefinable sympathy which often exists between two beings who came into the world together. There can be no doubt that this sympathy is real, and not the effect of the imagination, as some have supposed. So far as is known it does not always develop itself, and when it is present its cause is not by any means understood. A very real affection generally exists between twins, and often seems to show itself in the earliest days of infancy. It is no uncommon thing for a twin who has lost his or her counterpart to pine away, dropping gradually into the clutches of the destroyer, who, in taking away the other, has deprived life of all its joy. But though intense fondness is no doubt to a great extent the cause of such sad occurrences, the sympathy which twins have for one another shows itself here. With many savage races twins are hurried out of the world immediately they have entered it; others allow them to live, but only under certain conditions. In Western Africa, a little below the equator, between ten degrees and twelve degrees east longitude, lives a large tribe called the Ishogo. They have many peculiar customs, but none more so than their treatment of twins and of the

mother who is so unfortunate as to bear them. An idea seems to exist with them that no woman ought to produce more than a single child at a time, and they seek to rectify the error by giving their deities every chance of killing one of the children before they have arrived at the age at which they are considered able to take care of themselves. This is held to be at about six years old; once that age has been passed, it is thought by these people that a proper balance between life and death has again been struck, and they do not deem any further precautions necessary. Immediately the birth of twins take place, the hut in which the event happened is marked in some manner which will render it readily distinguishable from all others in the village. Those who have read accounts of African travel will probably remember the unanimous testimony which explorers of the dark continent bear to the extraordinary loquacity of its natives. Africans talk as they breathe—unceasingly—and yet the unfortunate mother of twins is forbidden to exchange a single word with any but the immediate members of her family. She may go into the forest for firewood, and perform the household work necessary for the existence of herself and her children, but it must be all done in strict silence, unless she find herself near one of her close relatives. The consequence of this peculiar custom is that the Ishogo woman dreads the advent of twins more than anything, except, perhaps, being childless; and nothing irritates a newly married woman more than to tell her that she is sure to become the mother of two children at a birth. When the six years of probation have dragged out their weary length, a grand ceremony is held to celebrate the release of the three captives, and their admission to the society of their fellows. At daybreak all the village is aroused by a proclamation made in the principal street, and the mother and a friend take up their stand on either side of the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. The rest of the inhabitants of the place congregate round about, and at a given signal the white-legged women march away from the hut, followed by the twins, the mother clasping her hands and capering about, the friend beating a lusty tattoo upon a drum and singing a song appropriate to the occasion. After this procession has gone the round of the village there is a general dance. Then every one sits down to a great feast, and eating, drinking, and dancing are carried on for the rest of the day and all through the night. As soon as the next day dawns all restrictions upon the mother and her offspring are held to be removed. This ceremony is known as "M'paza," a word which signifies both the twins and the rite by virtue of which they and their mother are admitted to the companionship of their kind. Cases in which one of a pair of twins has felt a disturbing influence at work within him when evil was befalling his other self are numerous. As with all matters of the kind, the instances related are apt to border upon the land of fiction, but there are many which are perfectly well authenticated. Though twins are usually alike in form and feature, this is not invariably the case. The writer knows twin brothers who can scarcely be said to bear even a family likeness to one another and whose complexions go to the very extremes of darkness and fairness. But though unlike bodily they so resemble each other mentally that they passed from the bottom to the top of one of our great public schools side by side.

CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

Deaths of English Kings—Newcastle Chronicle

William the First got a bruise from his horse,
A random shot arrow made Rufus a corpse;
Henry the Clever, on fish too well fed,
Stephen of Blois died at ease in his bed;
Henry the Second of grief broke his heart,
Cœur de Lion was killed by a dart,
John, by the fever—and nobody sighed,
Henry of Winchester naturally died;
Edward the First died marching to fight,
Edward the Second was murdered at night;
The warrior Edward passed calmly away,
Richard deposed, was starved out of the way;
Henry the Fourth died of fits to excess,
Henry the Fifth in the noon of success;
Henry the Sixth died of grief in the Tower,
'Twas lust brought Edward the Fourth his last hour;
Edward the Fifth in the Tower, too, was killed
By Richard the Third—slain at Bosworth field;
Henry the Seventh owes death to the gout,
Disorders untold put his namesake to rout;
Edward the Sixth died a natural death,
Mary, in quietness, exhaled her last breath;
Queen Bess closed in anguish an ill-spent reign,
Scotch James the First passed away without pain;
The first King Charles died under the knife,
Charles, his son, passed off without strife;
His second son, James, died exiled from his throne,
William the Third broke his right collar-bone;
Queen Anne very suddenly went to her doom,
Apoplectical fits sent King George to the tomb;
King George the Second turned out in a rage,
His long-reigned successor slipped off in old age;
The Fourth King George, and William, his brother,
With an osseous heart left this life for another;
Victoria reigns—so good and so wise,
And she'll be greatly missed whenever she dies.

Days of the Week—Winfield Lyle—Good Housekeeping

A study of the origins of the names of the days of the week as taken from deities of the old Scandinavian and Latin mythologies.

The words which designate the days
By which the week is told,
Are monumental to the praise
Of deities of old:
What follows is with simple aim
To demonstrate in rhyme the same.

Sunday, the day that takes the lead
Of all the days that run,
In Scandinavian myth, we read,
Was sacred to the sun;
In his applause the Sun's-day rose,
And from the Sun's-day Sunday flows.

Monday before a goddess bows,
As by the same myths claimed,
In honor of the Sun's fair spouse
This second day was named.
Thus down to us the record hands,
And from the Moon's-day Monday stands.

Tuesday, the fourth and sixth days like,
From Teuton mould appears;
In Ziewes, the god of war, we strike
The imprint this name bears;
To him this day was homage due,
And out of Ziewes'-day Tuesday grew.

Wednesday commemorates the god
Of Northern Europe's gods;

Before the great all-Father's rod
Must yield all other rods;
Woden, his name, through whose renown,
From Woden's-day comes Wednesday down.

Thursday, to Sweden's Thor we trace,—
The German Donar loud;
This son of Woden had his place
Behind the thunder-cloud;
This was his day, the days among,
And from Thor's-day has Thursday sprung.

Friday, her fame perpetuates
Who made Love's courses good,
And Fria, ancient myth relates,
Chief wife to Woden stood;
This day immortalized her worth,
This Fria's-day brought Friday forth.

With Saturday the schedule ends,
A word by Latins coined,
From Italy this name descends,
With Saturn-worship joined,
He made the sower's toils repay,
And Saturn's-day gave Saturday.

Lines to a Coxcomb—Old Magazine

Probably one of the earliest forms of alliterative verse now existing in the English language; the letters "j" and "u" are omitted, being expressed by the old equivalents "i" and "v."

Artful ape, of amorous air,
Baneful bait thy ballads bear;
Coaxing coxcomb, curb thy course,
Disdain the dark, the de'll, divorce,
Ever eager to ensnare
Foolish, flighty, friendless fair;
Grizzly ghosts and goblins growling,
Hurl him headlong, hideous, howling,
Impious image, imp ingrate,
Know you killed the kindly Kate;
Lovely Lydia, lank and lone,
Mopes with eager, morbid moan;
Ninety nymphs, nay, ninety-nine,
On thy odious oaths opine;
Pens and pencils pine to paint
Quibbling quiddities or quaint
Rigid reason rants and roars,
Sighs and sobs and sinks and soars;
Tries the tender, tries the terse,
Vents variety in verse;
Wabbles words wisely won,
Xenocrates and Xenophon.
Youngster, yield to yawning—yea,
Zounds! I'm safe at zigzag-zee.

The Wine Glass—Fireside Recreations

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine!

They that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the CUP when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder.

A GNOME STORY—THE KOBOLD IN THE CELLAR*

Following the course of a winding river, a well-travelled road ran through the green country. For miles it wound through meadows and fields and left villages and towns behind it, till a blue-green wall seemed to rise up before it, which on approaching nearer proved to be a magnificent range of mountains. Here on a summit stood a splendid house, with stable and carriage-houses, kitchen, cellar, and wine-room. On the sign-board was painted a white swan, and it was known as the best inn far and wide.

When the two-wheeled carriages drew near the Swan, the Pomeranian dogs, sitting up on the canvas coverings, barked for joy, the drivers cracked their whips gaily, and the heavy horses shook their heads, making the ornaments on their harness jingle together. Rest was to be found at the Swan; the horses and dogs knew that as well as their masters. Man and beast must be refreshed for the journey over the mountain, and there was abundance provided. Golden oats filled the cribs, golden wine the pitchers and goblets, and steaming dishes came out of the kitchen.

At the time when what we are about to relate took place, a widow, with her daughter and several men-servants and maids, kept the inn, and everything was prosperous and happy in the household.

The landlady's daughter, Miss Martha, was, like all genuine and regular inn-keepers' daughters, pretty and fresh as a young head of lettuce, as industrious as an ant, as nimble as a lizard and besides she had a clever little tongue in her mouth. Miss Martha was now about eighteen years old, and the good landlady had already begun to look about for a suitable son-in-law. Then something very strange came to pass.

At the inn of the White Swan, suddenly appeared a guest, a wholly uninvited guest. It was a so-called house-kobold, a gnome, such as live in the caves and crevices of the mountain. Where the little creature had come from, nobody knew, but he was there, that everybody in the house was soon aware of. He disturbed the cows in the barn, rode the horses by night and played the people all kinds of tricks. He pulled the maids by the hair, or pulled the milking stool from under them so that maid and milk-pail rolled together on the ground. In the kitchen he rattled the kettles and pans, and in the garden he shook the unripe plums from the trees. One man after another, maid after maid left the landlady's service, and finally she could only get servants by paying them double wages.

And the kobold became more and more saucy each day. At first he had carried on his roguish pranks invisibly, but now he peeped out of nooks and corners in broad daylight, and frightened the people by making horrible faces. He looked like a little man three spans high and was dressed in a tattered, gray frock.

The landlady of the Swan was deeply troubled over the hobgoblin, for the flourishing household affairs were gradually falling behind. But when the sprite got into the cellar, and attacked the casks in such a way that each day they sounded more and more hollow, then the lady gathered herself together and determined to drive the unwelcome guest out of the house at whatever cost.

*Translated for CURRENT LITERATURE, from the German of Rudolf Baumbach, by Mrs. Nathan Haskell Dole.

In the next village was a mill, and it was reported by the people, that a kobold had carried on there in the same way, till the miller had compelled him to go away. Thither the landlady of the Swan betook herself, and told the miller her trouble.

"Well," said the latter, when he had learned what was the matter, "the evil is easily remedied." Then he told how he had become rid of his kobold.

According to the advice of a wise woman, he had a new suit of clothes made for the gnome, and put them where the little creature would be sure to find them. When the little man discovered the new garments, he put them on and in a melancholy voice said:

"Now I have my pay,
I must up and away."

And from that time the kobold disappeared, and never let himself be seen again.

This was the miller's story, and the landlady of the Swan immediately had a fine blue jacket, black knee-breeches and a scarlet doublet made for the kobold, besides a pair of shoes with bright buckles, and carried the finery to the gnome in the cellar, where was now his favorite haunt. Then she placed herself behind the door, and peeked through the keyhole.

It was not long before the little creature crept like a rat out of a corner and looked at the gifts. He unfolded the clothes and held them up to examine them in the light that fell through the cellar window. But then he threw them on the floor and screamed:

"O how pretty! O how fine!
But I much prefer the wine:
To tipple, to tapple, what fun is mine!
To drink it dry is my design."

The landlady was in despair when she heard that.

Then her young daughter came to her and gave her some good advice. "Send for a priest," she said. "The chaplain of the village church is a firm believer and has no fear of the Evil One. He will no doubt put an end to the gnome. Send for him, mother."

And the landlady praised her sensible daughter, and immediately filled a hamper with a large ham and a little bag of dried pears and apples. But on the top of the basket she placed a fat goose. Followed by her maid, who carried the present, she went to the man of God, and begged him to free her from the house-kobold.

"That is no easy matter," said the spiritual gentleman, examining the gift. "But be comforted, madame; I will drive away the evil guest. Go home without fear. To-morrow I will come to you, and have a word with the kobold. But have you still some of that good malmsey, that you laid in a barrel of last year?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lady, "the little cask of malmsey is still on hand, but the evil guest in the cellar makes it lighter each day."

"*Periculum in mora,*" said the priest. "It will be better for me to go along with you."

No sooner said than done. He took a book and a cross with him, and followed the landlady.

The chaplain was indeed a brave defender of the faith. With the cross in his right hand and the book in his left he entered the cellar, where the kobold was.

Now the exorcism began, and the landlady shuddered as she heard the Latin words which she could not un-

derstand. Then all of a sudden there sounded out of the dark background of the cellar the mocking words:

"Parson, wilt expel me?
Snicksnack!
Parson hence! but tell me
Snicksnack!
If thy prayers bring fruit divine,
Filching the communion wine!"

The chaplain was suddenly struck dumb; nothing like it had ever happened to him before. But he was not to be so easily frightened. Raising his voice he continued the interrupted charm. But again it sounded:

"Parson, wilt expel me?
Snicksnack!
Parson hence! but tell me
Snicksnack!
If thy prayers bring fruit divine,
Gambling nightly, I opine!"

The chaplain's voice failed him, he began to stammer and let his book fall to the ground. But once more he took courage and thundered words of malediction. Then the roguish kobold called out for the third time:

"Parson, wilt expel me?
Snicksnack!
Parson hence! but tell me
Snicksnack!
If thy prayers bring fruit divine,
Go and see thy Catherine.
She is busy spinning,
Thinks upon thy sinning."

Now the chaplain had had enough. He shut his book together and sneaked out of the cellar.

"He is worse than Beelzebub himself," said he to the landlady outside, who gave the exorciser a strange look. "I hope you did not believe what the lying spirit said? Next Sunday I will come again, and bring a wax-candle. In the mean time farewell." And with these words he hurried away, but he never came back.

Now there was deep distress and great depression of spirits in the house. The household arrangements grew worse and worse, and besides there was no prospect of their becoming any better.

"I must sell," said the landlady with a sigh to her daughter, "and must look about elsewhere for an inn to purchase, for here I shall be ruined. But it is hard to be obliged to leave a place where I have lived and prospered." And then both women wept aloud.

The next morning the landlady put her house in order, and called the man to harness up. She was going to take a journey and look about for an inn. Miss Martha, who was to act as housekeeper in the landlady's absence, and already carried the heavy bunch of keys on her belt, kissed her mother good-by.

For several days the landlady of the Swan went from village to village, making inquiries. At last she found what she was looking for, and with her head full of plans for the future, she started on her homeward way. When she drew near to the Swan, she got out of the carriage. She wished to surprise her people, and that would be impossible in the carriage. She had a presentiment that everything was not right at home, and as she came unnoticed by a side path to the inn she found that her presentiment had not deceived her.

Under the White Swan, in the door-way stood Martha, looking with beaming eyes at a young fellow who sat by the stone table with jug and goblet before him, and was playing on a guitar.

Cautiously the landlady drew nearer, and concealed behind a hazel-bush, watched the guest. He was a

good-looking fellow, with a fresh, sun-burned face and merry eyes. His clothes were dusty and travel-stained, his hat was pressed down over his curly brown hair and from it nodded a faded feather. Now the youth opened his red lips, threw a roguish glance at the pretty girl in the doorway and sang to the guitar:

"White Swan! White Swan! To thee I sing
With praises beyond measure,
A perfect magnet! thou dost bring
The thirsty brethren pleasure.
Yet one sad thing for evermore
Makes wise men trouble borrow;
It is the chalk-marks on thy door
That fill our hearts with sorrow.
First stand the names of men I know,
By thirst they all were tempted,
Then come the marks, full many a row
Of unpaid tankards emptied.
And there, alas, I see my name
With hosts of chalk-marks reckoned,
With joy at heart I hither came
When wild companions beckoned.
Maid of the Inn! Thou art unkind!
Of all hearts mine is sorest,
Thou robtest me of peace of mind
And my account then scorest.
Still I will have my sweet delight,
Thou maid beyond compare,
On my heart's door thy name I'll write
And score it doubly there."

Thus sang the youth, and Martha bent over and filled his glass, and the landlady knew by the color of the wine, that it was the best she had in the cellar. But the guest scarcely looked at the wine, but his eyes rather lingered on her who entertained him, and he put his arm gently around her waist, and the daughter held still and laughed so that she showed her pearly teeth.

Then suddenly the landlady of the Swan stood before them, as if she had risen out of the ground.

She placed her arms akimbo and looked sternly at her daughter and the strange youth. The former in her embarrassment put her finger in her mouth, but the guest politely took off his hat and looked into the landlady's face with such merry eyes, that the gathering tempest withdrew as before a glance of the sun.

"This is pretty work!" said the dame. "Who are you, and what do you want in my house?"

Instead of replying the youth began to sing:

"No one knows where lies my home,
Chance impels my feet to roam,
Sunlight still will kiss me.
World! thou art my tavern wide,
Death might fling me far outside,
Not a soul would miss me.

Have no house, no gold to spend,
Am a wandering student, friend,
Thirstiness confessing.
When the grape-juice fills the glass,
Then I greet the generous lass,
Singing thanks and blessing."

The lady listened quietly to the singer, and her face was restored to its usual serenity. "My dear fellow," she said, "your singing and playing is all very fine, but thanks and blessings are not of much use. But did you read the words, over the sideboard? 'To-day for money, to-morrow for nothing.' And therefore——"

"Mother," interrupted Martha, "scold me, but do not insult the guest. He has done you a good turn, without your knowing it. The spotted cow, which has been sickly for weeks, through his skill is so much better, that she already eats clover again, and he hopes that in a day or two she will be entirely well."

Now the landlady was completely pacified, and it passed through her mind that perhaps this student might know of some way to get rid of the torment. So she changed her tune, spoke friendly words to the traveller, and begged him to remain under their roof till the cow should be well.

The student did not need to be asked twice, and as he was a crafty fellow, who knew how to make hay while the sun shone, and as the cow really got well, the mother soon regarded him as favorably as the daughter. On the third day she asked his advice about the kobold.

The student listened attentively, asked to be taken into the cellar and examined the room and the casks. Then he called in a loud voice, "*Incubus, Incubus.*"

Immediately the kobold was heard to say:

"Pedagogue, do not speak
In your Latin and your Greek.
There is nothing to be found here,
Show yourself no more around here,
Steal the peasant's choicest bacon,
Choke the fat goose you have taken!"

"He is a wicked slanderer," said the student, when he sat again with the lady of the house in the parlor of the inn. "It will be a hard piece of work, but the wight must go, and I will undertake to drive him away, if you will give me what I desire as a reward."

"What is that?" asked the dame.

"Your most charming daughter, Miss Martha."

The landlady shook her head. "You ask for no small thing," she said. But the youth had pleased her and the kobold must be out of the house at any price. "Get rid of this tormenting spirit for me, and you shall be my son-in-law. Here is my hand on it."

Then was the student delighted beyond measure, and he jumped up and kissed the landlady of the Swan, so that she blushed to the roots of her hair. Then he said: "By myself I can do nothing with the kobold, but I have two companions, who are roaming about in the neighborhood; I will go at once for them. The wight will not be able to withstand us three."

Three days later he returned, bringing two very strange-looking fellows with him. One was as thick as a barrel and his head was as round as a pumpkin, and his nose shone like a rich garnet. The other was as thin as a rail and as tall as bean-pole. When one looked up at him and, reaching his collar, thought now comes the head, he was mistaken, for first came a half a yard of neck with a sack in front of it, like a pelican's.

The two women brought the strangers a generous lunch with a big jug full of wine. But to the astonishment of the landlady, they refused the latter. They explained that their strength must not be diminished by wine-drinking. Therefore they made up for it by partaking more abundantly of salt meat and herring.

When the sun had gone to rest, the three comrades requested to be shown to the cellar. Miss Martha was hardly willing to let her lover go with the others, as she feared for his life. But he bade her to be of good cheer, took the light from her trembling hand, and went down with his companions into the dark room. The women remained for some time listening behind the door. But as they did not hear the least sound, they went back to the room above, finished their day's work, and finally laid themselves down to rest.

But sleep refused to come to the blue eyes of the landlady's daughter; anxiety for her lover kept her awake. After the mother was asleep, she arose quietly from her couch, and crept with beating heart to the

cellar-door to listen. Confused voices and muffled singing came up from the cellar. The incantation must be in full swing. She pressed her ear to the keyhole, and then she heard distinctly these words:

"Three times three is nine!
This shall be our mystic sign,
Fidibus!"

Cold shivers ran over the maiden as she heard these magic words, and trembling like an aspen leaf, she fled to her little room and buried herself in beneath the pillows.

The crowing cocks announced the dawn. A sharp wind came from the mountains and tore the blossoming bean-vines in the garden. The doves came out of the dove-cot, stretched their wings and dressed their blue-white feathers, and the watch dog crept sleepily into his kennel. Then the landlady arose from her couch. She was always the first one up in the house. She opened the windows and then taking her bunch of keys, went to the front door and unlocked it.

Then something crept out of a corner and slipped out of the house into the open air, and the landlady recognized in the dim morning light, her tormentor the house-kobold. He carried a staff of hazel-wood, and a little bundle. Sadly he turned his earth-colored face back toward the threshold, and said sorrowfully:

"All is o'er! all is o'er!
Now I shall return no more."

And when he had spoken these words, he disappeared.

The landlady gave a cry of delight and flew to the cellar. But there everything was as silent as the grave.

Great Heavens, supposing the kobold had broken the young fellows' necks!

She did not dare to open the door; she knocked, at first gently, then louder—and now something moved. With unsteady steps it came up, then opened the door, and the landlady's future son-in-law came into sight. He looked quite worn out. The good dame folded him in her arms and hugged and kissed him. "Thank you a thousand times, my beloved son," she cried; "the kobold has left, I saw him go with my own eyes."

"Has he gone?" asked the student. "Come out you sleepyheads! The charm has taken effect."

Then came up out of the darkness first the lean man and then the fat one. Both of them yawned and rubbed their eyes. The landlady called her daughter and the servants and announced that the house was free from the kobold. Then she handed the fat man as well as the lean one a handsome fee. They both thanked her, took a hasty farewell, and went their way.

"And now comes your reward," said she, turning to the student, and beckoned to her daughter. "Here it is." And there was great rejoicing in the house.

But when the landlady went down into the cellar to get her exhausted son-in-law a refreshing morning drink, her round face grew as long as her arm. The kobold was really gone, but the wine was gone too.

And a thunderstorm came within a hair's breadth of bursting over the head of her future son-in-law, but in consideration of the service he rendered her, she restrained herself. "When I am once his mother-in-law," she thought, "I will see how much he drinks."

And she kept her word. The former traveller became an exemplary son-in-law, and only drank as much as his mother-in-law measured out for him. Later on, when she had gone to her last sleep, and he became keeper of the Swan himself, he occasionally took a glass more than he needed, when he was thirsty, but that is pardonable in a landlord who has so many trials.

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

In the Bavarian Highlands—London Daily News

High up in the Bavarian Highlands, by the shore of a lake that lies just within the forest, stands a small and simple hostelry. Primitive as are the customs of this hostel, though rough its appointments and simple its cuisine, the traveller will find that he is waited on by the jovial landlord, one or another of his laughing daughters and the handsome gypsy girl who helps them, with an attention that would reflect credit on the first hotel in Europe. And in the forest that stretches round the lake and far across the Austrian border he may stalk the roebuck by its favorite pool, or the tall red deer that come down in the dusk from their fastness in the mountains. Here too the chamois is on his native heath, and of all the trophies of the hunter none is dearer to his soul than the black and wrinkled horns of that fleet-footed mountain antelope. The inn is a picture in itself, with its broad eaves and its balconies, its shingle roof weighted with huge stones, the rich brown of its unpainted woodwork, and the forest pines behind it like a splendid setting. No one is visible at door or window, but from within rise sounds of revelry, shouts, and the stamp of feet; and heard above the din the plaintive twanging of a zither. We pause a moment in the doorway to watch through the smoke that fills the room the wild figures of the revellers and the uncouth movements of the dance. They are men, all of them, each one dancing alone, stamping now and then, and shouting, and clapping broad and horny hands. Seated at a table in the corner a strolling player with olive cheeks and dark mustache bends lovingly above his instrument. Beside him stands a bright-eyed girl, whose colored kerchief, snowy sleeves, and silver ornaments give finishing touches to the picture. A plaintive song she sings, a song of home, a note that ever finds an answering echo in the heart of the wandering Bavarian. The rugged mountaineers, whose senses now are perhaps a little clouded by the potent spirit of the Highlands, lend their deep voices to the chorus. Suddenly a swarthy reveller, catching sight of strangers in the doorway, comes forward with eager welcome. His speech is thick, and the dialect is strange, but there is no doubt about the meaning. It is—

Will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance? As the zither player pauses to look up, a tall figure at his side sets down on the table his unfinished tankard, takes his rifle from the wall, his hat from the deer's antler overhead, and comes out to greet us with a smile of recognition on his weather-beaten face. Time has turned to snow the sable of his long mustache; but the forester's hand is as steady now, his eye as keen to-day as when in the last charge at Königgratz a Prussian sabre left that mark across his cheek. As we leave the house and stroll down to the lake he tells us we have come at the best of moments. Yes, it is late in the season, but no one else has a permit now, and he knows where a fine "gamsbock," as he calls it, comes down at dawn to feed below the larches. We will start at once. The sun is hardly down. We can reach the hut in the mountains before midnight, and begin the chase at daybreak. A strange-looking craft awaits us by the shore, with square ends and straight sides, and

no vestige of a curve anywhere in its blackened timbers. We feel as we put off that our dress is not in keeping with the old canoe. We should be brave with wampum and with war-paint, with feathers of the great war-eagle. The picturesque equipment of the forester presents a better harmony—his braided jacket, his green hat with its silver tassels and its blackcock's plume, the carving on the stock of the rifle that rests near him as he rows. Swiftly we glide along the lake, over cloud and forest and mount copied in the tranquil depths. A strip of vivid green runs all along above the rocky shore. Over it rise dark ranks of pines, sombre and cold, in endless, motionless array. By the farther shore two girls are rowing homeward with grass from a clearing in the forest. Keeping time with the swift strokes of their paddles float to us across the water the faint sounds of a song. The notes grow fainter, and are lost. There is no sound along the shore. No nutcrackers wrangle in the tree-tops, no tits are swinging on the long brown cones, no buzzard sails the solitary sky. At last the boat grates on the shingle, and we file into the shadows of the forest. Few tenants are there of these gloomy depths. Roebuck rarely venture so far down. Stags seldom leave their higher haunts unless to harry the green crops of some solitary homestead. It is long since the last bear was killed on this side the frontier. Under the broad eaves of one of the houses in the village below hangs still the trophy of the chase. Seventy years the bare and grinning skull has moulded on the wall. Long we follow through the forest the footsteps of our silent leader. We cross belts of straggling pines, we stumble over unseen boulders, we scramble up slippery steeps of rock. So dark is it when we reach the hut that we have to feel for the door. It is a cozy nook. Behind it towers a sheltering wall of rock; on either side stand groups of pines, ghostlike in the gloom. In the dim valley, three thousand feet below us, a light is twinkling in some distant village, a far-off belfry sounds the midnight hour. Round the red-pine logs on the open hearth we sleep that night the hunter's sleep, and when the forester rouses us from our lair among the hay, the sky is brightening to the dawn. We make a hasty meal. No fire is kindled now, lest we should warn the chamois of our coming. We take our weapons from the wall, and silently we leave the hut. The scent of pines is sweet in the cool morning air; the dew lies heavy on alpenrose and hollyfern. We make for a clump of larches that have gathered round the crest of a steep crag, and have barely reached their shelter when suddenly we hear a sound that quickens every pulse and tightens each man's grip upon his rifle. It is the whistle of the chamois. The forester signs to us to wait while he creeps forward to reconnoitre. How plainly in the breathless stillness sounds the roar of the torrent, how clear among the pines below the cry of a solitary wood-pecker, how loud the cow-bell on some distant alp! The forester lifts his hand. One after one we reach his side, and there, two hundred yards away, the chamois is standing on the slope. He is looking hard this way. His black horns are clear against the rock behind him. The light of sunrise is warm upon his rich brown coat. Defiantly his head is lifted, as he utters now and then

his impatient cry of anger and suspicion. Slowly he walks across the rocky slope. He pauses for a longer, keener look—a fatal pause for him. For then there is the sharp crack of a rifle. The bullet has found its billet, and the buck is lying lifeless on the scree. The sun that at that very moment shines in cloudless splendor above the purple mountains comes too late for him. Those bold, black eyes will look no more upon the face of dawn. The east is lighted with a soft and tender glow. Far down the valley of the Inn the distant ranges show like banks of cloud. At our feet

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing
The woodlands glistening with their jeweled crowns ;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

Greenwood—The City of the Dead—New York Times

Sightseers find no sight of the metropolis better worth seeing than Greenwood, and none harder to see. To do the great cemetery faithfully is as laborious a day's work as the most enthusiastic pleasure seeker need crave. No maze of Eastern fable was ever half so perplexing as Greenwood's 450 acres of winding paths and avenues. It is the great American labyrinth, and woe betide the stranger who gets tangled up in it. If he start in at daybreak with a map and a compass and succeed in making his desired gateway in time for the last car at nightfall without being exhausted he may consider himself good for all the cathedrals, castles, and catacombs in Europe. Yet it is only by a pedestrian tour that the cemetery may be really seen. Park carriages, charging twenty-five cents and giving stop-over or transfer checks, make what they call the round from the main entrance, including some of the leading monuments and excluding many more. A private carriage is more satisfactory, but only by following the tortuous paths are the most interesting monuments found, and a good guide for walking parties, thoroughly posted in the historic facts and traditional legends that make many unpretentious graves far better worth a visit than the showy tombs always pointed out, might find profitable employment. Maps of the cemetery may be bought at the office in the northern gate for ten and twenty cents, but the effort to reconcile the topographical peculiarities of map and rolling ground while pacing the hardest of roadbeds in the burning sun is not the success it is expected to be. More benches along the walks would be welcomed by every one walking over the cemetery. Those upon the grass offer constant temptation to trespass. Indeed, after climbing for a time the hard asphalt paths, so steep as to make the chain a necessary assistance, the advice of the Irish workman is appreciated, if not accepted: "Och, sure! jist watch your chance an' slip acrost th' grass!" The city of the dead is like the city of the living in that it minglesthe beautiful with the ugly, the poetic with the commonplace, the dignified with the ludicrous, tender pathos with harsh tragedy. Like all semi-rural resorts, Greenwood is at its best in the early spring and late autumn. But at no season is it so perfect in beauty as during the blossoming of the dogwood trees. Those who have seen it at such an autumn season, will not be likely to see a more entrancingly-beautiful picture until they behold the heavenly landscapes. Heaven seems the fittest comparison for beauty that is almost unearthly in its snowy purity. The dogwood trees literally clothe the dells and crown the hills in snow—a snow garden. The sun, which turns the waters of the

bay to silver, flashes on the marble shafts, flushes the dogwood blooms from the white of death to a living pink, and scatters gold over the green turf. Here and there among the dogwood are the magnolia, the ash, and the buckeye, laden in white flowers. About the low white stones are spirea, rhododendron, lilac in white masses, and the purple lilac, purple flag, and wistaria, while daisies, candy-lips, and tulips cluster around the graves. But the tulip, even in pure white, is too gaudy a flower for a grave; clad in gay colors it seems strangely incongruous. The softly-colored, velvet-cheeked pansy, cheerful but modest, is far better, and it is omnipresent. The pansies, by profusion and beauty of size and coloring, are in themselves worth a trip to Greenwood. Their yellow faces shine up at the sun, brave and bright as though death were not or they were promised a share in the eternal life with the dear ones they keep in memory. Two yellow-flowered locust trees stand together on a knoll, and a strangely-brilliant yellow flower on a tall bush makes more weirdly desolate by its bizarre effect one lonely overgrown spot. Wild yellow stars twinkle in the grass; buttercups, over-brimming with sunshine, nod contentedly as the breeze rocks them; dandelions, weighed to earth by their gold, gaze vainly up at the freed spirits of their kindred, who hover a moment around their old homes, then disappear at a breath; tiny blue violets, pure and unguarded, look shyly out of green hollows at the carefully-sheltered Scotch bluebells and the blue-eyed myrtle in its glossy leaves; now a little firebush or a big tree with heavy, dark-red foliage warms the scene, or a great standing honeysuckle, with its delicate pink and buff flowers, scents the air. The older lots may easily be distinguished by the character of their floral adornment, as the rules of the cemetery now forbid the planting of almost all the flowering shrubs. Since the opening of Greenwood, in 1842, there have been over two hundred thousand burials, and, necessarily, the restrictions grow more stringent. Some trees and plants discolor the marble, and, through various objections, many of the most ornamental shrubs are now forbidden. No more lilacs may be planted or box; a permit must be secured to plant a rhododendron; the dogwood is one of the very few yet favored. The hedges, within which the graves lie in such quaint seclusion, are not now allowed; a hedge dying out may not be replaced. The mounds over graves may not be higher than six inches. "The beauty of the place requires it," says a working florist; "they have done what is well. We're improvin' the place handsome—such lots as were once bought for \$60 and \$100 now cost \$1,000 and \$1,600." It is to be hoped the wistaria may not be discarded; it furnishes a beautiful contrast to the dogwood blooming at the same time, and its fragrance is the very breath of Arcadia. The beauty of its purple clusters, the wealth of its foliage, and its suppleness under training make it an ideal vine. One specimen, spreading a purple canopy of bloom above a granite cross, is very fine, while the vine which twines around the circular railing of Peter Cooper's lot is something too beautiful for description. The clusters, perfect in size and fulness, fall over one another in cascades of sweetness—"made of honey," says a child, and so the bees think, for they are thick upon it, bearing its treasure, as the winds its odor, afar off, even as the good deeds of the old philanthropist bore his name. Atlantic and Central Avenues sweep around the Cooper lot in magnificent curves.

The circular plots at the junction of the avenues are effective. The names of avenues and paths, hills and dells and lakes, add no little to the idyllic beauty of Greenwood. They are condensed poetry, a synopsis in poetic stenography of all nature's grand epics, melodious lyrics, charming pastorals. The occasional glimpses of the bay which open unexpectedly are one of the delights of a stroll over the hills of the northern and western portions. The view from the plateau upon which stands the Soldiers' Monument, and a little lower down from Bayview Path, is a fresh suggestion of the glories of the upper land. The sun, which fails to pierce the bank of mist concealing the Jersey shore, irradiates it until it becomes but a lower level of the cloud heights, and the shimmering sea seems to lap the hills of heaven. At the head of Sweetgum Path on Bayside Avenue, is another delightful outlook; just there a grave is marked by a cross bearing the words, "Gone Home." Fountain Hill offers another view worth climbing the steep hillside to gain. But perhaps the noblest overlook (for such it is) is secured at the head of Aurora Path where it branches from Ocean Avenue. The water is not seen, for the view is over the low eastern sections through which wind Cypress, Sassafras, and Fir Avenues. The eye falls from the distant ridge to the templed vales of classic story. The tired tourist blesses the happy thought that placed a bench at this turn. Following the path to its foot, past the vault with the huge cross and heavy slab forming a curious vestibule, and the Jennings tomb with its great laurel-wreathed dome, Dawn Path is just below. Significant name for the path which leads to the graves of Henry Ward Beecher and Henry Bergh, lying within a few feet of one another, the former marked by a simple block of granite amid pansies, with the words, "He thinketh no evil," the latter entombed in an Egyptian pyramid. Still further down the hill are two striking monuments of rough granite, the pedestals completely overgrown with English ivy, the Chauncey and the Godwin tombs. The latter has a female figure scattering roses over the grass, where is already outlined a lovely cross of pansies. This design of flower-strewing women and angels seems to be a favorite, but is not always as successful as here. The ivy pedestals, too, are often repeated, and always with good effect, the dark, glossy green of the ivy bringing the white of the marble into beautiful relief, or its wild luxuriance of growth harmonizing well with the rough-hewn stone. Tall granite crosses bearing texts are always impressive, as the red granite one in the lot of S. H. Tyng: "For forty years rector of St. George's," "Stand up for Jesus" is the word it speaks. Another minister of God leaves the message, "Christ is All." A pretty cross in one of the Aldrich lots, which face one another on Atlantic Avenue, recites the promise, "Because I live ye shall live also." In the Aldrich plot across the way is one of the most beautiful monuments of the cemetery, an enormous block of dazzling marble upon which a great sheaf of wheat is waiting to be garnered. The avenue here runs along the crest of Ocean Hill, turning in front of the Stephen Whitney chapel, one of the many temples on the hillsides of which the child asks once and again, "Is that a church?" None are more imposing than this of brown stone. The Schermerhorn temple stands on the site occupied by the old farmhouse when Greenwood was the Schermerhorn farm. Some of the larger chapels of white marble are most

artistic creations, and when overhung by the white-blossomed trees—which are themselves overarched by the green branches of the towering forest trees—are no unworthy adornment of the hills and knolls. All of the hills are beautiful in themselves, and many notable for the monuments which they bear. Meadow Hill is magnificent with its grand group of forest monarchs. Butternut Hill holds the Harper lot and monument with medallion heads and the motto: "I will redeem them." Chapel Hill has the Steinway tomb, the largest private tomb in the cemetery. At the foot of the knoll, encircled by Mulberry, Hemlock, and Battle Avenues, at the head of which stands the lofty Burnham monument, is the Elias P. Howe monument and bronze bust; further out Hemlock Avenue is the Roger Williams monument, while between lie many beautiful plots, made so by lovely floral work or stately sculpturing. The Edward Mathews tomb has some fine carving, and a pretty though modest monument is a plain pedestal upon which stands a woman clasping a cross for support. Locust Hill has the far-famed bust of Horace Greeley, erected by the printers of the country. Not far below is Sylvan Water, the largest of the eight lakes. One of the finest eminences is Bay Grove Hill, which bears no remarkable monument, but a few quiet graves under the great trees, and on a cross the inscription: "Until the day dawns and the shadows flee away." Down Bay Grove Path to Bayside Dell, and the bronze monument of De Witt Clinton is found; so deep is this dell that the head of the statue is just visible looking down Syringa Path from Battle Avenue. Another deep dell holds the transplanted graveyard of the old Dutch Reformed church of Fulton street; some of the stones were quarried 200 years ago. Above this dell is the Cummings lot, holding the largest shaft monument in the cemetery. Standing on level ground, however, it is not nearly so commanding as many smaller ones which seem to spring off into space from the steep hillside. The Scudder vault is the oldest in Greenwood, and very old it looks with its mouldy and moss-grown bricks and iron door opening into an overhanging bank beneath the roots of a big tree. Across Battle Avenue from the Brooklyn Fire monument, around which are buried 105 unrecognized bodies, lie, almost hidden behind the Burr tomb, the graves of Alice and Phoebe Cary. The lot, barely large enough to hold the two graves and one other, is marked by a clumsy granite monument, and has a lonely, neglected look. A large quince japonica in scarlet blossom, a tall rosebush, and a low boxwood hedge rather add to than relieve the gloom. One of the most massive monuments is that erected in honor of J. A. Perry, for so long Controller of the cemetery. Not far from this are the receiving tombs, evidently prepared for an epidemic, as 1,500 bodies may be kept in them at once. There are many things in Greenwood arousing the momentary curiosity and interest of the stranger. A grand, circular plot is curbed high above the avenue with granite; an imposing granite approach leads up to a vacant space apparently the foundation of a spacious chapel; three neglected graves lie, two together, grass-grown, one alone, overrun with straggling ivy, which has clambered the small wooden cross at the head. It has the aspect of an abandoned country graveyard. Again the tiny stone baby sleeping alone in the tall grass in the midst of unmonumented graves and the big ship cut on an iron gate awaken childish interest,

as do the oddly-trimmed beeches locking arms with the giant firs on a heavily-wooded lot on Oakwood Avenue. "See, those trees are all falling down!" says the little one. The bayoneted fence about the Col. Vosburg monument and the statue of the sea captain (erected by himself before his death) holding the sextant used in his voyages bear odd testimony to the unreasoning desire to rest at last among familiar things. This feeling and the universal craving to speak after death, alloyed by a dash of morbid vanity, produce some ludicrous results. Smiles come as often as tears in a ride through Greenwood, especially if the drive be taken in a park carriage. "There," announces the driver in stentorian voice and the intonation of a sideshow drummer, "is the soda-water man's monument; there he is on his deathbed; above is his wife in grief; the figure of a child represents him leaving his native country at the age of eleven; when it rains the rain water trickles down through the dragons' mouths!" "Here is what is known as the old maids' plot; five sisters are buried here, their ages ranging from 100 to 117 years; as long as one of 'em was 'alive she kept lamps burning on those five posts filled with Eden's oil; the posts are anointed with Eden's oil." Many are the curious footstones; those with a word or name cut upon the top in large letters are prettiest. One, facing a prominent avenue, says to the passer-by: "God bless you." The pile of broken stones is prettily used for both foot and head stones. One of the finest of these is that of Andrew Culver, on Mulberry Avenue. Implanted in the stones is a tree broken off near the roots; the bark and clinging ivy are well carved; a gun, a cadet's cap and coat, books, and a globe are piled around, and below are the words: "Drowned May 16, 1871: 17 years 7 months 4 days: 'My purposes are broken off.' [Job, xvii. 11]." Nothing more pathetic may be found in the whole extent of Greenwood. Its rival is the statue of the four-year-old boy, "Frankie," bareheaded, dressed in a sailor suit. The sun when it slips into Bayside Dell lights a child face of such noble purity that it seems fitter for heaven than earth. The home names, "Father," "Mother," "Sister," "Brother," "Papa," "Mamma," how they appeal to all, and the one grave waiting—how soon to have another beside it; or the many graves waiting for the one—"Buried at Sea" tells its own sad tale; and the time-worn tombs of elaborate structure, how grand they were in their day! But deeper than pathos is the sadness that hovers over the public lots, where the graves are crowded so close to the outer path that a woman's dress must needs brush over them, and so thick together that the black-robed women with their watering pots and rose bushes have scarce room to walk—the tenement districts—\$25 for a single grave. The mass of these tenement graves looks more overgrown and ragged than would seem necessary with a fund of \$600,000 for the maintenance of the cemetery. Certainly not a large part of this fund is paid to policemen, as so scarce are they that the grass may be walked over for an hour at a time and flowers picked from any lot in the cemetery upon which workmen are not engaged. The cost to private parties of keeping up a lot in full floral decoration is heavy in money, and merely to direct the work, unless a florist is given entire charge, requires a large outlay of time and care. Many people spend days of every week working and ordering the work in their lots; a melancholy pleasure to some, as to the little woman,

who, looking mournfully down on a fresh mound, says: "So many of us are here, I almost feel as though this were my home." But, after all, by far the most pleasing to the eye are the well-kept, grassy plots where is only a cross or some simple stone, and where in the autumn the golden-rod waves its tall plumes above the pale blue hydrangea. The most direct route to Greenwood from the city is by way of Hamilton Ferry; from there cars run direct to the northern or main entrance, two and a half miles. The buildings at this entrance are very handsome, but all the entrances are pretty, as is the shelter house at the junction of Wood and Locust Avenues, near the centre of the cemetery. Tarry in Greenwood until sunset; the bands of workmen hasten toward the gateways, a strange silence falls upon the place, the rabbits steal out. Look back from without the eastern gate; the sun still shows through the mass of tender green; it warms the cold white stones and smiles a cheerful good-night. Then along a rural road in a bobtail car, now swinging through a noble avenue with overarching trees; now running beside the park with its dense foliage, dark in the deepening dusk; then changing to an open car and up past the penitentiary, where the wind blows cold over the open country, across some of Brooklyn's loveliest residence streets, where great houses stand in beautiful grounds; down Lee avenue to the Broadway ferry, up the river to Twenty-third street—that is your homeward trip, stranger. But take your overcoat, or you'll freeze to death.

Speculative Hong Kong—H. Norman—Pall Mall Gazette

The Hong Kong Stock Exchange, if people at home only knew of it, would be regarded as one of the financial wonders of the world. But they do not, and indeed, to begin with, there is no Stock Exchange, properly speaking, in Hong Kong. One is being established at this moment. What exchange there is now, is the gutter. From the bar of the club to about a hundred yards down the Queen's road is the local Rialto. But there, all day long, a financial business is done which I doubt if any hundred yards in the world, except the spaces including the London and New York Stock Exchanges and the Paris Bourse, can equal either for volume of money, audacity of speculation, or sensational ups and downs. Everything is done either under the punkahs in the hall of the club or literally in the gutter, and by the most motley crowd of brokers in double-decked hats that the world can show. There are Englishmen, Germans, Anglo-Indians, Chinese from Canton, Armenians from Calcutta, Parsees from Bombay, and Hebrews from Bagdad. And from the princes of finance who play with millions of dollars (there are several of them in Hong Kong) down to the humblest who buys ten shares here and sells ten shares there, all are making money fast. The former live in their little palaces; they entertain like princes; they are as generous as they are prosperous, and the latter kick their heels all day long in the street and the corridors of the Hong Kong Hotel. And although to say that all of them make money is not unlike saying that two men live on what they win from each other at cards, still the paradox is a truth. Money in Hong Kong seems to have less value than anywhere else, like wheat in Manitoba or petroleum in Pennsylvania. A player at poker the other night dropped a long chip, value \$100, under the table. "Maskee," he said, in pidgin English, "no matter." "It's £15," somebody reminded him; "if you were at home you'd look for it

fast enough." "By Jove," he replied, "so I will! I forgot how much it was." And here is an example showing at once all three characteristics I have claimed above for Hong Kong finance. A few weeks ago, in the stock of a single mine in the Malay Peninsula, upward of \$1,500,000 was paid by Singapore speculators to Hong Kong speculators in less than a fortnight, and the same shares were bought back by Hong Kong within a month at more than fifty per cent discount. As for ups and downs, here are a few examples taken at random. The shares of the Hong Kong and Kowloon Wharf and Godown Company, issued at \$100, rose immediately to \$195, fell to \$125 within a month, and are to-day quoted at \$200. Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank shares, of \$125 par value, were at one time at 205 per cent premium, they fell again to 125 per cent premium, and are to-day back to 200 per cent. The Hong Kong and Whampoa Dock Company's shares, of \$125 par value, rose from 25 per cent premium to 135 per cent, fell to 26 per cent, and are quoted to-day at 95 per cent. The Punjom and Sungkie Dua Samantan Gold Mining Company (mine at Punjom, in the Malay Peninsula) was floated at \$10 per share, rose at once to \$15, and then jumped suddenly to \$80, fell back as suddenly, after considerable over a million dollars had changed hands, to \$25, at which price most of the shares bought and sold again, and now they are firm at \$35. But perhaps the most sensational of all is the Tongking Coal Mining Company. The shares, which by French law must be registered in Paris, were issued at 500 francs, say \$138, they rose on issue to 60 per cent premium, then at a jump to 120 per cent, then at another to 220 per cent, and to-day they stand steady at 400 per cent premium, say \$700, with few or no sellers, in spite of the expense of holding them, as the local banks will not advance a dollar upon mining shares which have not yet paid a dividend. I suppose it would be difficult to match this in the history of recent finance. Now this state of things is the rule, not the exception, in Hong Kong, and it is self-evident that such high prices can only exist and have existed on one condition, namely, that the local companies—including, of course, the enterprises in Borneo, in the Malay Peninsula, in Manila, etc., of which the capital is held in Hong Kong, were formed on a sound basis and are doing thoroughly well. Many of these ups and downs are, of course, the merest gambling, some of them not even honest gambling, as a recent lawsuit has shown, and I am sorry to say that much of this is done by young men, earning clerks' salaries, who would find such a course impossible elsewhere. But gambling is inseparable from prosperity, and no gambling could produce the same steady effect as legitimate profit and promise. This is the case with the local companies, but I fancy very few people have any idea of what the combined capital of these companies amount to. The total number of companies of all kinds registered in Hong Kong is forty-four. Space prevents me from giving a list of these, but I have made one, and the following facts are shown by it. The total capital of Hong Kong local companies is no less than \$40,740,000. The average dividend of the local companies which have already been in existence long enough to pay one, is a fraction over 13 per cent per annum. And their average annual yield to investors at the so-called inflated current prices is 6.2 per cent. New companies are being floated almost every month in Hong Kong. As

the new lands of the Far East are gradually developed, it is to Hong Kong that they look and must look for financial aid. And capital there responds to the right call, as the flash responds to the trigger. For instance, a month ago a new issue of shares of the Hong Kong Land Investment Company was made at 50 per cent premium, \$100 for a \$50 share. The number offered to the public was 13,000. No fewer than 52,000 were applied for. To-day they are quoted at \$145. Of course there are not wanting prophets of evil who foretell an utter collapse of the Hong Kong market, as a consequence of what they are pleased to term the gambling mania prevalent in the colony. Financiers at home send telegrams to their representatives here urging caution, and merchants write long homilies to their agents. Yet I have heard that the very merchants and friends both at home and elsewhere in China who are so anxious on the one hand that Hong Kong should become a model of Scotch prudence, or are so ready on the other to denounce it as a bucket-shop, are themselves among the quickest and most persistent applicants for shares in new enterprises, with the purely gambling intention of reselling them at the first rise. In the past, shares have been freely allotted with this result: in the future, I understand local promoters intend to be a trifle more particular whose fortunes they make. I must not presume to decide the question whether Hong Kong is or is not resting on a financial volcano, but I see no reason to believe it and many reasons to believe the contrary. And in defiance of this opinion I think Hong Kong financiers will admit for a long period no stranger has given the time or attention to the affairs of the colony that I have. For it is not until after you have studied Hong Kong that you begin to discover, and that slowly, what a marvellous place it is. Less than fifty years ago, a barren island, with a few Chinese fishermen's huts: to-day, a port with 7,000,000 tons of shipping a year; a focus of enterprise with six and a quarter millions sterling of locally registered capital; a coal centre where 50,000 tons are consumed per month; an insurance base where in 1888 premiums were paid by Chinese merchants alone upon a capital value of £21,000,000 sterling (I have this fact upon the best authority); a financial centre for the whole Far East, since Japan, Manila, Singapore, Java, Swatow, Amoy, and Saigon all finance through Hong Kong, and from which 6,000,000 rupees is the monthly average remittance to India for opium and yarn. And unless all signs fail the development of the Far East is only beginning. Borneo, the Malay Peninsula, and Siam are all certain to become the scene of enterprises of all kinds within a short time, and the Philippine Islands are making great strides. Any development in any of these places means the increased prosperity of Hong Kong. If the coal of Tongking turns out as it seems to promise, and can be sold in Hong Kong as cheaply as is reasonably claimed by the promoters of the company, Hong Kong will become also a manufacturing centre. And the introduction of a complete system of railways into China, which is on the eve of being an accomplished fact, will bring infinite grist to her mill and wonderfully develop her already great resources. In fact there is only one thing that can surely bring about the collapse of values in this marvellous island colony, and that is a war in which England should be engaged with a power represented in the Pacific, while Hong Kong still feels herself to be inadequately defended.

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Pro Bono Gallico—The Jingler—Town Topics

Une petite pêche dans un orchard fleurit,
Attendez à mon narration triste !
Une petite pêche verdante fleurit.
Grâce à chaleur de soleil, et moisture de miste.
Il fleurit, il fleurit,
Attendez à mon narration triste !
Signes dures pour les deux,
Petit Jean et sa soeur Sue,
Et la pêche d'une verdante hue,
Qui fleurit, qui fleurit.
Attendez à mon narration triste !

* * * * *

Monsieur McGinté allait en bas jusqu'au fond du mer,
Ils ne l'ont pas encore trouvé
Je crois qu'il est certainement mouillé.
Monsieur McGinté, je le repête, allait jusqu'au fond du mer,
Habilé dans sa meilleure costume.

Vive la Bagatelle—Clinton Scollard—Courier-Journal

A bumper to the jolly dean
Who, in "Augustan" times,
Made merriment for fat and lean
In jocund prose and rhymes !
Ah, but he drove a pranksome quill !
With quips he wove a spell—
His creed—he cried it with a will—
Was "Vive la bagatelle!"

Oh, there were reckless jesters then !
And when a man was hit,
He quick returned the stroke again
With trenchant blade of wit.
"Twas parry, thrust, and counter-thrust
That round the board befell ;
They quaffed the wine and crunched the crust
With "Vive la bagatelle!"

How rang the genial laugh of Gay
At Pope's defiant ire !
How Parnell's sallies brought in play
The rapier wit of Prior !
And how o'er all the banter's shift—
The laughter's fall and swell—
Upleaped the great guffaw of Swift,
With "Vive la bagatelle!"

O moralist, frown not so dark,
Purse not thy lips severe ;
Twill warm the heart if ye but hark
The mirth of "yester year."
To-day we wear too grave a face ;
We slave—we buy and sell ;
Forget a while mad Mammon's race
In "Vive la bagatelle!"

The Woman of To-day—St. James's Gazette

With Hebrew, Greek, and Latin
She's acquainted more or less ;
And she's obviously pat in
All the modern languages,
She has read her Herbert Spencer,
Her Kant, and Schopenhauer,
And in logic she's a fencer
Of unquestionable power.
She is full of keen suggestion,
Be the subject what it may ;
And on every social question,
She has something apt to say.
You may see her quick eye kindle
With a bright and vivid flame
At the mention of a Tyndall
Or a Huxley's potent name.

Scraps of learning she will dish up
With a skill that makes them live.
She will argue with a Bishop,
Say on Church Prerogative.
With her own sex she will chatter,
In the proper time and place.
On some trivial household matter,
With a quaint and lively grace.
She can cook and wash and mangle
(Though perhaps she'd rather not),
Play tennis, ride, and angle,
And is quite a champion shot.
From the public platform you will
Find her talking fact or myth,
With the vigor of a Whewell,
Or the wit of Sydney Smith.
'Mongst mere minnows she's a Triton
Who will always have her way ;
She an Admirable Crichton,
Is the Woman of To-day.

All For You—Samuel M. Peck—Atlanta Constitution

The love in my heart is as strong as the hills
And as deep as the fathomless sea,
Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills
The soul of summer with glee,
"Tis faithful fair as the light of the stars
That beams in the boundless blue ;
No selfish mote its radiance mars,
And sweetheart, 'tis all for you.

All for you !
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever,
Till the angels doubt,
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, sweetheart, forever.

The love in my heart, I know not why
Nor how it came to be,
But the bliss that is mine no gold can buy,
Since love hath come to me.
O love, love, love ! There's nothing so sweet,
Go search the wide world through.
My heart is so full of it, every beat
Cries out it is all for you.

All for you !
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever,
Till the angels doubt,
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, sweetheart, forever.

The Station Master—Bret Harte—Independent

Lone Prairie, Union Pacific R.R., 1880.

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them stretching,
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.
North, south, east, west—the same dull gray persistence,
The tattered vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance,
Or break the columns of the far-off rain.
Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.
Nothing beyond. Ah, yes ! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by ;

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care;
Each following his own thought—around us, darkening,
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track;
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long-lost voices that will not come back;
Until, unasked—I knew not why or wherefore—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.
“ Long had he lived there. As a boy had started
From the stacked corn the Indian’s painted face;
Heard the wolves’ howl the wearying waste that parted
His father’s hut from the last camping-place.
“ Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the reaping
With scythe of fire of lands he once had sown;
Sent the tornado—round his hearthstone heaping
Rafters, dead faces, that were like his own.
“ Then came the war-time. When its shadow beckoned
He had walked dumbly where the flag had led
Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, unreckoned—
To famine, fever, and a prison bed;
“ Till the storm passed, and the slow tide returning
Cast him a wreck, beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to die.”
All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half blending
With the low murmur of the coming breeze,
The call of some lost bird and the unending
And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas.
Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and far-off cry.
The coming train! I glance around the station.
All is as empty as the upper sky!
Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless haste!
“ Now then—look sharp! Eh, what? The station master?
Thar’s none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!”

Good-Night, Sweetheart—W. H. Hills—Somerville Journal
“ Good night, sweetheart!” he softly said,
And held her tight.
Upon his breast she bowed her head
And sighed: “ Good night!”
He clasped her close: “ Good night!” said he
In tender tones.
“ Good night!” once more responded she,
“ My love! my own!”
And then: “ Good night, my own dear love!”
Again said he.
More softly than a cooing dove,
“ Good night!” said she.
But whether he said so again
I cannot say,
For I got tired of listening then,
And came away.

In the Latin Quarter—Eva Wilder McGlasson—Judge
You wore a braided coronal
Of dusky hair, Vivette;
Though black your heavy lashes were,
Your eyes were darker yet.
A careless sort of smile you had,
As native to your face
As to the tender twilight sky
The first star’s vagrant grace.

Those old Parisian days were vowed
To love and you, Vivette.
How sweet they were my colder heart
May never quite forget.
What feasts our meagre attic knew
Of bread and wit divine!—
I think you made the bread, Vivette,
The flowing soul was mine!
I sang you rhymes of him who said
He cared not who, Vivette,
Should frame the people’s laws so he
Their souls to song might set.
I talked as Heine would have talked—
In fact my words were his;
And all Rousseau’s expressions lent
Expression to my bliss.
Oh, lavishly my heart outpoured
Its tides to you, Vivette!
Oblation ‘twas, but idly spilled
Before a statuette.
My Grecian mien and sou-less purse
You scorned as coquettes can,
To wed rich old Pierre, who kept
A café in Moulins!

The Vaquero—David Graham Adeé—Washington Post

Let me linger where the gramma grass is growing,
When the sun its scarlet streamers flings on high;
Let me roam where countless prairie-flowers are blowing
And the evening clouds are blushing in the sky!

In the winter when alone and in the stirrup
Through the drifting snowflakes pushing on in haste,
The thought of some one often makes me cheer up
As her tender kisses on my lips I taste.

And in summer when the verdant boughs are nodding
In the breezes gently sighing o’er the plain,
Along the laughing landscape slowly plodding,
Her glances greet me lovingly again.

And now the moments seem to me but idle
When some one is not nestling by my side,
I toss upon my broncho’s neck the bridle
And like the wind across the pampas ride.

The deepest wound my bosom has to carry
Is in the inmost recess of my heart;
It bleeds afresh when nightfall bids me tarry,
And I wonder how we ever live apart.

Let me hie from where the gramma grass is growing
Toward the sunset’s golden glory in the sky;
Let me hasten where the buds are ever blowing
And the love-light flashes in my dear one’s eye.

In the Dark—Arthur Stevens—Boston Globe

When I kissed her that night in the hallway
‘Twas so dark that nothing was plain;
And not being sure but I’d miss her,
Why, ‘twas right I should kiss her again.

There was darkness on everything round us,
I was reaching in vain for the door,
And the while I was seeking an exit
It so happened I kissed her some more.

And I wasn’t quite sure as I left her,
As to whether she liked it or not;
But I know that I sighed to be back there
The farther away that I got.

And the next time I called it so happened
That we stood in that hallway once more
And the gaslight fell over and round us
As I quietly moved to the door.
But her red cheeks so roguishly dimpled,
And her eyes shone so wickedly bright,
That I guessed where her thoughts were a-straying,
And I reached up and turned out the light.

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Robert Browning bore a remarkable likeness in face and figure to the late J. B. Lippincott, founder of the well-known Philadelphia publishing house.—“Christian Reid,” one of the most popular of the Southern novelists, is the daughter of Colonel Fisher, of North Carolina, after whom Fort Fisher was named; since her marriage, in December, 1888, Miss Fisher, now Mrs. Tiernan, has published nothing; she is refined, graceful, cultivated, an ultra Southerner and zealous Catholic; in personal appearance she is tall and blonde, with a beautifully-shaped head.—The Queen of Roumania (*Carmen Sylva*) has written a book of poems for music entitled *Songs on the Sea*, which are to be set by August Bungert, and is at work on a poem for an opera.—George Moore’s story, *Mike Fletcher*, treats suicide in a novel way by depicting the mental evolutions of a man who, having nothing left to desire in this world, is driven to seek fresh sensations in the act of self-destruction.—Edwin Arnold is described as “a big, somewhat uncouth-looking poet, with thick, ugly features, straggling beard and hair, dreamy eyes and exquisite sweetness of expression.”—Dr. Max Volger, a young novelist of some reputation in Germany, died recently.

Guy de Maupassant is of ancient and noble Norman lineage, and was born Aug. 5th, 1850, at the Chateau Miromesnils; his full name is Henri Rene Albert Guy de Maupassant.—Dr. P. Nerrlich is preparing a new biography of Jean Paul, which will contain a quantity of hitherto unpublished material.—When Count von Moltke was shown a telephone, recently, for the first time, he repeated to it the strange and appropriate sentence from Goethe’s *Faust*: “Ye instruments mock me with wheel and combs, with cylinder and handle.”—Justin H. McCarthy, the literary member of parliament, is an indefatigable worker, a popular society man, and an enthusiastic first-nighter; early this year he will publish two volumes of a history of the French Revolution, on which he has been engaged off and on for years; this stupendous task does not prevent him from writing a few translations of Ibsen, and from sketching or putting the finishing touches to several comediettas for Augustin Daly.—Charlotte Perkins is associate editor of the new *Pacific Monthly* of Los Angeles, Cal.—Goethe’s house at Weimar has lately become the property of the nation, and will now be thrown open to the public; everything in the house is exactly as it was in the poet’s lifetime.—Prof. Robert Patterson, of Sewickley, Pa., one of the editors of *The Presbyterian Banner* since 1864, and author of *The Book of Mormons* and a *History of the Log College*, died recently of paralysis, at the age of sixty-eight years.

Wilkie Collins’ story, *Blind Love*, which was three-fourths completed, has been finished by Walter Besant, who has followed out the synopsis of the concluding portion which Collins left.—The London Telegraph recently gave a scorching condemnation of a certain new realistic novel, but purposely suppressed the name; the book in question is *Ruby*, a story of the life of a circus girl, by Miss Amy Reade, a niece of the late Charles Reade; it contains such an exposure of circus life as applied to girls, that the Rev. Benjamin Waugh and others are taking up the cudgels on its behalf, as

they consider it does good service to the cause of justice and purity.—Prof. Arthur S. Hardy, author of *But Yet a Woman*, is spoken of for President of Dartmouth College should Dr. Bartlett retire.—Clinton Scollard has an editorial department in *College and School*, an excellent new monthly magazine for students and parents, published at Utica, N. Y.—Ebenezer Prout, the composer, is utilizing the leisure obtained by the resignation of his post as musical critic on the *Athenæum* by writing an important work on harmony and counterpoint.

By approval of the poet, Theodore Watts will shortly publish an article on the portraits that have been made of Tennyson, accompanied by reproductions of the best and truest.—Two hundred and thirty trains daily pass the little house at Médan where Émile Zola pursues his literary labors; to this rural retreat Zola fled in 1878 to escape the annoyance of the host of tourists who filled Paris at the time of the Exposition; the house he occupies was originally a peasant’s cabin, and contained but one room besides the kitchen, the latter Zola has converted into a reception-room, and has added a circular hall and a large study.—There are now eighty-seven professors in different colleges who were students under Dr. James Mc Cosh, the venerable ex-president of Princeton College.—Shortly before his death Wilkie Collins said: “After more than thirty years’ study of the art, I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and *The Antiquary* is, as I think, the most perfect of all novels.”—Julian Hawthorne says of some unpublished MSS. of his father, Nathaniel, that he is now editing, “He wrote so small a hand that he would put 1,500 words upon a page of ordinary letter paper, and when he had written a word or a line that displeased him he rubbed it out with his finger and wrote over the inky space thus made.”—The American Economic Association, Professor Ely, of Baltimore, Secretary, announces that \$300 will be awarded to the best essay on Women Wage-Earners, and \$200 for the second best; a year’s time is allowed to write it, and it must not contain over 25,000 words.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, grand-daughter of the novelist, is the latest member of the family to join the ranks of writers; she wrote for the Christmas number of *All the Year Round* a story entitled *A Social Success*.—A superb new edition of the works of Jasmin, the famous Gascon poet, is in course of publication by Havard, at Paris.—“Take ten writers of novels whose books have a fine sale,” says the Detroit Free Press, “and ten mechanics who have steady work at \$2.50 per day, and at the end of two years the mechanics will have earned the most money.”—Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott, is still so popular a resort that the fees paid by tourists usually exceed £400 a year; it is twice as profitable to show the place as to let it, for the rent paid by Mr. Thorburn, who has taken it for five years, is only £200 a year.—The re-editing of the great encyclopedia compiled in the reign of Kienlung is proposed in China; the index alone consists of fourteen large volumes.—Mrs. Harriet H. Robinson, author of *The New Pandora*, a metrical drama in five acts, lived at Lowell, Mass., some forty years ago, and was a mill-girl here; she and Miss Lucy Larcom were

children together, and later went to school and to work together.—Count Tolstoi is now working on a novel to be called *La Sonate de Kreutzer*.—Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, proprietor of the New Orleans Picayune, has a fancy for collecting inkstands; she says she has every inkstand in which she has ever dipped her pen, all carefully kept in regular china closets; some are of handsome cut glass, some are gold or silver stoppered; then there are leather-covered ones, ordinary common stone ones, many varying in value from one penny to \$20.

Henrik Ibsen, the famous Norwegian playwright, pronounces his surname "Eyesben."—Miss Ellicott, the daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has just published a musical setting of Mrs. Hemans's poem, "Elysium," written for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra.—Professor Tucker, of Andover, limits the original thinkers of America to three names: Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and Nathaniel Hawthorne.—It is computed that the literature relating to shorthand writing would fill no fewer than 13,000 volumes, and England alone has given birth to 307 different systems.—Florence Marryat, the novelist, is rather stout, thoughtful-looking, and impetuous-mannered; she has written some forty-seven novels, and is a firm believer in ghosts.—Alfred East, the English painter, who has just returned to London from a journey around the world, saw the local poet of Hara reading Tennyson's *In Memoriam* from a Japanese rendering.—Eugene Field is collecting his poems into a volume to be published by himself; the edition is to be limited, and printed in large paper in copies at \$15 each.—Prof. John Dougall, of Pollokshields, Scotland, recently sent to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes some daisies which he had gathered at Moss-giel, in the very field where Burns composed his famous poem on the Wee, Modest Flower, and which he had pressed between the leaves of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and the *Meditations of Aurelius*.

The Dictionary of Fossils, issued by the State of Pennsylvania, contains 34 pages in small print correcting statements found on the other 405 pages.—Gustave Flammariion's new work *Uranie*, is a study inspired by the great discoveries of contemporary astronomy and scientific psychology.—Archibald Clavering Gunter has had bound for the White Czar, in Russia leather, a specially handsome copy of *That Frenchman*, which the Russian censor saw fit, not long ago, to taboo.—George Augusta Sala has retired from journalism and desires to enter Parliament.—Marshal MacMahon's memoirs, now ready in press, will be printed for private circulation only in an edition limited to twenty copies.—Edgar Fawcett, who recently visited Henry James in London, says of him: "He has a delightful home, and wears his five-and-forty years very gracefully; he is always the perfect host and polished gentleman, equipments not invariably possessed by men of genius such as his."—Henry Adams, the historian, son of the late Charles Francis Adams, lives in Washington, and is considered a society wit; he is a small man physically, rather reserved in manner; he has a fine library, his collection of etchings is very valuable, and he is very fond of flowers, which he raises in profusion.—The Brooklyn Eagle gives this pen-picture of the late Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*: "His small height and considerable portliness emphasized rather than retarded an extreme dignity of bearing and an unfailing garrulity of statement; his hair was thick and

white, his full beard matched it in color and stood out like quills upon the prickly porcupine; the conventional picture of Kris Krinkle, without any of its humor, would make a very good effigy of the Proverbial Philosopher."

It has been proposed to make a book that would be indestructible, by printing in gold or silver letters upon thin leaves of asbestos, the binding to be of a thicker sheet of asbestos; neither time nor fire could have any effect upon such a volume.—Harrison Willard, the composer, has awarded the Scranton Truth's prize of \$100 to H. G. Ganss, of Milton, Pa., for the best musical setting of Homer Greene's song, *The Banner of the Sea*.—A new magazine, called *The Gotham Monthly*, is to make its appearance in New York early this year.—Farnie, the dramatic author, who died recently, left all his large fortune to his sister; he was the writer of a number of plays of all kinds, from melodrama to a one-act farce.—In London first editions of Goldsmith are becoming scarce; for *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) \$375 was recently asked.—Tolstoi says: "We are all dedicated to unhappiness; we know it, and we only seek for ways to deceive ourselves."—Volapük is scarcely ten years old, and yet it is stated that nearly two million people are studying it; more than two thousand books have been published on the subject, more than thirty periodicals are regularly issued in its interest, and more than six hundred societies have been organized to promote its use.—Of Whittier as a poet *The London Athenaeum* says: "His boundaries have not been wide, but within them he has been master; he has been sure of his purpose, and what he purposed he could effect, and he has shown an understanding of his limits which is in itself a faculty of no mean order."—Baron Haussmann, the builder of modern Paris, is about to publish his reminiscences.—Victor Hugo, when writing *Notre Dame*, prepared on the first day a bottle of ink, the last drops of which were exhausted with the last line of the novel; this gave him the notion of naming the book, *The Contents of a Bottle of Ink*; he departed from this idea, however, and made over the title to Alphonse Karr, who has sent out several novels under this designation.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will, early this year, join in an English serial enterprise, *Heroes of the Nations*, under the supervision of Evelyn Abbott, of Balliol College, Oxford.—Thistleton Dyer is engaged upon a work to be entitled *The Unconventional Women of the Past and Present Century*.—"I distinctly remember," said Lewis Carroll recently, speaking of his delightful *Alice in Wonderland*, "how, in a desperate attempt to strike out some new line, I sent my heroine straight down a rabbit-hole to begin with, without the least idea what was to happen afterward; later on, the tale was written out, and fresh ideas grew out of the original stock."—Sir Edwin Arnold, lecturing upon the *Mahabharata*, said: "This is the great epic poem of India; it contains over 220,000 lines, beside a supplement of about 18,000 lines; enough to make eight times as much as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined, with several *Virgils* thrown in."—Miss Marietta Holley, author of *Josiah Allen's Wife*, is described by a writer in the Epoch as "a trifle above the average height, with a rare creamy paleness of complexion, relieved by the carmine of a pleasant mouth; her hair, which is wavy and light brown, sprinkled with gray, is worn in a becoming style; but it is her brown eyes, soft, bright, far-seeing and mag-

netic, and her natural, sympathetic, sunny marmers, that most attract and impress."—King Luis of Portugal gave the copyright of his literary works to charitable institutions.—Edward Irenæus Stevenson, author of the successful novels, *Janus* and *The White Cockades*, has abandoned fiction and will hereafter devote himself entirely to musical criticisms for prominent periodicals.

The Hon. George Bancroft takes a long walk every pleasant afternoon, often with a volume of Shakespeare in his hand.—An autograph lately sold in London was a letter addressed by Landor to Rosina, Lady Lytton, and indorsed by her: "Old Landor's Twaddle."—The affairs of the late Richard A. Proctor, the writer of popular scientific works, have now been settled, and it is now announced that "the total sum available as provision for his widow and the seven children, four of whom are daughters and one a little boy permanently invalided, is under £2,000; to the small income which this will produce there is to be added the £100 per annum, which is, however, granted only during Mrs. Proctor's life, from the Civil List."—The New York Times says: "John Morley's Walpole in the English Statesmen Series is universally praised as one of the best things he has done: in point of style it is certainly his finest work, and it is really the prize biography of the year."—The famous novelist Tolstoi has just founded a society in Moscow with the intention of "popularizing misery."—In England, authors obtain exclusive rights to their titles of their works by registering at Stationers' Hall; as their law of copyright, an author is possessor of an entered title for forty-two years after publication, or if he die before that time his rights may be secured to his heirs for seven years after the date of his death.—The Youth's Companion has risen from a circulation of about six thousand, in 1866, to more than four hundred and thirty thousand at the present time.—One of the late William Allingham's poems, *The Touchstone*, was made famous twenty years ago by Emerson's quoting it in a lecture and referring to it as a great expression.

John Ward, Preacher, has passed its fiftieth thousand in America, and has been added to Baron Tauchnitz's list.—The Pall Mall Gazette says of the Life and Journals of Miss Alcott: "In it we have laid bare a bright and beautiful life, a life of struggle and hardship, it is true, but simple, self-sacrificing, heroic, and at times full of pathos."—The completion of the Rougon-Macquart series now occupies Zola's time; there still remain five volumes, one will treat of the army, another of magistrates, a third of finance and the press, and the last two will be devoted to the war and the Commune: this Rougon-Macquart series is the work to which Zola has dedicated his life, and he says that in four or five years he will have accomplished his task, but he fears before that time the death-knell will have sounded for his school of literature.—The drama by the famous German poet, Paul Heyse, *The End of Don Juan*, was a complete failure at its recent production at Rome.—Jo Howard calls George William Curtis "an understudy for an angel."—Bret Harte and Joseph Hatton are collaborating on a dramatized version of *M'liss*.—The Jewish Publication Society of America, organized in Philadelphia, in June, 1888, by representative Israelites from all parts of the country, has now a membership roll of nearly 3,000; twenty life-members at \$100 each, and some 100 patrons at \$20 per annum; the object of the society is the encouragement of Jewish native

talent, and the publication of works on the religion, literature, and history of the Jews.—Gen. Boulanger has taken a villa near St. Helier's on the Isle of Jersey, and is preparing a work on European military science.

M. S. Langley, who was Thackeray's private secretary, kept a diary in 1860, which has been offered for sale; the record of daily events is a full one; notes of the great author's conversation and remarks have been jotted down day by day, and his opinions on "all sorts and conditions of men" and events and his personal peculiarities have all been noted.—Col. Thomas W. Knox received at Paris the highest award given to any author of juvenile books.—In England, John Richard Green's *Short History of the English People* is in its one hundred and forty-eighth thousand.—As early as 1850 Alfred Tennyson wrote of Bailey's *Festus*: "I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance;" and yet until the re-appearance of the poem a little while ago in jubilee guise the author's very name and existence had come to be well-nigh forgotten.—Georges Thiébaud, the reputed founder of Boulangism, is writing his personal memoirs to serve as a history of the movement.—Swinburne, the poet, lives quietly at his modest home, The Pines, on Putney Hill, between Wimbledon and Putney; he has auburn hair and blue eyes, and is of about middle height; his deafness, combined with a naturally retiring disposition, has made him much of a recluse, but he receives visitors pleasantly, and when warmed up in conversation, talks enthusiastically of his favorite authors.—Annie Nicolas has been an editorial writer on the Indianapolis Journal for over twenty years.

The new London weekly devoted to the Gladstonians, and which is looked on as a rival of *The Spectator*, will be called *The Speaker*, and is to be edited by Wemyss Reid.—Amanda M. Douglas, the popular novelist, is one of the few living writers who knew Edgar A. Poe personally; when the poet was residing at Fordham, in 1848, she was a frequent visitor at the house of a relative whose home was there; here Miss Douglas met Poe, and his large dark eyes, broad white forehead, and lofty courtesy made an indelible impression upon her; she says of him: "His voice was low, but exquisitely modulated, he never laughed, and seldom smiled, and when he did, his smile was sweet but melancholy."—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian playwriter, spent much of last summer at the village of Gossensass, in the Tyrol, and a square there has now been named Ibsenplatz in honor of him.—Mayo W. Hazeltine, the able book-reviewer of the *New York Sun*, and a contributor to *Once a Week*, has not accepted the managing-editorship of the *New York Ledger*, as has been reported; he is to be an occasional writer for that paper, but the editorial control will remain as heretofore in the hands of Oliver Dyer.—Rev. Joseph Cook has bought the summit of Mount Defiance, in his native town of Ticonderoga, New York, and will put up a monument, commemorating the deeds of Ethan Allen and his heroes, as well as the heroism of the soldiers from Ticonderoga who fell in the late war.

Alice Williams Brotherton is president of the Woman's Press Club of Cincinnati.—Edmund Gosse says that Robert Louis Stevenson several years ago contemplated the writing of a novel of life among the Scottish clans in the middle of the last century; the book was to be called *The Murder of Red Colin*.—Sir Walter Scott

was greatly troubled with his titles; he wished, on one occasion, that he knew, like Falstaff, where a commodity of good names was to be had; Ivanhoe was suggested by an old ballad; "it has two good points," wrote Scott, "as a title; first it has an ancient English sound, and secondly, it contains no indication whatever of the nature of the story."—Empress Frederick's opinion of Gustav Freytag's biography of her late husband may be gathered from the motto which she is said to have inscribed in her copy of the work; it is from Schiller's Maid of Orleans, and runs thus: "The world loves to blacken what is radiant, and to drag the eminent down into the dust."—A History of Unitarianism is in course of preparation by the Rev. A. A. Livermore, president of the Meadville Theological School.

In the recent prize short-story contest in the Youth's Companion, of Boston, nearly six thousand manuscripts were submitted.—Dr. Holmes will contribute to the Atlantic, this year, a series of papers entitled Over the Teacups.—George Eliot lies buried in the cemetery at Highgate, England; a small monument, a tapering shaft of gray Scotch granite stands at the head of the grave; upon the base are carved two lines from her own pen: "Of those immortal dead, who live again in minds made better by their presence;" then follows the date of her birth and her death.—Miss Helen Blackburn, who has edited the Englishwoman's Review during the illness of the late editor, Carolina A. Biggs, has now become the permanent editor.—Miss Katharine Wormeley is to follow her striking translations of Balzac with an English version of George Sand's *Les Maitres Sonneurs*, which she will call *The Bagpipers*.—Prof. John Stuart Blackie, who attains his eightieth birthday this year, outrivals in striking personality his illustrious friend, the Poet Laureate: "buoyant and vivacious in spirit, erect, sprightly, and nimble-footed as a youth in his teens, a sight of the picturesque figure of the versatile Grecian remains with one as a stimulating memory."—William Allingham, the Irish poet, who died recently in London, was an enthusiastic angler, and wrote this fine description of his favorite game:

"The silver salmon shooting up the fall,
Itself at once the arrow and the bow.

—The London and Paris Ladies' Magazine is the title of a new fashion journal to be published monthly by E. Marlborough & Co.—In the first volume of the new edition of Mrs. Browning's Poems there is a very quaint illustration of the authoress at the age of nine.

The Greek Government is to erect a monument in that city in memory of Wilhelm Müller, the poet of the *Lieder der Griechen* (1821-24), and the translator of the modern Greek folk-songs in the Fauriel Collection.—William Black, the novelist, is very dark-complexioned, a little over medium height, and has a heavy figure, which combine to give him the appearance of a gentleman farmer.—Charles Howard Montague, city editor of the Boston Globe, and a writer of successful fiction, died recently; his most popular works were *Two Strokes of a Bell*, *The Point of a Needle*, *The Doctor's Mistake*, *The Romance of the Lilies*, and *Written in Red*; he had completed *The Countess Muta* previous to his illness, and signed a contract for its publication on his death-bed.—A well-known woman artist said recently of Ouida, whom she had met in society: "Oh, I should have liked to have taken that fan of hers, broken it to pieces over her and lashed her and horse-whipped her till the real Ouida came out and

stood before us, some strange, weird, passionate, pathetic thing,—the Ouida we all love in spite of ourselves, in spite of her faults, who captures us and takes us by storm when she will, and only evades us now, the Ouida who wrote *In Maremma, Under Two Flags*, and *Bimbi*."

"Born from caprice and killed by a shrug of the shoulders," is M. de Blowitz's epitaph upon Boulangism.—Prof. Freeman intends to deliver some lectures at Oxford on the famous Bayeux tapestry; they will be illustrated by a full-sized reproduction, which has been worked at Leek, in Staffordshire.—Ivan Panin, the Russian agnostic and writer of two volumes of *Thoughts*, has been converted to the Baptist faith, and admitted to membership in the First Baptist Church in Minneapolis; it is likely he will enter the ministry.—Stanley Lane-Poole is to write *The Barbary Corsairs* for the Stories of the Nations Series; he is the author of *The Moors in Spain*, one of the most interesting of the series.—A hundred Paris mothers-in-law of the highest fashion, have sent Sardou an address in grateful recognition of the justice he has done them as a class in his play, the *Belle-Maman*.—Prof. Roskoff, of Vienna, known as the author of a very interesting history of the religious and superstitious beliefs concerning the devil, died recently.—J. Henry Shorthouse, author of *John Inglesant*, being asked recently as to his favorite novel, answered: "I think I place George Eliot's *Silas Marner* first, both as a work of art and as fulfilling, to me, all the needs and requirements of a work of fiction."

Chas. E. Barnes, author of *The Disillusioned Occultist* and *A Portrait in Crimsons*, is a slight man, of about twenty-six, with an intense thoughtful face and large dark eyes; he is a man of wealth and leisure, has travelled extensively in the East, and recently journeyed from Japan to Jerusalem.—Trinity College, Cambridge, England, has recognized the value of Edmund Gosse's work during the past five years as Clark Lecturer by admitting him to a fellowship.—H. B. Gibbon, a son of Charles Gibbon, the novelist, who is the godson of William Black, has recently dramatized his father's novel, *For the King*.—Isaac D'Israeli once said that an ingenuous writer, on being asked what page of his work had occasioned him the most perplexity, replied that it was the title page.—Walter Besant, being dissatisfied with the way Ibsen ended his *Doll's House*, has written a sequel in which the lives of Nora, of Helmer, of Krogstad and Christina, and even of the children, are followed out to their bitter probable ending.—A. P. Watt will act as Wilkie Collins's literary executor, and not Hall Caine, as has been reported.—Emile Zola, who has become famously wealthy for an author, was extremely poor upon starting out, and before he secured a place in Hachette's book concern; while writing his first romances, he was often reduced to bread and water, and playfully remarks that he was compelled "to play Arab," as to clothes.—It is said that the late Prof. Asa Gray, who was probably the greatest botanist of his day, found much pleasure in catching mice; the old gentleman, whose keenness of sight and manual dexterity were marvellous, would often crouch upon the floor of his parlor and patiently watch for mice, which he would seize with a dexterity worthy of the most accomplished Maltese cat.—An accurate biography of Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.) is now definitely promised.—Robert Browning the poet died suddenly, of bronchitis, on Dec. 12th, at the home of his son, in Venice.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ, WHERE TO FIND IT*

Art and Architecture:

Cathedrals and Abbeys in Great Britain and Ireland: Text by R. Wheatley, D.D.: Harper's, clo., gilt edges	\$10 00
Illustrations of Spires and Towers of the Mediæval Churches of England: C. Wickes: Ticknor & Co..	15 00
Studies in Architecture at Home and Abroad: C. D. Arnold: Nims & Knight, clo.....	2 50
Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for The Human Race: Harper & Bros., 4to, cloth.....	2 00

Biography and Reminiscent:

A New England Girlhood, Outlined from Memory: Lucy Larcom: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....	75
Every-day Biography: Biographies for every day in the year: A. J. Calver: Fowler & Wells.....	1 50
Great Senators of the United States Forty Years Ago: Oliver Dyer: Robert Bonner's Sons.....	1 00
Life of Lord John Russell: Spencer Walpole: Longmans, Green & Co.: 2 Portraits: 2 vols.....	12 00
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Problem of Air-Navigation: R. H. Thurston: Forum.
Romantic Story of a Great Corporation: J. M. Oxley: Cosm.
Water-storage in the West: Walter Gillette Bates: Scribner's.
What is the Real Shape of the Spiral Nebulae: E. S. Holden: Cent.

Sociological Questions:

A Chance for Millionaires: Henry E. Rood: *No. Am. Rev.
A Good Word for Jews: Karl Blind: *North American Rev.
Ethics of Marriage: W. S. Lilly: Forum.
Evolution in Popular Ideals: Francis A. Doughty: The Arena.
Famous Beauties: Elizabeth Bisland: Cosmopolitan Magazine.
Flirts and Flirtations: T. Brown: Belford's Magazine.
Horace Greeley's Cure for Poverty: R. Welch: Forum.
Limitation of Hours of Labor: Sidney Webb: *Contemp.
Our Winter Festivities: Anne H. Wharton: Lippincott's.
Poverty and Charity in San Francisco: M. W. Shinn: *Overl.
Problems of the Family: Samuel W. Dike: Century Magazine.
The Beauty of Spanish Women: Henry T. Finck: Scribner's.
The Best Fields for Philanthropy: A. Carnegie: *No. Am. R.
The Development of the Coat and Waistcoat: W. H. Bell: Cosm.
The Factory Half-timer: T. P. Sykes: *Fortnightly Review.
The Incapacity of Business Women: M. Harland: *No. Am. R.
The Question of Divorce: Gladstone and others: *N. Am. R.
Women of To-day, Yesterday, To-morrow: Mrs. Jeane: *Nat. R.
Wrongs of Ute Indians: Geo. T. Kercheval: Forum.

Sport and Recreation:

A Woman on Horseback: Anna C. Brackett: Harper's Mon.
Alligator Shooting in Florida: J. M. Murphy: Outing.
Betting, Gambling, and My Critics: Bp. of Peterborough: *Fort.
Brant Shooting on Smith's Island: Alex. Hunter: Oouting.
Catching Frost Fish with a Shot Gun: E. Wakefield: Oouting.
Concerning Cycling: W. Armstrong Willis: *Gentleman's.
Gymnastics for Ladies: Dr. W. G. Anderson: Oouting.
Haak Fishing off Ireland's Eye: Robt. F. Walsh: Oouting.
Ice Yachting: Prospects of Sport: W. W. Howard: Oouting.
Instantaneous Photography: W. L. Lincoln Adams: Oouting.
Patrician Pugilism: August Pember: *National Review.

Travel and Adventure:

A Cruise Around Antigua: Poultny Bigelow: Cosmopolitan.
A Land of Death: Dr. Arthur Stradling: *Longman's Mag.
A New El Dorado: George Cadell: *Macmillan's Magazine.
A Storied Tavern: W. Outram Tristram: *Eng. Illust. Mag.
About Ireland: Mrs. Eliz. Lynn Linton: *New Review.
Among the Americans: *Temple Bar Magazine.
Autumn Days in Ventura: Ninetta Eames: *Overland Mo.
Bethlehem: Rev. Hugh T. Henry: Catholic World.
California Winter Resorts: C. H. Shinn: Oouting.
French Girlhood: Mme. Guizot de Witt: *Eng. Illust. Mag.
From Africa: Grant Allen: *Gentleman's Magazine.
From Moor to Sea: Grant Allen: *English Illustrated Magazine.
I Directed a Lord Mayor's Show: L. Wingfield: *Nat. Rev.
In Praise of London Fog: M. H. Dziewicki: *XIX. Century.
In the Peloponnesus: James Baker: *English Illust. Mag.
Jamaica, New and Old: Part 1: Howard Pyle: Harper's Mo.
Panama and Its People: Belford's Magazine.
Russia in Central Asia: Sir Richard Temple: *Murray's Mag.
Russian Characteristics: 4: E. B. Lanin: *Fortnightly.
Sancho Mitaarra: John Heard, Jr.: Century Magazine.
St. Andrews: Andrew Lang: Harper's Monthly.
St. Mary of the Angels: Thomas A. Janvier: Cosmopolitan.
The Awakening of Persia: E. F. G. Law: *XIX. Century.
The Sentinel of the Balkans: J. D. Bourchier: *Fortnightly.
Tripoli of Barbary: African Studies: 1: A. F. Jacassy: Scrib.
Wintering in Florida: A. Montefiore: *Murray's Magazine.

THE SALON—PRIZE PARAGRAPHS AND EDITORIALS

A Narrow Escape: Phoenix (Arizona) Herald:

The Herald staff got out of New York just in time. That city's hotel men have formed a trust and put imported champagne up from \$3.50 to \$4 per quart bottle. We never kicked at \$3.50, but when Giant Monopoly, with his hydra-headed claws, jerks the poor journalists' modest daily beverage up 50 cents a bottle, we simply quit such a camp and falteringly whisper that Mesa City's vintage is good enough for us. There will be no change in the Herald's subscription rates.

Injustice: Fargo (D. T.) Argus:

A vast amount of tirade has been printed about "Gen." A. B. Ward, late of Grand Forks, and yet he had many admirable qualities. The first time he visited Fargo he subscribed for the Argus and paid in advance!

It Am Dangerous: Willows (Or.) Journal:

We contemplate publishing the photographs and pedigrees of all the young men of our town, so the young ladies and grass widows may know who they are dealing with. If we have an Oregon horse-thief or a Texas train-robber in our midst, it will be the height of prudence for him to evaporate in thin air, for the truth must prevail, and a blemished character must succumb to a shower bath from the editor's fearless pen.

Winter Fruit: Aroostook (Me.) Pioneer:

N. Yetton will accept ye editor's thanks for a forty-pound pumpkin, he rolled into our sanctum this morning.

Advice: Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit:

We would say to Sapho, of Burnside, that quality, not quantity, is the thing to be desired in poetry. A man might write a whole barrel of stuff like the sample sent us for publication, and yet never be suspected of being a poet. It would have been better for most of our poets if they had published only a few of their productions. For the sake of your reputation, we would advise you to print very few of your poems, and begin the good work by not printing the first one.

An Announcement: Rulo (Ga.) Times:

This week's Rulo Times is edited by one Morton Potter, who has as yet had no experience in the business, and who would be pleased if ye editors of other papers would cast no reflections on our inability to cope with youn's, as life is short at best.

Gone!: Mifflin Centre (Pa.) Blade:

We were the victim yesterday of one of the most distressing accidents ever known in Mifflin Centre. Yesterday morning our wife took occasion to do the family washing, having been kept from it earlier in the week by being very busy putting up our winter supply of apple butter. Among other articles of wearing apparel which she included in the wash was our vest. Now, unbeknown to her, in the lower right-hand pocket of this vest there was a large roll of bills, twelve ones and a two—\$14 in all. She did not discover the roll, and after having washed the garment thoroughly, she hung it on the line in the back yard to dry. All might yet have been well had it not been for Mr. Fermenbaugh's large brindle cow, which is well known to most of our citizens. While our wife was in the parlor visiting a moment with Mrs. Parmley, this beast—she de-

serves no better name—broke through our back gate and deliberately ate up our vest, money and all! Our wife seized the mop and rushed at the marauding intruder, but she only tossed her head, kicked sideways with both hind feet, and, leaped lightly over the fence. Neither the vest nor the money, we are sorry to say, seemed to have any bad effect on her scoundrelly good health. Our wife immediately informed us of the accident, and we instantly called on Mr. Fermenbaugh and demanded that the animal be slaughtered. This Mr. Fermenbaugh slowly refused to assent to. He pleaded that he was a poor man, and, as he had recently bought the cow, that all of his ready money was in her. We naturally replied that all of our ready money was in her too, but it failed to move him. It was a sad affair, all around, but one about which nothing can be done.

Thanks!: West Point (Ga.) Free Press:

A gentleman, through a free ad. in the Press, made \$250 on a trade. He gave the editor five cents cash. If it were not for the generosity of our friends we would be compelled to seek some other field of labor.

A Sure Sign: Dover (N. J.) Reporter:

A pheasant flew into a hardware store at Cambridge last week, and was caught. A quail flew into a bedroom of the Park Hotel, Massillon, last week, and was caught. This is a sure sign of a cold winter. It was never known to fail. When pheasants go to hunting stoves, and quails are after bedclothes as early as the first of December, you may look out for a hard winter.

Please Excuse: The Arizona Kicker:

Our proof-reader was off on a drunk last week and our two printers were called to Tombstone to see their mother die. We were very busy in our grocery, harness shop, hardware and millinery store, and the Kicker did not present the appearance and interest we could have wished for. We had to chuck in six columns of old patent medicine ads., and the first page was the same as the week previous, but these are trifles incidental to the business of a great publishing house. We trust that our subscribers will overlook mistakes and encourage us to greater efforts by promptly renewing subscriptions.

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Some person who has a grievance against The Kicker left an infernal machine on our door-step one night last week. It was a starch box filled with giant powder and two pounds of bullets, and was so arranged as to explode when the cover was lifted. We took it in and started to open it, supposing some modest admirer had left us a box of fruit or confectionery, but on second thought concluded to soak it for a while. This action saved our life. Not only that, but it prevented the destruction of our institution and probably of much surrounding property. We have made every effort to trace the fiend who put up this job, but so far without success. We realize there are many men in this community who hanker for our life, but we hope to disappoint them. If they feel they must have it, why not fire buckshot into our window, ambush us at night or pick a quarrel on the street? This plotting to scatter our bloody fragments over our large and excellent stock of groceries is both unkind and unreasonable.